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LE MORTE DARTHUR

BY SYR THOMAS MALORY

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF WILLIAM CAXTON
NOW REPRINTED AND EDITED WITH AN
INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY

BY H. OSKAR SOMMER, PH.D.

WITH AN ESSAY ON MALORY'S PROSE STYLE

BY ANDREW LANG, M.A.

VOL. I.—TEXT

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY DAVID NUTT, IN THE STRAND
1889

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TO

His Excellency Herr Dr. von Gossler,

KÖNIGL. PREUSSISCHER STAATS-MINISTER
UND MINISTER DER GEISTLICHEN,
UNTERRICHTS- UND MEDIZINAL-ANGELEGENHEITEN,

Ritter pp. pp.

EHREN-DOCTOR DER THEOLOGIE DER UNIVERSITÄT BERLIN,
BEIDER RECHTE DER UNIVERSITÄT HALLE
UND DER MEDIZIN DER UNIVERSITÄT GÖTTINGEN,

This Work is Dedicated

AS A TOKEN

OF

High Respect and Gratitude.

* *
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PREFACE.

AS is well known, one of the sources from which Spenser drew largely in his "Faerie Queene" was the rifacimento of Arthurian romances compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, and first published by William Caxton in 1485 under the title of "Le Morte Darthur." In the course of my Spenser studies I was thus led to pay special attention to this romance, and I soon felt the need of an edition answering in accuracy of text and in other respects to the requirements of modern scholarship.

The original edition is of such scarcity that only two copies are known. The second and third (Wynkyn de Worde's of 1498 and 1529) are equally scarce, and the latter differs from Caxton's to no inconsiderable extent. The later black-letter editions reprint Wynkyn de Worde's of 1529 with additional errors, omissions, and corruptions, that culminate in the edition of Thomas Stansby (1634), which is nevertheless the one chosen by Thomas Wright for his reprint (1856) of the work. Of other modern editions, Southey's (1817), which professes to reprint Caxton's edition, is inaccurate, interpolated, and difficult of reference; moreover, it has become very scarce. The Globe edition is modernised and abridged. The promise, dating back to 1868, of the Early-English Text Society[1] to issue a standard edition of Malory has not been fulfilled, nor have I been able to learn that there was any likelihood of its being fulfilled.

The field was therefore open for a new edition, which, after some consideration, I made up my mind to undertake. I communicated my

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[1] (*a*) Sir Edward Strachey, "Malory's Morte Darthur," modernised and revised. Globe Edition. London, 1868 and 1886. 8vo. Introduction, p. xvii.

(*b*) W. Carew Hazlitt's edition of Warton's "History of English Poetry." London, 1871. 8vo. Vol. II. p. 189, note 4.

intention to his Excellency the Royal Prussian Minister of Public Instruction, Herr Dr. von Gossler, requesting leave of absence for six months. My request was readily complied with, and for the prosecution of my labours I received a grant from public funds.

Through Earl Spencer's kind permission I was allowed the use, at the British Museum, of the Althorp copy. To ensure accuracy I copied it myself for the press, and I have read the proofs and revises with the original. Any one who has undertaken editorial work of this kind will appreciate the labour involved and the difficulties surmounted, and will be indulgent if here and there slight errors have been allowed to creep in. I soon found that the time at my disposal would only permit me to pass the text through the press, and I determined to devote myself entirely to this during my stay in England, and to leave the working up of the results of my study of the romance until later. I was strengthened in this determination by thinking that scholars would find it more convenient to have the text in one volume, as Caxton indeed gives it, and the whole of the editorial, index, and glossarial matter in another.

The present edition will consist of two parts of unequal size—the first to appear will contain the Text only; the second, the Introduction, a Treatise on the Sources, a complete List of the Various Readings, the Index, &c. The principles upon which this edition is based will be fully set forth in the Introduction; here it may suffice to say that Caxton is reprinted page for page, line for line, word for word, and, with a few exceptions, which will be discussed, letter for letter. The twenty-one pages[1] which, originally lacking in Earl Spencer's copy, were skilfully facsimiled by Mr. Whittaker from the Osterley Park copy, have, through the courtesy of Mr. B. F. Stevens, been submitted to the present owner of that copy, Mrs. Abby E. Pope, of Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A., who kindly had them collated for me. I intended to give the result of this collation at the end of the text-volume, but had to alter my mind for the following reason: Having worked through two-thirds of the text, I discovered that the statement about the facsimiles in Earl Spencer's copy, given by the existing authorities,[2] was not

[1] These pages are distinguished in this volume by asterisks being appended to the numbers of pages and folios; comp., e.g., page 195, folio 98.

[2] Messrs. Longman's note, attached to the Althorp copy, and Mr. Blades' description of the volume.

entirely correct. Two of the pages stated to be facsimiles are originals, whereas two so-called originals are facsimiles. I had therefore to send four more pages to America for collation. My supposition that these facsimiles were almost perfect as regards the text, has been confirmed; the errors are of the most trifling nature.

The Introduction will deal fully with the bibliographical peculiarities of Caxton's and of the later editions, as well as with their relation one to the other. The last chapter of the Introduction will be devoted to the peculiarities of the language of Malory, and here the result of the collation, as well as a list of the misprints and irregularities of spelling reproduced in the present edition, will be inserted. A full list will be given of the readings in which Wynkyn de Worde's second edition (1529) differs from Caxton's. This is necessary, not only because the period which lies between the two editions was one of noticeable change in the language, but also because, as already stated, the later black-letter editions go back to Wynkyn de Worde's second edition. The critical apparatus attached to the present edition will thus place the philologist and literary antiquary in possession of the two chief early forms of this English classic.

The Treatise on the Sources will endeavour to state concisely, yet exhaustively, the relation, so far as at present determinable, of Malory to the earlier Arthurian romances, whether French or English. The extensive mass of recent research (foremost among it the studies of M. Gaston Paris) has been sifted and tested. My task as regards one portion of the romance has been greatly lightened by the opportune publication of the Huth MS. of "Merlin," due to MM. Gaston Paris and Jacob Ulrich.[1]

The Index will be both glossarial and explanatory, and will afford every possible means of reference. It will contain: Firstly, all names of persons and places occurring in the romance, with references and explanations. The names of the principal heroes will be accompanied by a concise analysis of their lives. Secondly, all obsolete and difficult words.

Malory is interesting not alone to the archæologist of words and manners: he has exercised an abiding influence over the subject-

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[1] Société des Anciens Textes Français, Paris, 1886, 2 vols. 8°.

matter of English literature and over the technical form of English prose. This aspect of his work lay outside the lines, as I had planned them, of the present edition, and I gladly acceded to my publisher's suggestion that it should be dealt with by the distinguished man of letters whose "Study of Malory as a Prose Writer" will be issued with the second volume.

It is with great pleasure that I express my warmest thanks to the Right Honourable the Earl Spencer; to His Excellency Herr Dr. von Gossler; to Mrs. Abby E. Pope; and to George Bullen, Esq., Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, for kindly taking charge of the Althorp copy while in the Museum. My publisher, in his anxiety to make the volume in every way worthy of its contents, has liberally and readily carried out all my wishes. Last, but not least, I must thank Mr. McCall, of Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.'s Printing Works, for the valuable assistance that he rendered me while the volume was passing through the press.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON,
March 1889.

that euer I herd speke of/I haue aspyed/thy kynge met ne-
uer yet with worshipful man/but telle hym/I wyll haue his
hede without he doo me homage/ thenne the messager departed
¶ Now is there ony here said Arthur that knowyeth kyng Ry-
ons/thenne answerd a knyght that hyght Naram/ Syre I kno
we the kynge wel/he is a passyng good man of his body/ as
felwe hy lyuynge/and a passyng prowde man/ and sir doubte
ye not/ he wille make warre on yow with a myghty puyssa-
unce/wel said Arthur I shall ordeyne for hym in short tyme

¶ Capitulum xxviij

THene kyng arthur lete sende for al the childrē born on
may day begotē of lordes & born of ladyes/for Merlyn
told kynge Arthur that he that shold destroye hym/ shold be
borne in may day/wherfor he sent for hem all vpon payn of deth
and so ther were founde many lordes sones/and all were sente
vnto the kynge / and soo was Mordred sente by kyng Lotts
wyf/and all were put in a ship to the see/ and some were iiij
wekes old and some lasse/And so by fortune the shyp drove
vnto a castel and was al to ryuen and destroyed the most part
saue that Mordred was cast vp and a good man fonde hym/
and nourysshed hym tyl he was xiiij yere olde / & thenne he
brought hym to the Court / as it rehercth afterward towardes
the ende of the deth of Arthur/So many lordes and barons of
this reame were displeasyd/for her children were so lost/ and
many put the wyte on Merlyn more than on Arthur/so what
for drede and for loue they helde their pees/But whanne the
messager came to kynge Ryons/ thenne was he woode oute of
mesure and purueyed hym for a grete hoost as it rehercyth af-
ter in the book of Balyn le sauage that followeth next after/
how by aduenture Balyn gat the sword

¶ Explicit liber primus

¶ Incipit liber secundus

AFter the dethe of Vtherpendragon regned Ar-
thur his sone/the which had grete werre in his
dayes for to gete al Englond in to his handes/
For there were many kynges within the real-
me of Englond and in walys/Scotland and
Cornelwaille/Soo it befelle on a tyme/ whanne kyng Arthur

PHOTOGRAPH (IN THE EXACT SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL) OF PAGE 75 (SIG. c5)
FROM CAXTON'S EDITION, LORD SPENCER'S COPY.

TAKEN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ON OCTOBER 10, 1888, BY CH. PRÆTORIUS.

THE NOBLE AND IOYOUS BOOK ENTYTLED

LE MORTE DARTHUR

NOTWYTHSTONDYNG IT TREATETH OF THE BYRTH / LYF / AND ACTES OF THE SAYD KYNG ARTHUR / OF HIS NOBLE KNYGHTES OF THE ROUNDE TABLE / THEYR MERUAYLLOUS ENQUESTES AND ADUENTURES / THACHYEUYNG OF THE SANGREAL / & IN THENDE THE DOLOROUS DETH & DEPARTYNG OUT OF THYS WORLD OF THEM AL / WHICHE BOOK WAS REDUCED IN TO ENGLYSSHE BY

SYR THOMAS MALORY KNYGHT

[Caxton's Preface]

AFter that I had accomplyſſhed and ſynyſſhed dyuers hyſtoryes as wel of contemplacyon as of other hyſtoryal and worldly actes of grete conquerours & prynces / And alſo certeyn bookes of enſaumples and doctryne / Many noble and dyuers gentylmen of thys royame of Englond camen and demaunded me many and oftymes / wherfore that I haue not do made & enprynte the noble hyſtorye of the ſaynt greal / and of the mooſt renomed cryſten kyng / Fyrſt and chyef of the thre beſt cryſten and worthy / kyng Arthur / whyche ought mooſt to be remembred emonge vs englyſſhe men tofore al other cryſten kynges / For it is notoyrly knowen thorugh the vnyuerſal world / that there been ix worthy & the beſt that euer were / That is to wete thre paynyms / thre Iewes and thre cryſten men / As for the paynyms they were tofore the Incarnacyon of Cryſt / whiche were named / the fyrſt Hector of Troye / of whome thyſtorye is comen bothe in balade and in proſe / The ſecond Alyſaunder the grete / & the thyrd Iulyus Cezar Emperour of Rome of whome thyſtoryes ben wel kno and had / And as for the thre Iewes whyche alſo were tofore thyncarnacyon of our lord of whome the fyrſt was Duc Io-ſue whyche brought the chyldren of Iſrahel in to the londe of byheſte / The ſecond Dauyd kyng of Iheruſalem / & the thyrd Iudas Machabeus of theſe thre the byble reherceth al theyr noble hyſtoryes & actes / And ſythe the ſayd Incarnacyon haue ben thre noble cryſten men ſtalled and admytted thorugh the vnyuerſal world in to the nombre of the ix beſte & worthy / of whome was fyrſt the noble Arthur / whos noble actes I purpoſe to wryte in thys preſent book here folowyng / The ſecond was Charlemayn or Charles the grete / of whome thyſtorye is had in many places bothe in frenſſhe and englyſſhe / and the thyrd and laſt was Godefray of boloyn / of whos actes & lyf I made a book vnto thexcellent prynce and kyng of noble memorye kyng Edward the fourth / the ſayd noble Ientylmen Inſtantly requyred me temprynte thyſtorye of the ſayd noble kyng and conquerour kyng Arthur / and of his knyghtes wyth thyſtorye of the ſaynt greal / and of the deth and endyng of the ſayd Arthur / Affermyng that I ouȝt rather tenprynte his actes and noble feates / than of godefroye of boloyne / or

ony the other eyght / conſyderyng that he was a man borne wythin this royame and kyng and Emperour of the ſame / And that there ben in frenſſhe dyuers and many noble volumes of his actes / and alſo of his knyghtes / To whome I anſwerd / that dyuers men holde oppynyon / that there was no ſuche Arthur / and that alle ſuche bookes as been maad of hym / ben fayned and fables / by cauſe that ſomme cronycles make of hym no mencyon ne remembre hym noo thynge ne of his knyghtes / wherto they anſwerd / and one in ſpecyal ſayd / that in hym that ſhold ſay or thynke / that there was neuer ſuche a kynge callyd Arthur / myght wel be aretted grete folye and blyndeneſſe / For he ſayd that there were many euydences of the contrarye / Fyrſt ye may ſee his ſepulture in the monaſterye of Glaſtyngburye / And alſo in polycronycon in the v book the ſyxte chappytre / and in the ſeuenth book the xxiij chappytre / where his body was buryed and after founden and tranſlated in to the ſayd monaſterye / ye ſhal ſe alſo in thyſtorye of bochas in his book de caſu principum / parte of his noble actes / and alſo of his falle / Alſo galfrydus in his brutyſſhe book recounteth his lyf / and in dyuers places of Englond / many remembraunces ben yet of hym and ſhall remayne perpetuelly / and alſo of his knyghtes / Fyrſt in the abbey of weſtmeſtre at ſaynt Edwardes ſhryne remayneth the prynte of his ſeal in reed Waxe cloſed in beryll / In whych is wryton Patricius Arthurus / Britannie / Gallie / Germanie / dacie / Imperator / Item in the caſtel of douer ye may ſee Gauwayns ſkulle / & Cradoks mantle. At wyncheſter the rounde table / in other places Launcelottes ſwerde and many other thynges / Thenne al theſe thynges conſydered there can no man reſonably gaynſaye but there was a kyng of thys lande named Arthur / For in al places cryſten and hethen he is reputed and taken for one of the ix worthy / And the fyrſt of the thre Cryſten men / And alſo he is more ſpoken of beyonde the ſee moo boookes made of his noble actes than there be in englond as wel in duche ytalyen ſpaynyſſhe and grekyſſhe as in frenſſhe / And yet of record remayne in wytneſſe of hym in wales in the toune of Camelot the grete ſtones & meruayllous werkys of yron lyeng vnder the grounde & ryal vautes

which dyuers now lyuyng hath ſeen / wherfor it is a meruayl why he is nomore renomed in his owne contreye / ſauf onelye it accordeth to the worde of god / whyche ſayth that no man is accept for a prophete in his owne contreye / Theñe al theſe thynges forſayd aledged I coude not wel denye / but that there was ſuche a noble kyng named arthur / and reputed one of the ix Worthy / & fyrſt & chyef of the criſten men / & many noble volumes be made of hym & of his noble knyȝtes in frenſſhe which I haue ſeen & redde beyonde the ſee / which been not had in our maternal tongue / but in walſſhe ben many & alſo in frenſſhe / & ſomme in englyſſhe but no wher nygh alle / wherfore ſuche as haue late ben drawen oute bryefly in to englyſſhe / I haue after the ſymple connynge that god hath ſente to me / vnder the fauour and correctyon of al noble lordes and gentylmen enpryſed to enprynte a book of the noble hyſtoryes of the ſayd kynge Arthur / and of certeyn of his knyghtes after a copye vnto me delyuerd / whyche copye Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of frenſſhe and reduced it in to Englyſſhe / And I accordyng to my copye haue doon ſette it in enprynte / to the entente that noble men may ſee and lerne the noble actes of chyualrye / the Ientyl and vertuous dedes that ſomme knyghtes vſed in tho dayes / by whyche they came to honour / and how they that were vycious were punyſſhed and ofte put to ſhame and rebuke / humbly byſechyng al noble lordes and ladyes wyth al other eſtates of what eſtate or degree they been of / that ſhal ſee and rede in this ſayd book and werke / that they take the good and honeſt actes in their remembraunce / and to ſolowe the ſame / Wherin they ſhalle ſynde many Ioyous and playſaunt hyſtoryes / and noble & renomed actes of humanyte / gentylneſſe and chyualryes / For herein may be ſeen noble chyualrye / Curtoſye / Humanyte / frendlyneſſe / hardyneſſe / loue / frendſhyp / Cowardyſe / Murdre / hate / vertue / and ſynne / Doo after the good and leue the euyl / and it ſhal brynge you to good fame and renommee / And for to paſſe the tyme thys boook ſhal be pleſaunte to rede in / but for to gyue fayth and byleue that al is trewe that is conteyned herin / ye be at your lyberte / but al is wryton for our doctryne / and for to beware that we falle not to

vyce ne ſynne / but texerſyſe and folowe vertu / by whyche we may come and atteyne to good fame and renomme in thys lyf / and after thys ſhorte and tranſytorye lyf to come vnto euerlaſtyng blyſſe in heuen / the whyche he graunte vs that reygneth in heuen the bleſſyd Trynyte [illegible] /

THenne to procede forth in thys ſayd book / whyche I dyrecte vnto alle noble prynces / lordes and ladyes / gentylmen or gentylwymmen that deſyre to rede or here redde of the noble and Ioyous hyſtorye of the grete conquerour and excellent kyng . Kyng Arthur / ſomtyme kyng of thys noble royalme / thenne callyd brytaygne / I wyllyam Caxton ſymple perſone preſent thys book folowyng / Whyche I haue enpryſed tenprynte / And treateth of the noble actes / feates of armes of chyualrye / proweſſe / hardyneſſe / humanyte loue / curtoſye / and veray gentylneſſe / wyth many wonderful hyſtoryes and adventures / And for to vnderſtonde bryefly the contente of thys volume / I haue deuyded it in to xxj bookes / and euery book chapytred as here after ſhal by goddes grace folowe / The fyrſt book ſhal treate how Vtherpendragon gate the noble conquerour kyng Arthur and conteyneth xxviij chappytres / The ſecond book treateth of Balyn the noble knyght and conteyneth xix chapytres / The thyrd book treateth of the maryage of kyng Arthur to quene gueneuer wyth other maters and conteyneth fyftene chappytres / The fourth book how Merlyn was aſſotted / and of warre maad to kyng Arthur / and conteyneth xxix chappytres / The fyſthe book treateth of the conqueſte of Lucius themperour and conteyneth xij chappytres / The ſyxthe book treateth of Syr Launcelot and ſyr Lyonel and meruayllous adventures and conteyneth xviij chapytres / The ſeuenth book treateth of a noble knyght called ſyr Gareth and named by ſyr kaye Beaumayns and conteyneth xxxvj chapytres / The eyght book treateth of the byrthe of Syr Tryſtram the noble knyght and of hys actes / and conteyneth xlj chapytres /

The ix book treateth of a knyght named by Syr kaye le cote male taylle and alſo of Syr Tryſtram and conteyneth xliiij

chapytres / The x book treateth of ſyr Tryſtram & other meruayllous adventures and conteyneth lxxxviij chappytres / The xj book treateth of ſyr Launcelot and ſyr Galahad and conteyneth xiiij chappytres / The xij book treateth of ſyr Launcelot and his ma[illegible] and conteyneth xiiij chappytres / The xiij book [illegible] how galahad came ſyrſt to kyng Arthurs courte and the queſt how the ſangreall was begonne and conteyneth xx Chapytres / The xiiij boook treateth of the queſte of the ſangreal & conteyneth x chapytres / The xv book treateth of ſyr launcelot & conteyneth vj chapytres / The xvj book treateth of Syr Bors & ſyr Lyonel his brother and conteyneth xvij chapytres / The xvij book treateth of the ſangreal and conteyneth xxiij chapytres / The xviij book treateth of Syr Launcelot and the quene and conteyneth xxv chapytres / The xix book treateth of quene Gueneuer and Launcelot and conteyneth xiij chapytres / The xx book treateth of the pyetous deth of Arthur and conteyneth xxij chapytres / The xxj book treateth of his laſt departyng / and how ſyr Launcelot came to reuenge his dethe and conteyneth xiij chapytres / The ſomme is xxj bookes whyche conteyne the ſomme of v hondred & vij chapytres / as more playnly ſhal folowe herafter /

iiij

¶ The table or rubryſſhe of the contente of chapytres ſhortly of the fyrſt book of kyng Arthur /

Fyrſt how vtherpendragon ſente for the duke of cornewayl & Igrayne his wyf & of their departyng ſodeynly ageyn ca primo
How Vtherpendragon made warre on the duke of cornewayl and how by the moyane of Merlyn he laye by the ducheſſe & gate Arthur Capitulo ij
Of the byrthe of kyng arthur and of his nouryture / & of the deth of kyng vtherpendragon / and how Arthur was choſen kyng and of wondres and meruaylles of a ſwerde taken out of a ſtone by the ſayd Arthur capitulo iij iiij & v
How kyng arthur pulled oute the ſwerde dyuers tymes vj
How kyng arthur was crowned & how he made offycers vij
How kyng Arthur helde in wales at a pentecoſt a grete feest and what kynges and lordes came to his feſte viij
Of the fyrſt warre that kyng Arthur had and how he wanne the felde Capitulo ix
How Merlyn counceylled kyng arthur to ſende for kyng ban & kyng bors & of theyr counceyl taken for the warre x
Of a grete tornoye made by kynge arthur & the ij kynges ban and bors and how they wente ouer the ſee Capitulo xj
How xj kynges gadred a grete hooſt ayenſt kyng Arthur xij
Of a dreme of the kyng wyth the hondred knyghtes xiij
How the xj kynges wyth theyr hooſt fought ayenst arthur & his hooſt and many grete feates of the warre capitulo xiiij
Yet of the ſame batayll Capitulo xv
Yet more of the ſaid batayl & how it was ended by merlyn xvij
How Kyng Arthur kyng ban & kyng bors reſcowed Kyng Leodegraunce and other Incydentes xviij
How Kyng arthur rode to Garlyon and of his dreme / & how he ſawe the queſtyng beeſt capitulo xix
How kyng Pellynore took arthurs hors & folowed the queſtyng beeſt and how Merlyn mette wyth Arthur xx
How vlfyus apeched quene Igrayne Arthurs moder of treaſon / and how a knyght came and deſyred to haue the deth of hys mayſter reuengyd capitulo xxj
How gryflet was made knyght & Iusted with a knyȝt xxij

How xij knyghtes came from Rome & axed truage for thys londe of arthur / and how arthur faught wyth a Knyght xxiij
How Merlyn ſaued Arthurs lyf & threwe an enchauntement vpon Kyng Pellynore and made hym to ſlepe xxiiij
How Arthur by the meane of Merlyn gate Excalybur hys ſwerde of the lady of the lake Capitulo xxv
How tydynges cam to arthur that kyng ryons had ouercome xj kynges & how he deſyred arthus berde to purſyl his mantel Capitulo xxvij ¶ How al the chyldren were ſente fore / that were borne on may day . & how Mordred was ſaued xxviij

¶ The ſecond book

Of a damoyſel whyche came gyrde wyth a ſwerde for to ſynde a man of ſuche vertue to drawe it oute of the ſcabard ca primo
How balen arayed lyke a poure Knyght pulled out the ſwerde whyche afterward was cauſe of his deth capitulo ij
How the lady of the lake demaunded the Knyȝtes heed that had wonne the ſwerde / or the maydens hede iij
How merlyn tolde thaduenture of this damoyſel capitulo iiij
How balyn was purſyewed by ſyr Launceor Knyght of Irelonde / and how he Iuſted and ſlewe hym v
How a damoyſel whiche was loue to Launceor ſlewe hyr ſelf for loue / and how balyn mette wyth his brother balan vj
How a dwarfe repreuyd Balyn for the deth of Launceor / & how Kyng Marke of Cornewayl founde them and maad a tombe ouer them capitulo vij
How Merlyn prophecyed that two the beſt Knyghtes of the world ſhold fyght there / whyche were Syr Launcelot and ſyr Tryſtram Capitulo viij
How balyn and his broder by the counceyl of Merlyn toke Kyng ryons and brought hym to Kyng Arthur ix
How Kyng arthur had a bataylle ayenſt Nero and Kyng loth of orkeney / and how Kyng loth was deceyued by merlyn and how xij Kynges were ſlayne capitulo x
Of the entyerement of xij Kynges / & of the prophecye of merlyn / how balyn ſhold gyue the dolorous ſtroke xj
How a ſorouful knyȝt cam tofore arthur & how balyn fet hym & how that Knyght was ſlayn by a Knyght Inuyſyble xij
How balyn & the damoyſel mette wyth a Knyght whych was

in lyke wyſe ſlayn / & how the damoyſel bledde for the cuſtom of a caſtel Capitulo xiij
Ho balyn mette wyth that knyght named garlon at a feeſt & there he ſlewe hym to haue his blood / to hele therwith the ſone
5 of his hooſt Capitulo xiiij
How Balyn fought wyth kyng Pelham / & how his ſwerde brake / and how he gate a ſpere wherewyth he ſmote the dolorous ſtroke capitulo xv
How balyn was delyuerd by Merlyn / and ſauyd a knyght
10 that wold haue ſlayn hym ſelf for loue capitulo xvj
How that knyght ſlewe his loue & a knyght lyeng by hyr / & after how he ſlewe hym ſelf wyth his owne ſwerde / & how balyn rode toward a caſtel where he loſt his lyf Capitulo xvij
How balyn mette wyth his brother balen & how eche of theym
15 ſlewe other vnknowen tyl they were wounded to deth xviij
How merlyn buryed hem bothe in one tōbe / & of balyns ſwerd capitulo xix

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the thyrd book

How kyng arthur took a wyf and wedded gueneuer doughter to leodegran kyng of the londe of Camelerd wyth whome
20 he had the rounde table Capitulo primo
How the knyghtes of the rounde table were ordeyned & theyr ſyeges bleſſyd by the byſſhop of caunterburye capitulo ij
How a poure man rydyng vpon a lene mare / and deſyred of kyng Arthur to make his ſone knyght Capitulo iij
25 How ſyr Tor was knowen for ſone of kyng Pellynore / and how Gawayn was made knyght capitulo iiij
How atte feſte of the Weddyng of kyng arthur to gueneuer a Whyte herte came in to the halle & thyrty couple houndes / & how a brachet pynched the herte whiche was taken awaye v
30 How ſyr Gawayn rode for to fetche ageyn the herte / & how ij brethern fought eche ageynſt other for the herte Capitulo vj
How the herte was chaced in to a caſtel and there ſlayn / and how Gauwayn ſlewe a lady Capitulo vij
How iiij knyȝtes faught ayenſt ſir gawayn & gaheryſe & how
35 they were ouercom & her lyues ſaued atte requeſt of iiij ladyes capitulo viij ¶ How ſyr Tor rode after the knyght wyth the brachet & of his aduenture by the waye capitulo ix
How ſyr Tor fonde the brachet wyth a lady / & how a knyght

How Arthur accorded the two brethern / and delyuerd the xx knyghtes / & how ſyr Accolons deyed capitulo xij
How Morgan wold haue ſlayn ſyr vryens hyr huſbond / & how ſyr Ewayn hir ſone ſaued hym Capitulo xiij
How quene Morgan le fay made grete ſorowe for the deth of accolon / & how ſhe ſtale awaye the ſcawbard fro arthur xiiij
How Morgan le fay ſaued a knyght that ſhold haue be drowned / & how kyng Arthur retornęd home ageyn capitulo xv
How the damoyſel of the lake ſaued Kynge Arthur from a mantel which ſhold haue brente hym capitulo xvj
How ſyr Gawayn & ſyr Ewayn mette with xij fayr damoyſelles / & how they compleyned on ſyr Marhaus ca xvij
How ſyr Marhaws Iuſted with ſyr Gawayn & ſyr Ewayn and ouerthrewe them bothe capitulo xviij and xix
How ſyr Marhaus ſyr Gawayn & ſyr Ewayn mette the damoyſelles & eche of them toke one capitulo xx
How a knyght & a dwarf ſtroof for a lady capitulo xxj
How kyng Pelleas ſuffred hym ſelf to be taken pryſoner by cauſe he wolde haue a ſyght of his lady / & how ſyr Gawayn promyſed hym for to gete to hym the loue of his lady xxij
How ſyr Gawayn came to the lady Ettard and laye by hyr & how ſyr Pelleas fonde them ſlepyng capitulo xxiij
How ſyr Pelleas loued nomore ettard by the moyan of the damoyſel of the lake whome he loued euer after ca xxiiij
How ſyr marhaus rode with the damoyſel and how he came to the duke of the ſouth marchis Capitulo xxv
How ſyr Marhaus faught wyth the duke and his vj ſones and made them to yelde them capitulo xxvj
How ſyr Ewayn rode wyth the damoyſel of lx yere of age / & how he gate the prys at tornoyeng capitulo xxvij
How ſyr Ewayn fauȝt with ij knyȝtes & ouercam hem xxviij
How at the yeres ende alle thre knyghtes wyth theyr thre damoyſelles metten at the fontayne capitulo xxix

¶ Of the fyfthe book the chapytres folowen

How xij aged Ambaſſyatours of rome came to kyng Arthur to demaunde truage for brytayne capitulo primo
How the kynges and lordes promyſed to kyng Arthur ayde and helpe ageynſt the Romayns capitulo ij

aſſaylled hym for the ſayd brachet capitulo x
How syr Tor ouercame the knyght / and how he loſth ys heed at the requeſte of a lady capitulo xj
How kyng pellenore rode after the lady and the knyght that ladde her awaye / & how a lady deſyred helpe of hym and how he faught wyth ij knyghtes for that lady of whome he ſlewe that one at the fyrſt ſtroke capitulo xij
How kyng Pellynore gate the lady & brought hyr to Camelot to the courte of kyng arthur capitulo xiij
How on the waye he herde two knyghtes as he laye by nyght in a valeye & of other aduentures capitulo xiiij
How whan he was comen to Camelot he was ſworne vpon a book to telle the trouthe of his queſte capitulo xv

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the fourth book

How merlyn was aſſotted & dooted on one of the ladyes of the lake / and how he was ſhytte in a roche vnder a ſtone and there deyed capitulo primo
How v kynges came in to this londe to warre ayenſt kyng Arthur / & what counceyl arthur had ayenſt them capitulo ij
How kyng arthur had adoo with them & ouerthrewe them & ſlewe the v kynges & made the remenaunte to flee iij
How the batayl was fynyſſhed or he came / & how the kyng founded an abbay where the batayl was capitulo iiij
How ſyr Tor was made knyght of the rounde table and how badgemagus was dyſpleaſed capitulo v
How kyng Arthur / kyng Vryens & Syr Accolon of gaule chaced an hert & of theyr meruayllous aduenture vj
How Arthur took vpon hym to fyght to be delyuerd oute of pryſon / & alſo for to delyuer twenty knyghtes that were in pryſon Capitulo vij
How accollon fonde hym ſelf by a welle / & he toke vpon hym to doo bataylle ayenſt Arthur capitulo viij
Of the bataylle bytwene kyng Arthur & Accolon ix
How kyng arthurs ſwerde that he faught wyth brake / & how he recouerd of accolon his owne ſwerde excalibur and ouercame his enemye Capitulo x
How accolon confeſſyd the treaſon of Morgan le fay Kyng arthurs ſyſter & how ſhe wold haue doon flee hym ca xj

How kyng Arthur helde a parlement at yorke & how he ordeyned how the royame ſhold be gouerned in his abſcence iij
How kyng Arthur beyng ſhypped & lyeng in his caban had a meruayllous dreme / & of thexpoſycion therof capitulo iiij
How a man of the contreye tolde to hym of a meruayllous geaunte / & how he faught & conquerd hym Capitulo v
How kyng Arthur ſente ſyr gawayn & other to lucius / & how they were aſſaylled & eſcaped wyth worſhyp Capitulo vj
How Lucius ſente certeyn eſpyes in a buſſhement for to haue taken hys knyghtes beyng pryſonners / and how they were letted capitulo vij
How a ſenatour tolde to Lucius of their dyſcomfyture / & alſo of the grete batayl betwene Arthur & Lucius capitulo viij
How Arthur after he had achyeued the batayl ayenſt the Romayns entred in to almayn & ſo in to ytalye Capitulo ix
Of a bataylle doon by Gauwayn ayenſt a ſaraſyn / whiche after was yelden & became cryſten Capitulo x
How the Saraſyns came oute of a wode for to reſcowe theyr beeſtys / and of a grete bataylle Capitulo xj
How ſyr Gauwayn retorned to kyng Arthur wyth his pryſoners / And how the kyng wanne a Cyte / and how he was crowned emperour capitulo xij

¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the vj book

How ſyr Launcelot and ſyr Lyonel departed fro the courte for to ſeek auentures / and how ſyr Lyonel lefte hym ſlepyng and was taken Capitulo primo
How ſyr Ector folowed for to ſeek ſyr Launcelot / & how he was taken by ſyr Turquyne Capitulo ij
How iiij quenes fonde Launcelot ſlepyng / & how by enchauntement he was taken & ledde in to a caſtel capitulo iij
How ſyr Lancelot was deliuerd by the meane of a damoſel iiij
How a knyght founde ſyr Launcelot lyeng in his lemmans bedde / & how ſyr Launcelot faught with the knyght ca v
How ſir Launcelot was receyued of kyng bagdemagus doughter / & he made his complaynte to hir fader Capitulo vj
How ſyr Launcelot byhaued hym in a tournement / & how he mette wyth ſyr Turquyn ledyng ſyr Gaheris capitulo vij
How ſyr Launcelot & ſy Turquyn faught to gyders ca viij

How ſyr Turquyn was ſlayn / & how ſyr Launcelot bad ſyr gaheris delyuer al the pryſoners capitulo ix
How ſyr Launcelot rode with the damoyſel & ſlewe a knyght that diſtreſſid al ladyes / & alſo a vylayn þt kept a bridge x
5 How ſyr launcelot ſlewe ij geauntes & made a caſtel free xj
How ſyr Launcelot rode dyſguyſed in Syr kayes harnoys / & how he ſmote doun a knyght Capitulo xij
How ſyr Launcelot Iuſted ayenſt four knyȝtes of the rounde table and ouerthrewe theym capitulo xiij
10 How ſyr Launcelot folowed a brachet in to a caſtel where he fonde a dede knyght & how he after was requyred of a damoyſel to hele hir brother capitulo xiiij
How ſir Launcelot cam in to the chapel peryllous & gate there of a dede corps a pyece of the cloth & a ſwerde capitulo xv
15 How ſyr Launcelot at the requeſt of a lady recouerd a ſawcon by whiche he was deceyued capitulo xvj
How ſyr Launcelot ouertoke a knyght which chaſed hys wyf to haue ſleyn hyr / & how he ſayd to hym capitulo xvij
How ſyr Launcelot came to kyng arthurs court / & how there
20 were recounted al his noble feates & actes capitulo xviij

¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the ſeuenth booke

How beaumayns came to kyng arthurs courte & demaunded thre petycyons of kyng Arthur Capitulo primo
How ſyr Launcelot & ſyr Gauwayn were wroth by cauſe ſyr kaye mocqued beaumayns / & of a damoyſel whyche deſyred
25 a knyght to fyght for a lady Capitulo ij
How beawmayns deſyred the batayl / & how it was graunted to hym / & how he deſyred to be made knyȝt of ſir Launcelot iij
How beaumayns departed & how he gate of ſyr Kaye a ſpere and a ſhelde / and how he Iuſted and faughte wyth Syr
30 Launcelot Capitulo iiij
How beaumayns tolde to ſyr Launcelot his name and how he was dubbed knyght of Syr Launcelot / and after ouertooke the damoyſel Capitulo v
How beaumayns fought & ſlewe ij knyghtes at a paſſage vj
35 How beaumayns faught with the knyght of the blacke laundes / & faught with hym tyl he fyl doun & deyed capitulo vij
How the brother of the knyght that was ſlayn mette wyth

beaumayns / & fauȝt with beaumayns tyl he wos yelden viij
How the damoyſel euer rebuked beaumayns / & wold not ſuffre hym to ſyt at hir table / but callyd hym kychyn boye ix
How the iij brother callyd the rede knyght Iuſted & faughte ayenſt beaumayns / & how beaumayns ouercame hym ca x
How ſyr beaumayns ſuffred grete rebukes of the damoyſel / & he ſuffred it pacyently capitulo xj
How beaumayns faughte wyth Syr Perſaunt of ynde / and made hym to be yelden capitulo xij
Of the godelye comynycacyon bytwene ſyr Perſaunt & beaumayns / & how he tolde hym that his name was ſyr gareth xiij
How the lady that was byſyeged had worde fro hyr ſyſter how ſhe had brought a knyght to ſyght for hyr / and what bataylles he had achyeued Capitulo xiiij
How the damoyſel & beaumayns came to the ſyege / & came to a Sykamor tree / & there beaumayns blewe an horne / & thenne the knyȝt of the rede launde cam to ſyght wyth hym ca xv
How the two knyghtes mette to gyders and of their talkyng and how they began theyr batayl Capitulo xvj
How after longe ſyghtyng beaumayns ouercame the knyght & wold haue ſlayn hym / but atte requeſt of the lordes he ſaued his lyf & made hym to yelde hym to the lady cap° xvij
How the knyȝt yelded hym / & how beaumayns made hym to goo vnto kyng arthurs court & to crye ſir lancelot mercy xviij
How Beaumayns came to the lady . & whan he came to the caſtel / the yates were cloſed ageynſt hym / & of the wordes that the lady ſayd to hym Capitulo xix
How ſyr beaumayns rode after to recſowe his dwarfe / and came in to the caſtel where he was capitulo xx
How ſyr gareth otherwyſe callyd beaumayns cam to þe preſence of his lady & how they toke acqueyntance / & of their loue xxj
How at nyght cam an armed knyght & faught with ſir gareth & he ſore hurt in the thyghe ſmote of the knyghtes heed ca xxij
How the ſayd knyght came ageyn the next nyght & was beheded ageyn / & how at the feſte of pentecoſt al the knyȝtes that ſyr gareth had ouercome cam & yelded hem to kyng arthur xxiij
How kyng Arthur pardoned them / and demaunded of them where ſyr Gareth was Capitulo xxiiij

[leaf 7]

How the quene of Orkeney came to this feſte of pentecoſte / & ſir gawayn & his brethern cam to aſke hir bleſſyng xxv xxvj
How kyng Arthur ſente for the lady Lyonas / & how ſhe lete crye a tournoye at hir caſtel / where as came many knyghtes
5 Capitulo xxvij
How kyng Arthur wente to the tornoyment with his knyghtes / and how the lady receyued hym worſhypfully / & how the knyghtes encountred Capitulo xxviij
How the knyghtes bare them in the batayl capitulo xxix
10 Yet of the ſayd tornoyment capitulo xxx
How ſyr Gareth was eſpyed by the herowdes / and how he eſcaped oute of the felde capitulo xxxj
How ſyr Gareth came to a caſtel where he was wel lodged & he Iuſted with a knyght & ſlewe hym Capitulo xxxij
15 How ſyr Gareth fought wyth a knyght that helde within his caſtel xxx ladyes & how he ſlewe hym capitulo xxxiij
How ſyr gawayn & ſyr Gareth fought eche ayenſt other / and how they knewe eche other by the damoyſel Lynet ca xxxiiij
How ſyr Gareth knowleched that they loued eche other to
20 kyng Arthur / & of thappoyntement of their weddyng xxxv
Of the grete ryalte & what offycers were made at the feſte of the weddyng & of the Iuſtes at the feeſt Capitulo xxxvj

¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the eyght book

How ſyr Tryſtram de Lyones was borne and how his moder deyed at his byrthe / wherfore ſhe named hym Triſtram primo
25 How the ſtepmoder of ſyr Tryſtram had ordeyned poyſon for to haue poyſened ſyr Tryſtram Capitulo ij
How Syr Tryſtram was ſente in to Fraunce and had one to gouerne hym named Gouernayle / and how he lernyd to harpe / hawke and hunte capitulo iij
30 How ſyr Marhaus came out of Irelonde for to aſke trewage of Cornewayle or ellys he wold fyght therefor capitulo iiij
How Tryſtram enterpryſed the bataylle to fyght for the trewage of Cornwayl / & how he was made knyght Capitulo v
How Syr Tryſtram arryued in to the Ilond for to furnyſſhe
35 the bataylle wyth ſyr Marhaus Capitulo vj
hoow ſyr Triſtram faught ayenſt Syr Marhaus & achyeued his batayl / & how ſyr Marhaus fledde to his ſhyppe ca vij

[leaf 7 verso]

How Syr Marhaus after that he was arryued in Irelonde dyed of the ſtroke that ſyr Tryſtram had gyuen to hym / and how Tryſtram was hurte capitulo viij
How ſyr Tryſtram was put to the kepyng of la bele yſoude ſyrſt for to be helyd of hys wounde Capitulo ix
How ſyr Tryſtram wanne the degree at a tornoyment in Irelonde / & there made palomydes to bere no harnoys in a yere x
How the quene eſpyed that ſyr Triſtram had ſlayn hir broder ſyr Marhaus by his ſwerde & in what Ieopardye he was xj
How Syr Tryſtram departed fro the kyng & la bele Iſoude out of Irelonde for to come in to cornewayl capitulo xij
How ſyr Tryſtram and Kyng Marke hurted eche other for the loue of a knyghtes wyf capitulo xiij
How ſyr Tryſtram laye wyth the lady. and how her huſbond faught wyth ſyr Tryſtram Capitulo xiiij
How ſyr bleoberis demaunded the fayreſt lady in kyng marks court whom he toke awaye & how he was fouȝten with xv
How ſyr Tryſtram faught wyth two knyghtes of the rounde table capitulo xvj
How Syr triſtcum faught with ſyr bleoberis for a lady / and how the lady was put to choyſe to whome ſhe wold goo xvij
How the lady forſoke ſyr triſtram & abode with Syr bleoberis and how ſhe deſyred to goo to hyr huſbond ca xviij
How kyng mark ſent ſyr tryſtram for la bele Iſoude toward Irelond & how by fortune he arryued in to englond xix
How kyng Anguyſſhe of Irelonde was ſomoned to come to Kyng Arthurs courte for treaſon Capitulo xx
How ſyr Tryſtram reſcowed a chylde fro a knyght / and how gouernayle tolde hym of Kyng Anguyſſhe ca xxj
How ſyr tryſtram faught for ſyr anguyſſhe & ouercame hys aduerſarye & how his aduerſarye wold neuer yelde hym xxij
How ſyr blamor deſyred tryſtram to flee hym / & how ſyr triſtram ſpared hym & how they took appoyntement xxiij
How ſyr triſtram demaunded la bele Iſoude for kynge mark & how ſyr tryſtram & Iſoude dronken the loue drynke xxiiij
How ſyr Triſtram & Iſoude were in pryſon / & how he faughte for hir beaute / & ſmote of another ladyes hede capitulo xxv
How ſyr Tryſtram faught wyth ſyr breunor / and atte laſte

ſmote of his hede Capitulo xxvj
How ſyr galahad ſaught wyth ſyr Triſtram / & how ſyr triſtram yelded hym & promyſed to felauſhyp with lancelot xxvij
How ſyr Launcelot mette with ſyr Carados beryng awaye ſir gawayn / & of the reſcows of ſyr Gawayn Capitulo xxviij
Of the weddyng of Kyng Marke to la bele Iſoude / and of brangwayn hyr mayde and of Palamydes xxix
How Palamydes demaunded quene Iſoude / & how lambegus rode after to reſcowe hyr / and of theſcape of Iſoude xxx
How ſyr Tryſtram rode after Palamydes and how he fonde hym and ſaught wyth hym / and by the moyne of Iſoude the batayl ſeced Capitulo xxxj
How ſyr Tryſtram brought quene Iſoude home / and of the debate of kyng Marke and Syr Tryſtram capitulo xxxij
How ſyr Lamerok Iuſted wyth xxx knyghtes / & ſyr Triſtram atte requeſte of kyng mark ſmote his hors doun xxxiij
How ſyr Lamerok ſente an horne to kyng Marke in deſpyte of ſyr Tryſtram / And how ſyr Tryſtram was dryuen in to a chapel capitulo xxxiiij
How Syr triſtram was holpen by his men / & of quene Iſoude which was put in lazaroote / & how triſtrā was hurt xxxv
How ſyr Tryſtram ſerued in warre the kyng howel of brytayn and ſlewe hys aduerſarye in the felde xxxvj
How ſyr Suppynabyles tolde ſyr Tryſtram how he was deffamed in the courte of kyng Arthur / & of ſyr lamerok xxxvij
How ſyr Tryſtram and his wyf arryued in wales and how he mette there wyth ſyr Lamerok Capitulo xxxviij
How ſyr Tryſtram ſaught wyth Syr Nabon / and ouercame hym / and made ſyr Lamerok lord of the yle xxxix
How ſyr Lamerok departed fro ſyr Tryſtram / & how he mette wyth ſyr frolle and after wyth ſyr Launcelot capitulo xl
How ſyr Lamerok ſlewe ſyr frolle / and of the curtoyſe ſyghtyng wyth ſyr belleaunce hys brother Capitulo xlj

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the ix book

How a yonge man came in to the courte of kyng arthur / and how ſyr Kaye called hym in ſcorne la cote male tayle primo
How a damoyſel came in to the courte & deſyred a knyght to take on hym an enqueſt which la cote male tayle empriſed ij

[leaf 8 verso]

How le cote male tayle ouerthrewe ſyr Dagonet the Kynges
fole / and of the rebuke that he had of the damoyſel ca iij
How le cote male tayle fought ayenſt an hondred knyghtes / &
how he eſſcaped by the meane of a lady Capitulo iiij
How ſyr Launcelot cam to the courte and herde of la cote male 5
tayle / and how he folowed after hym / and how la cote male
tayle was pryſoner Capitulo v
How ſyr Launcelot faught wyth vj knyghtes / & after wyth
ſyr bryan / and how he delyuerd the pryſonners vj
How ſyr Launcelot mette wyth the damoyſel named maledy- 10
ſaunt / and named hyr the damoyſel bien penſaunt vij
How le cote male tayle was taken pryſoner / & after reſcowed
by ſyr launcelot / & how ſyr launcelot ouercam iiij brethern viij
How Syr Launcelot maad le cote mayle lord of the caſtel of
Pendragon & after was made knyght of the rounde table ix 15
How la bele Iſoude ſente letters to ſyr Tryſtram by hir mayde
brangwayn and of dyuers auentures of ſyr Tryſtram x
How ſyr Triſtram mette with ſyr lamerok de gales / and how
they faught & after accorded neuer to fyght to gyders xj
How ſyr palomydes folowed the queſtyng beeſt & ſmote doun 20
ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Lamerock wyth one ſpere Capitulo xij
How ſyr lamerok mette wyth ſyr Melleagaunce / & faught to
gydre for the beaulte of dame Gueneuer capitulo xiiij
How Syr Kaye mette wyth Syr Tryſtram / and after of the
ſhame spoken of the knyghtes of Cornewayl / and how they 25
Iusted capitulo xv
How Kyng Arthur was brought in to the foreſt peryllous / &
how ſyr Tryſtram ſaued his lyf capitulo xvj
How ſyr Tryſtram came to la bele Iſoude / & how kehydyous
began to loue bele Iſoude & of a letter that triſtram fonde xvij 30
How ſyr Triſtram departed fro tyntagyl & how he ſorowed &
was ſo longe in a foreſt tyl he was out of his mynde xviij
How ſyr Tryſtram ſowſed dagonet in a welle / & how Pala-
mydes ſente a damoyſel to ſeche Tryſtram / and how palamydes
mette wyth Kyng Mark capitulo xix 35
How it was noyſed how ſyr Tryſtram was dede and how la
bele Iſoude wolde haue ſlayn hyr ſelf capitulo xx
How kyng Mark fonde ſyr Tryſtram naked and made hym

to be borne home to tyntagyl and how he was there knowen by a brachet capitulo xxj
How Kyng Marke by thauys of his counceyl bannyſſhed ſyr Tryſtram oute of Cornewayl the terme of x yere xxij
5 How a damoyſel ſouȝght helpe to helpe ſir laūcelot ayenſt xxx knyghtes / & how ſyr tryſtram faught with them ca xxiij
How ſyr Tryſtram & ſyr Launcelot came to a lodgynge where they muſt Iuſte wyth two knyghtes capitulo xxiiij
How ſyr Tryſtram Iuſted wyth ſyr Kaye and ſyr Sagramor
10 le deſyrous / and how ſyr Gawayn torned Syr Tryſtram fro Morgan le fay Capitulo xxv
How ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Gauwayn rode to haue foughten ayenſt the xxx knyghtes / but they durſt not come oute xxvj
How damoyſel brangwayn fonde tryſtram ſlepyng by a welle
15 & how ſhe delyuerd letters to hym fro bele Iſoude ca xxvij
How ſyr Tryſtram had a falle of ſyr Palomydes / and how Launcelot ouerthrewe two knyghtes capitulo xxviij
How ſyr Launcelot Iuſted with Palomydes and ouerthrewe hym / & after he was aſſaylled with xij knyghtes xxix
20 How ſyr Tryſtram byhaued hym the fyrſt day of the tournement / and there he had the prys Capitulo xxx
How ſyr Tryſtram retourned ayenſt kyng arthurs partye by cauſe he ſawe ſyr Palomydes on that partye capitulo xxxj
How Syr Tryſtram fonde Palomydes by a welle / & broughte
25 hym wyth hym to his lodgyng Capitulo xxxij
How ſyr Tryſtram ſmote doun ſyr Palomydes / and how he Iuſted wyth kyng Arthur and other feates xxxiij
How ſyr Launcelot hurte ſyr Tryſtram / and how after ſyr Tryſtram ſmote doun ſyr Palomydes capitulo xxxiiij
30 How the prys of the thyrd day was gyuen to Syr Launcelot and ſyr Launcelot gaf it to ſyr Tryſtram ca xxxv
How Palomydes came to the caſtel where ſyr Tryſtram was And of the queſte that ſyr Launcelot & x knyghtes made for ſyr Tryſtram Capitulo xxxvj
35 How ſyr Tryſtram / ſyr Palomydes / and Syr dynadan were taken and put in pryſon Capitulo xxxvij
How Kyng marke was ſory for the good renommee of ſyr Triſtram / ſomme of arthurs knyghtes Iuſted wyth knyghtes

[leaf 9 verso]

of Cornewayl Capitulo xxxviij
Of the treaſon of kyng Marke / and how ſyr Gaheris ſmote hym doun / and Andred / his coſyn capitulo xxxix
How after that ſyr Tryſtram / ſyr Palomydes / and ſyr Dynadan had be longe in pryſon / they were delyuerd ca xl
How ſyr Dynadan reſcowed a lady fro ſyr breuſe ſauns pyte & how ſyr Tryſtram receyued a ſhelde of Morgan le fay xlj
How ſyr Tryſtram took wyth hym the ſhelde / and alſo how he ſlewe the paramour of Morgan le fay capitulo xlij
How Morgan le fay buryed hyr paramour / and how ſyr triſtram preyſed ſyr Launcelot and hys kynne ca xliij
How ſyr Tryſtram at a tornoyment bare the ſhelde that Morgan le fay delyuerd to hym capitulo xliiij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the tenth book

How ſyr Tryſtram Iuſted and ſmote doun Kyng Arthur / bycauſe he tolde hym not the cauſe why he bare that ſhelde ca j
How ſyr Tryſtram ſaued ſyr Palomydes lyf / & how they promyſed to fyght to gyder wythin fourtenyght capitulo ij
How ſyr Tryſtram fought a ſtronge knyght that had ſmyton hym doun & many other knyghtes of the rounde table iij
How ſyr Tryſtram ſmote doun ſyr Sagramor le deſyrous / & ſyr Dodynas le ſauage capitulo iiij
How ſyr Tryſtram mette at the perron wyth ſyr Launcelot / & how they faught to gyder vnknowen Capitulo v
How ſyr Launcelot brought ſyr Tryſtram to the courte / and of the Ioye that the kyng and other made for the comyng of ſyr Tryſtram Capitulo vj
How for deſpyte of ſyr Tryſtram kyng Mark came wyth ij knyghtes in to englond and how he ſlewe one of the knyghtes Capitulo vij
How the kyng came to a fontayne where he fonde ſyr Lamerock complaynyng for the loue of Kyng lots wyf viij
How kyng marke / ſyr Lamerok / and ſyr dynadan came to a caſtel / and how Kyng Marke was knowen there capitulo ix
How ſyr Berluſes mette wyth Kyng marke / and how Syr dynadan toke his partye ca x ¶ How kyng marke mocked ſyr dynadan / & how they mette wyth vj knyȝtes of the rounde table xj ¶ How the vj knyȝtes ſente ſir dagonet to Iuſte with

kyng marke & how Kyng marke refuſed hym ca xij
How ſyr Palomydes by aduenture mette kyng Marke fleyng & how he ouerthrewe dagonet / and other knyghtes xiij
How kyng marke & ſyr Dynadan herde ſyr palomydes makyng grete ſorowe & mornyng for la bele Iſoude xiiij
How the kyng had ſlayn amant wrongfully tofore kyng arthur / & ſyr launcelot fette kyng marke to kyng arthur xv
How ſyr dynadan tolde ſyr palamydes of the batayl betwene Syr Launcelot and ſyr Tryſtram Capitulo xvj
How ſyr Lamerok Iuſted wyth dyuers knyghtes of the caſtel / wherin was Morgan le fay capitulo xvij
How ſyr Palamydes wold haue Iuſted for ſyr Lamerock wyth the knyghtes of the caſtel Capitulo xviij
How ſyr Lamerock Iuſted wyth ſyr Palomydes and hurte hym greuouſly capitulo xix
How it was tolde ſyr Launcelot that Dagonet chaced kyng marke / & how a knyght ouerthrewe hym & vj knyghtes xx
How Kyng Arthur lete do crye a Iuſtes / & how ſyr Lamorak came in and ouerthrewe ſyr Gawayn & many other xxj
How Kyng Arthur made Kyng marke to be accorded with ſyr Tryſtram & how they departed toward Cornewayll xxij
How ſyr Percyuale was made knyght of kyng arthur / and how a dombe mayde ſpack & brouȝt hym to the roūde table xxiij
How ſyr Lamerock laye wyth king lots wyf / and how ſyr Gaheris ſlewe hir whiche was his owne moder ca xxiiij
How ſyr agrauayn & ſyr Mordred mette wyth a knyght fleyng / and how they bothe were ouerthrowen and of Syr Dynadan Capitulo xxv
How Kyng Arthur / the quene & Launcelot receyued letters oute of Cornewayle / & of the anſuer ageyn ca xxvj
How Syr Launcelot was wrothe wyth the letter that he receyued from kyng Marke / and of Dynadan whiche made a laye of kyng Marke capitulo xxvij
How Syr Tryſtram was hurte / and of a warre maad to Kynge Marke / And of Syr Trysſtram how he promyſed to reſcowe hym Capitulo xxviij
How ſyr Tryſtram ouercame the batayl / & how Elyas deſyred a man to fyght body for body capitulo xxix

How ſyr Elyas & ſyr Tryſtram ſaught to gyder for the truage / & how ſyr tryſtram ſlewe Elyas in the felde xxx
How at a grete feſte that kyng Marke made / an harper came and ſange the lay that dynadan had made capitulo xxxj
How kyng Marke ſlewe by treaſon his brother bowdyn for good ſeruyce that he had done to hym Capitulo xxxij
How anglydes boudyns wyf eſcaped with hir yonge ſone aliſaunder le orphelyn & came to the caſtel of arondel xxxiij
How anglydes gaf the blody doblet to alyſaunder hir ſone the ſame day that he was made knyȝt & the charge withal xxxiiij
How it was tolde to kyng marke of Alyſaunder . and how he wold haue ſlayn ſyr Sadok for ſauyng of his lyf xxxv
How ſyr Alyſaunder wanne the pryce at a tournoyment and of Morgan le fay / And how he faught wyth Syr Maulgryn and ſlewe hym capitulo xxxvj
How quene Morgan le fay had alyſaunder in hyr caſtel / and how ſhe heelyd his woundes capitulo xxxvij
How Alyſaunder was delyuerd fro the quene Morgan le fay by the moyane of a damoyſel capitulo xxxviij
How alyſaunder mette wyth alys la beale pylgrym / and how he Iuſted wyth two knyghtes / And after of hym and of Syr Mordred capitulo xxxix
How ſir galahalt dyd do crye a Iuſtes in ſurluſe / & quene gueneuers knyȝtes ſhold Iuſte ayenſt all that wold come xL
How ſyr Lancelot fought in the tournoyment / & how ſyr palomydes dyd armes there for a damoyſell Ca xlj
How ſyr Galahault & ſyr Palomydes faught to gyder / and of ſyr dynadan and ſyr Galahault Capitulo xlij
How ſyr archade appeled ſyr Palamydes of treaſon & how ſyr palamydes ſlewe hym Capitulo xliij
Of the thyrd day & how ſyr Palomydes Iuſted wyth ſyr Lamerok and other thynges capitulo xliiij
Of the iiij day & of many grete feates of armes ca xlv
Of the v day & how ſyr Lamerok byhaued hym ca xlvj
How palamydes fought wyth Corſabryn for a lady / & how Palamydes ſlewe corſabryn xlvij
Of the vj day & what was thenne doon ca xlviij
Of the vij batayll / and how Syr Launcelot beyng deſguyſed

lyke a mayde ſmote doun ſyr dynadan capitulo xlix
How by treſon ſyr Triſtram was brought to a tournoyment for to haue be ſlayn / and how he was put in pryson L
How Kyng Marke lete do counterfete letters from the pope
5 & how ſyr percyual delyuerd ſyr Triſtram oute of pryſon lj
How ſyr Tryſtram & la bele Iſoude came in to englond / & how ſyr Launcelot brought them to Ioyous garde capitulo lij
How by the counceyl of bele yſoude Tryſtram rode armed and how he mette wyth ſyr Palomydes capitulo liij
10 Of ſyr Palomydes and how he mette wyth ſyr bleoberys & wyth ſyr Ector and of ſyr Percyuale Capitulo liiij
How ſyr Tryſtram mette wyth ſyr dynadan & of their deuyſes & what he ſayd to ſyr Gauwayns brethern lv
How ſyr Tryſtram ſmote doun ſyr agrauayn & ſyr gaheris &
15 how ſyr Dynadan was ſente fore by la bele Iſoude lvj
How ſyr Dynadan mette wyth ſyr Tryſtram / & wyth Iuſtyng wyth ſyr Palamydes ſyr Dynadan knewe hym lvij
How they approched the caſtel Lonazep and of other deuyſes of the deth of ſyr Lamerok Capitulo lviij
20 How they came to humberbanke / & how they fonde a ſhyppe there wherin laye the body of Kyng Hermaunce lix
How ſyr Tryſtram wyth his felawſhyp came and were with an hooſt whyche after ſaught wyth Syr Tryſtram and other maters capitulo lx
25 How Palamydes wente for to ſyght wyth two brethern for the deth of kyng Hermaunce Capitulo lxj
The copye of the letter wryton for to reuenge the kynges deth and how ſyr palamydes ſaught for to haue the bataylle lxij
Of the preparacyon of ſyr Palamydes & the ij brethern that
30 ſhold ſyght wyth hym Capitulo lxiij
Of the batayl betwene ſyr Palamydes & the two brethern and how the two brethern were ſlayn capitulo lxiiij
How ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Palamydes mette Breuce ſauns pyte and how Syr Triſtram and la beale yſoude wente vnto
35 Lonazep Capitulo lxv
How ſyr Palamydes Iuſted wyth ſyr Galyhodyn / & after wyth ſyr Gawayn & ſmote them doun lxvj
How ſyr Tryſtram & his felauſhyp cam vnto the tournement

of lonezep and of dyuers Iuſtes and maters capitulo lxvij
How ſyr Tryſtram and hys felauſhyp Iuſted & of the noble feates that they dyd in that tournoyeng lxviij
How ſyr Tryſtram was vnhorſed & ſmyten doun by ſyr launcelot / & after that ſyr Triſtram ſmote doun kyng arthur lxix
How ſyr Tryſtram chaunged his harnoys & it was al reed and how he demenyd hym and how Syr Palamydes ſlewe Launcelottes hors Capitulo lxx
How ſyr Launcelot ſayd to ſyr Palamydes / & how the prys of that day was gyuen to ſyr Palamydes lxxj
How ſyr dynadan prouoked ſyr Tryſtram to do wel lxxij
How kyng Arthur & ſyr Launcelot came to ſee la bele yſoude & how Palamydes ſmote doun kyng arthur Capitulo lxxiij
How the ſecond day Palamydes forſoke ſyr Tryſtram / and wente to the contrarye partye ayenſt hym capitulo lxxiiij
How ſyr Tryſtram departed out of the felde & awaked Sir Dynadan and chaunged his araye in to blacke ca lxxv
How ſyr Palamydes chaunged his ſhelde & armour for to hurte ſir triſtram / & how ſyr Launcelot dyd to ſir triſtram lxxvj
How ſyr Tryſtram departed wyth la bele Iſoude / & how Palomydes folowed and excuſed hym capitulo lxxvij
How kyng arthur and ſyr Launcelot came in to theyr pauelyons as they ſatte at ſouper / and of Palomydes lxxviij
How ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Palamydes dyd the nexte day and how kyng Arthur was vnhorſed capitulo lxxix
How ſyr Tryſtram torned to kynge Arthurs ſyde / and how Syr Palomydes wolde not capitulo lxxx
How ſyr bleoberis & ſyr Ector reported to quene Gueneuer of the beaute of la bele Iſoude capitulo lxxxj
How Palomydes complayned by a welle / & how Epynogris came and fonde hym / and of theyr bothe ſorowes lxxxij
How ſyr palomydes brouzt to ſyr epynogris his lady / & how ſir palomydes & ſyr ſafer were aſſayled ca lxxxiij & lxxxiiij
How ſyr Tryſtram made hym redy to reſcowe Syr Palomydes but ſyr Launcelot reſcowed hym or he came capitulo lxxxv
How ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Launcelot wyth palomydes came to Ioyous garde / of Palomydes and ſyr Tryſtram ca lxxxvj
How there was a day ſette bytwene ſyr Tryſtram and Syr

palomydes for to fyght / & how fir tryftram was hurte lxxxvij
How fyr palomydes kepte his day for to haue foughten / but fyr Tryftram myght not come / & other thynges ca lxxxviij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xj book

How Syr Launcelot rode on his aduenture / & how he helpe a dolorous lady fro hyr payne / and how that he faught wyth a dragon capitulo primo
How fyr Launcelot came to Pelles / and of the fangreal / and how he begate galahad on Elayn kyng pelles douȝter ij
How Syr Launcelot was dyfpleafyd whan he knewe that he had layen by Elayn / & how fhe was delyuerd of galahad iij
How fyr bors came to dame Elayn & fawe galahad / & how he was fedde wyth the fangreal capitulo iiij
How fyr bors made fyr pedyuer to yelde hym / & of meruayllous aduentures that he had & how he achyeued them ca v
How fyr bors departed / & how fyr Launcelot was rebuked of the quene Gueneuer / and of his excufe capitulo vj
How dame Elayn galahads moder came in grete eftate to camelot / and how Launcelot byhaued hym there Capitulo vij
How dame bryfen by enchauntement brought fyr Launcelotte to Elayns bedde / & how quene gueneuer rebuked hym viij
How dame Elayn was commaunded by quene Gueneuer to voyde the courte / & how fyr Launcelot becam madde ix
What forowe quene gueneuer made for Syr Launcelot / & how he was fought by knyghtes of his kynne Capitulo x
How a feruaunte of fyr Aglouals was flayn / & what vengeaunce fyr aglouale & fyr percyuale dyd therfore xj
How fyr percyuale departed fecretelye fro his brother / & how he lofed a knyght bounden with a chayne & other thynges xij
How fyr Percyuale mette wyth fir Ector / & how they faught longe and eche had almoofl flayne other capitulo xiij
How by myracle they were bothe made hole by the comyng of the holy veffel of Sangreal Capitulo xiiij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xij book

How fyr Launcelot in hys madnes took a fwerde & faughte with a knyght and after lepte in to a bedde capitulo primo
How fyr Launcelot was caryed in an hors lytter / & after fyr Launcelot refcowed fyr blyaunte his hooft Capitulo ij

How ſyr Launcelot faught ayenſte a bore & ſlewe hym / & how he was hurte / & brought to an hermytage capitulo iij
How ſyr Launcelot was knowen by dame Elayn / and was borne in to a chambre & after helyd by the ſangreal iiij
How ſyr Launcelot after that he was hole & had his mynde he was aſhamed / and how that Elayn deſyred a caſtel for hym capitulo v
How ſyr Launcelot came in to the Ioyous yle / & there he named hym ſelf le chyualer malfet capitulo vj
Of a grete tournoyeng in the Ioyous yle / and how ſyr Percyuale and Syr Ector came thyder and ſyr Percyuale fought wyth hym capitulo vij
How eche of them knewe other / & of their curtoyſye / & how his brother Ector came to hym / and of theyr Ioye viij
How ſyr bors & ſyr Lyonel came to kyng brandegore / & how ſyr bors toke his ſone helyne le blank & of ſir launcelot ix
How ſyr Launcelot wyth ſyr Percyuale & ſyr ector came to the courte / and of the grete Ioye of hym capitulo x
How la bele yſoude counceylled ſyr Tryſtram to goo vnto the courte to the grete feſte of Pentecoſte capitulo xj
How ſyr Tryſtram departed vnarmed and mette with ſyr Palomydes / and how they ſmote eche other / and how Palomydes forbare hym capitulo xij
How Syr Tryſtram gate hym harnoys of a Knyght whyche was hurte & how he ouerthrewe ſyr Palomydes xiij
How ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Palamydes fought longe to gyders / and after accorded / and ſyr Tryſtram maad hym to be cryſtened Capitulo xiiij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xiij book

How at the vygyle of the feſte of Pentecoſte entred in to the halle before Kyng Arthur a damoyſel / and deſyred ſyr launcelot for to come and dubbe a knyght / and how he wente wyth hyr capitulo primo
How the letters were founde wryton in the ſyege peryllous & of the meruayllous aduenture of the ſwerde in a ſtone ij
How ſyr Gawayn aſſayed to drawe oute the ſwerde / & how

an olde man brought in galahad capitulo iij
How the olde man broght Galahad to the ſyege peryllous & ſette hym therin / & how al the knyghtes meruaylled iiij
How Kyng Arthur ſhewed the ſtone houyng on the water
5 to Galahad and how he drewe oute the ſwerde v
How kyng Arthur had al the knyghtes to gyder for to Iuſte in the medowe beſyde wynchefter or they departed vj
How the quene deſyred to ſee Galahad / & after al the knyghtes were replenyſſhed wyth the holy ſangreal / & how all they
10 auowed the enqueſte of the ſame capitulo vij
How grete ſorowe was made of the kyng and ladyes for the departyng of the knyghtes / & how they departed viij
How Galahad gate hym a ſhelde / and how they ſpedde that preſumed to take doun the ſayd ſhelde capitulo ix
15 How Galahad departed with the ſhelde / and how Kyng enelake had receyued thys ſhelde of Ioſeph of armathye x
How Ioſeph made a croſſe on the whyte ſhelde with his blode & how galahad was by a monke brought to a tombe xj
Of the meruayle that ſyr Galahad ſawe & herde in the tombe
20 and how he made melyas knyght Capitulo xij
Of thaduenture that Melyas had / & how Galahad reuenged hym / and how melyas was caryed in to an abbey xiij
How Galahad departed / & how he was commaunded to goo to the caſtel of maydens to deſtroye the wycked cuſtome xiiij
25 How ſyr Galahad faught wyth the knyghtes of the caſtel & deſtroyed the wycked cuſtome capitulo xv
How ſyr Gawayn came to thabbey for to folowe Galahad / & how he was ſhryuen to an heremyte capitulo xvj
How ſyr Galahad mette with ſyr Launcelot & with ſyr Per-
30 cyuale / and ſmote hem doun and departed fro them xvij
How ſyr Launcelot halfe ſlepyng and halfe wakyng ſawe a ſeek man borne in a lytter / and how he was heled by the ſangreal capitulo xviij
How a voys ſpake to ſyr Launcelot / & how he fonde his hors
35 & his helme borne awaye / & after wente a fote xix
How ſyr Launcelot was ſhryuen & what ſorowe he made / & of good enſaumples whyche were ſhewed to hym ca xx

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xiiij book

[leaf 13 verso]

How ſyr Percyuale came to a recluſe and aſked hyr counceyl / & how ſhe tolde hym that ſhe was hys aunte ca primo
How Merlyn lykened the rounde table to the world / and how the knyghtes that ſhold achyeue the ſangreal ſhold be knowen Capitulo ij
How ſyr Percyuale came in to a monaſterye where he fonde Kyng Enelake whyche was an olde man capitulo iij
How ſyr Percyuale ſawe many men of armes beryng a dede knyght and how he fauggt ageynſt them capitulo iiij
How a yeman deſyred hym to gete ageyn an hors / and how Syr Percyualles hakenay was ſlayn / and how he gate an hors capitulo v
Of the grete daunger that ſyr Percyual was in by hys hors and how he ſawe a ſerpent and a Lyon fyght vj
Of the aduyſyon that ſyr percyual ſawe / and how hys aduyſyon was expowned / and of hys Lyon Capitulo vij
How ſyr Percyuale ſawe a ſhyppe comyng to hym warde / & how the lady of the ſhyppe tolde hym of hir diſherytaunce viij
How ſyr Percyual promyſed hir helpe & how he requyred hir of loue / and how he was ſaued fro the ſende ca ix
How Syr Percyual for penaunce roof hym ſelf thorugh the thyghe / and how ſhe was knowen for the deuyl x

¶ Here folowth the xv book whyche is of ſyr Launcelot

How Syr Launcelot came in to a chapel where he fonde deed in a whyte ſherte a man of relygyon / of on hondred wynter olde capitulo primo
Of a dede man how men wold haue hewen / and it wolde not be / & how ſyr Launcelot toke the hayr of the dede man ij
Of an aduyſyon that ſyr Launcelot had / and how he tolde it to an heremyte / and deſyred counceyll of hym capitulo iij
How the heremyte expowned to ſyr Launcelot his advyſyon & tolde hym that ſyr Galahad was hys ſone capitulo iiij
How ſyr Launcelot Iuſted wyth many knyghtes / & he was taken Capitulo v
How ſyr Launcelot tolde hys aduyſyon to a woman / & how ſhe expowned it to hym capitulo vj

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xvj book

How ſyr Gawayn was nyghe wery of the queſte of ſangreal and of his meruayllous dreme capitulo primo
Of the advyſyon of ſyr Ector / and how he Iuſted wyth ſyr Ewayn le auoultres hys ſworne brother ca ij
5 How ſyr Gawayn & ſyr Ector cam to an hermytage to be confeſſyd & how they tolde to the hermyte theyr aduyſyons iij
How the heremyte expowned theyr aduyſyon Capitulo iiij
Of the good counceyl that the heremyte gaf to them v
How Syr Bors mette wyth an heremyte / and how he was
10 confeſſyd to hym and of his penaunce enioyned to hym vj
How ſyr bors was lodged wyth a lady and how he took on hym for to fyght ageynst a champyon for hyr lande vij
Of a vyſyon whyche Syr bors had that nyght / and how he faught and ouercame hys aduerſarye capitulo viij
15 How the lady was reſtored to hyr londes by the bataylle of ſyr Boors / and of his departyng / and how he mette ſyr Lyonel taken and beten wyth thornes / and alſo a mayde which ſhold haue ben deuoured Capitulo ix
How ſyr boors lefte to reſcowe his brother. & reſcowed the da-
20 moyſel / & how it was tolde hym that lyonel was dede x
How ſyr boors tolde his dreme to a preeſt / whiche he had dremed & of the counceyl that the preeſt gaf to hym xj
How the deuyl in a womans lykenes wold haue had Syr bors to haue layen by hir / & how by goddes grace he eſcaped xij
25 Of the holy comynycacyon of an abbot to Syr boors / and how the abbot counceylled hym capitulo xiij
How ſyr boors mette wyth his brother ſyr Lyonel / and how ſyr Lyonel wolde haue ſlayn ſyr boors capitulo xiiij
How ſyr Colgreuaunce fought ayenſt ſyr Lyonel for to ſaue
30 ſyr boors / and how the heremyte was ſlayn ca xv
How ſyr Lyonel ſlewe Syr Colgreuaunce / and how after he wold haue ſlayn ſyr boors capitulo xvj
How there came a voys whyche charged ſyr bors to touche not hym and of a cloude that came bytwene them capitulo xvij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xvij book

[leaf 14 verso]

How ſyr Galahad faught at a turnement / and how he was knowen of ſyr gawayn & of ſyr ector de marris capitulo j
How ſyr Galahad rode with a damoyſel / & came to the ſhyp where as ſyr boors and ſyr Percyuale were in capitulo ij
How ſyr Galahad entryd in to the ſhyp / & of a ſayr bedde therin wyth other meruayllous thynges / & of a ſwerde iij
Of the meruaylles of the ſwerde & of the ſcaubard iiij
How Kyng Pelles was ſmyton thorugh bothe thyes by cauſe he drewe the ſwerde / & other meruayllous hyſtoryes v
How Salomon toke dauyds ſwerde by the counceyl of hys wyf / and of other maters meruayllous Capitulo vj
A wonderful tale of kyng Salamon & his wyf vij
How Galahad and hys felowes came to a caſtel / and how they were foughten wyth al / & how they ſlewe theyr aduerſaryes and other maters capitulo viij
How the iij knyghtes wyth Percyuales ſyſter came in to the waſte foreſt / & of an herte & iiij Lyons and other thynges ix
How they were deſyred of a ſtraūge cuſtom / which they wolde not obeye / wherfore they faught & ſlewe many knyghtes x
How Percyuales ſyſter bledde a dyſſhe ful of blood for to hele a lady wherfore ſhe dyed / and how that the body was put in a ſhyppe Capitulo xj
How Galahad and percyuale fonde in a caſtel many tombes of maydens that had bledde to dethe capitulo xij
How Syr Launcelot entred in to the ſhyppe where ſyr Percyuales ſyſter laye deed / and how he mette wyth Syr Galahad hys sone capitulo xiij
How a knyght brought to ſyr Galahad an hors / & bad hym come from his fader ſyr Launcelot capitulo xiiij
How Launcelot was tofore the dore of the chambre / wherin the holy ſangreal was capitulo xv
How ſyr Launcelot had layen xiiij dayes & as many nyghtes as a dede man & other dyuers maters capitulo xvj
How ſyr Launcelot retorned toward logres and of other aduentures whyche he ſawe in the waye capitulo xvij
How Galahad came to Kyng Mordrayns / and of other maters and aduentures Capitulo xviij
How ſyr Percyuale and ſyr boors mette wyth ſyr Galahad

& how they came to the caſtel of carbonek & other maters xix
How Galahad & his felowes were fedde of the holy ſangreal & how our lord apperyd to them and other thynges xx
How Galahad enoynted wyth the blood of the ſpere the maymed kyng and of other aduentures capitulo xxj
How they were fedde wyth the ſangreal whyle they were in pryſon / & how Galahad was made kyng capitulo xxij
Of the ſorowe that Percyuale and boors made whan galahad was dede & of Percyuale how he dyed & other maters xxiij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xviij book

Of the Ioye of Kyng Arthur and the quene had of thachyeuement of the ſangreal / and how Launcelot ſyl to hys olde loue ageyn capitulo primo
How the quene comaunded ſyr Launcelot to auoyde the court and of the ſorowe that Launcelot made capitulo ij
How at a dyner that the quene made there was a knyght enpoyſoned whyche ſyr Mador layed on the quene iij
How ſyr Mador appeched the quene of treaſon / & there was no knyght wold ſyght for hyr at the ſyrſt tyme iiij
How the quene requyred ſyr Boors to ſyght for hyr / & how he graunted vpon condycyon / and how he warned ſyr Launcelot therof capitulo v
How at the day ſyr boors made hym redy for to ſyght for the quene / & whan he ſhold ſyȝt how another dyſcharged hym vj
How ſyr Launcelot fought ayenſt ſyr mador for the quene / & how he ouercame ſyr Mador & dyſcharged the quene vij
How the trouthe was knowen by the mayden of the lake / and of dyuers other maters Capitulo viij
How ſyr Launcelot rode to aſtolat / & receyued a ſleue to bere vpon his helme at the requeſte of a mayde capitulo ix
How the tornoye began at Wyncheſter and what Knyghtes were at the Iuſtes and other thynges capitulo x
How ſir Launcelot and ſyr Lauayn entred in the felde ayenſt them of kyng Arthurs court / & how launcelot was hurte xj
How ſyr Launcelot & ſyr Lauayn departed oute of the felde and in what Ieopardye Launcelot was capitulo xij

[leaf 15 verso]

How Launcelot was brought to an hermyte for to be helyd of his wounde and of other maters capitulo xiij
How ſyr Gawayn was lodged wyth the lord of aſtolat / & there had knowlege that hit was Syr Launcelot that bare the rede ſleue Capitulo xiiij
Of the ſorowe that ſyr boors had for the hurte of Launcelot and of the angre that the quene had by cauſe Launcelot bare the ſleue capitulo xv
How Syr boors ſought launcelot & fonde hym in the hermytage / & of the lamentacion bytwene them Capitulo xvj
How ſyr Launcelot armed hym to aſſaye yf he myght bere armes & how his woundes breſt oute ageyn capitulo xvij
How ſyr boors retorned & tolde tydynges of ſyr Launcelot / & of the tournoye and to whome the prys was gyuen xviij
Of the grete lamentacyn of the fayr made of astolat whan Launcelot ſhold departe & how ſhe dyed for his loue xix
How the corps of the mayde of aſtolat arryued tofore kyng arthur and of the buryeng / and how ſyr Launcelot offryd the maſſe peny capitulo xx
Of grete Iuſtes doon alle a cryſtemaſſe / and of a grete Iuſtes and tournoye ordeyned by Kyng Arthur / and of Syr Launcelot Capitulo xxj
How Launcelot after that he was hurt of a gentylwoman came to an hermyte and of other maters capitulo xxij
How ſyr Launcelot byhaued hym at the Iuſtes / and other men alſo capitulo xxiij
How Kyng arthur meruaylled moche of the Iuſtyng in the felde and how he rode & fonde ſyr Launcelot capitulo xxiiij
How trewe loue is lykened to ſommer Capitulo xxv

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xix book

How quene gueneuer rode on mayeng with certeyn knyghtes of the rounde table and clad al in grene capitulo primo
How ſyr Mellyagraunce toke the quene & al hyr knyghtes whyche were ſore hurte in ſyghtyng capitulo ij
How ſyr Launcelot had word how the quene was taken / & how ſyr mellyagraunce layed a buſſhement for launcelot iij

[leaf 16]

How ſyr Launcelots hors was ſlayn / & how ſyr Launcelot rode in a carte for to reſcowe the quene Capitulo iiij
How ſyr Mellyagraunce requyred foryeuenes of the quene / & how ſhe appeaſed ſyr Launcelot and other maters v
5 How ſyr Launcelot came in the nyght to the quene and laye wyth hyr / and how ſyr Melyagraunce appeched the quene of treſon capitulo vj
How ſyr Launcelot anſwerd for the quene / and waged bataylle ayenſt ſyr melyagraunce / and how ſyr Launcelot was
10 taken in a trappe Capitulo vij
How ſyr Launcelot was delyuerd out of pryſon by a lady & toke a whyt courſer and came for to kepe hys day viij
How ſyr Launcelot cam the ſame tyme that ſyr mellyagraūce abode hym in the felde and dreſſyd hym to bataylle ix
15 How ſyr Vrre came in to arthurs courte for to be heled of his woundes / & how kyng arthur wold begyn to handle hym x
How Kyng arthur handled ſyr Vrre / and after hym many other knyghtes of the rounde table capitulo xj
How ſyr Launcelot was comanded by arthur to handle hys
20 woundes & anone he was al hool / & how they thanked god xij
How there was a party made of an hondred knyghtes ayenſt an hondred knyghtes / and of other maters capitulo xiij

¶ Here foloweth the book of the pyteous hyſtorye whyche is of the morte or deth of kyng Arthur / and the chapytres of the twenty book

How ſyr Agrauayn & ſyr mordred were beſy vpon ſyr Gawayn for to dyſcloſe the loue bytwene Syr Launcelot & quene
25 Gueneuer Capitulo primo
How ſyr Agrauayn dyſcloſed theyr loue to kyng Arthur / & how Kyng Arthur gaf them lycence to take hym ij
How ſyr Launcelot was eſpyed in the quenes chambre / and how Syr Agrauayn and Syr Mordred came wyth twelue
30 knyghtes to ſlee hym Capitulo iij
How ſyr Launcelot ſlewe ſyr colgreuance & armed hym in his harnoys & after ſlewe ſyr agrauayn & xij of his felawes iiij
How Syr Launcelot came to ſyr bors & tolde hym how he had

[leaf 16 verso]

ſpedde & in what aduenture he ha. ben / & how he eſcaped v
Of the counceyl and aduys whiche was taken by ſyr Launcelot and by hys frendes for to ſaue the quene Capitulo vj
How ſyr mordred rode haſtely to the Kyng / to telle hym of thaffray & deth of ſyr agrauayn & the other knyghtes vij 5
How ſyr Launcelot and hys kynneſmen reſcowed the quene from the fyre and how he ſlewe many knyghtes viij
Of the ſorowe & lamentacyon for the dethe of his neuewes & other good knyghtes / & alſo for the quene hys wyf ix
How Kyng Arthur at the requeſte of ſyr Gawayn concluded to make warre ayenſt ſyr Launcelot / and layed ſyege to his caſtel called Ioyous garde capitulo x 10
Of the comynycacyon bytwene kyng Arthur & ſyr Launcelot and how Kyng Arthur repreuyd hym capitulo xj
How the coſyns & kynneſmen of ſyr Launcelot excyted hym to goo oute to batayl / and how they made them redy xij 15
How ſyr Gawayn Iuſted and ſmote doun ſyr Lyonel / and how ſyr Launcelot horſed kyng Arthur ca xiij
How the Pope ſent doun his bulles to make pees / & how ſyr Launcelot brought the quene to kyng Arthur xiiij 20
Of the delyueraunce of the quene to the kyng by ſir launcelot & what langage ſyr Gawayn had to ſyr Launcelot xv
Of the comynycacyon bytwene ſyr Gawayn and ſyr Launcelot wyth moche other langage capitulo xvj
How ſyr Launcelot departed fro the kyng & fro Ioyous garde ouer ſee warde and what knyghtes wente wyth hym xvij 25
How ſyr Launcelot paſſed ouer the ſee / & how he made grete lordes of the knyghtes that wente wyth hym capitulo xviij
How kyng arthur & ſyr Gawayn made a grete hooſt redy to go ouer ſee to make warre on ſyr Launcelot capitulo xix 30
What meſſage ſyr Gawayn ſente to ſyr Launcelot / & kynge Arthur layed ſyege to benwyck and other maters xx
How ſyr launcelot & ſyr Gawayn dyd batayl togyder / and how ſyr Gawayn was ouerthrowen and hurte capitulo xxj
Of the ſorowe that kyng arthur made for the warre / & of an other batayl where alſo ſyr Gawayn had the werſe xxij 35

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xxj book

How Syr Mordred presumed & toke on hym to be kyng of englond / & wold haue maryed the quene his faders wyf ca j
How after that kyng arthur had tydynges / he retorned and came to douer where syr Mordred mette hym to lette his lan-
5 dyng / and of the deth of Syr Gawayn Capitulo ij
How after syr Gawayns ghoost apperyd to kynge arthur & warned hym that he shold not syght that day capitulo iij
How by mysaduenture of an adder the batayl began / where Mordred was slayn and arthur hurte to the deth iiij
10 How Kyng arthur comanded to caste his swerd excalybur in to the water / & how he was delyuerd to ladyes in a barge v
How syr bedwere sonde hym on the morne deed in an hermytage / and how he abode there wyth the hermyte capitulo vj
Of thoppynyon of somme men of the deth of kynge arthur / &
15 how quene Gueneuer made hir a nonne in almesburye vij
How whan syr Launcelot herde of the deth of kyng arthur & of syr Gawayn and other maters came in to englond viij
How syr Launcelot departed to seche the quene Gueneuer and how he sonde hir at almesburye capitulo ix
20 How Syr Launcelot came to thermytage where tharchebysshop of caunterburye was / & how he toke thabyte on hym x
How syr Launcelot wente wyth his seuen felowes to amesburye / & sonde there quene Gueneuer deed / whom they brought to glastynburye capitulo xj
25 How syr Launcelot began to sekene / & after dyed / whos body was borne to Ioyous garde for to be buryed capitulo xij
How syr Ector sonde syr launcelot hys brother dede / and how Constantyn reygned next after Arthur / and of the ende of thys book capitulo xiij

¶ Explicit the table

¶ Capitulum primum

It befel in the dayes of Vther pendragon when he was kynge of all Englond / and ſo regned that there was a myȝty duke in Cornewaill that helde warre ageynſt hym long tyme / And the duke was called the duke of Tyntagil / and ſo by meanes kynge Vther ſend for this duk / chargyng hym to brynge his wyf with hym / for ſhe was called a fair lady / and a paſſynge wyſe / and her name was called Igrayne /

So whan the duke and his wyf were comyn vnto the kynge by the meanes of grete lordes they were accorded bothe / the kynge lyked and loued this lady wel / and he made them grete chere out of meſure / and deſyred to haue lyen by her / But ſhe was a paſſyng good woman / and wold not aſſente vnto the kynge / And thenne ſhe told the duke her huſband and ſaid I ſuppoſe that we were ſente for that I ſhold be diſhonoured Wherfor huſband I counceille yow that we departe from hens ſodenly that we maye ryde all nyghte vnto oure owne caſtell / and in lyke wyſe as ſhe ſaide ſo they departed / that neyther the kynge nor none of his counceill were ware of their departyng Alſo ſoone as kyng Vther knewe of theire departyng ſoo ſodenly / he was wonderly wrothe / Thenne he called to hym his pryuy counceille / and told them of the ſodeyne departyng of the duke and his wyf /

¶ Thenne they auyſed the kynge to ſend for the duke and his wyf by a grete charge / And yf he wille not come at yo- ur ſomōs / thenne may ye do your beſt / thenne haue ye cauſe to make myghty werre vpon hym / Soo that was done and the meſſagers hadde their anſuers / And that was thys ſhortly / that neyther he nor his wyf wold not come at hym /

Thenne was the kyng wonderly wroth / And thenne the kyng ſente hym playne word ageyne / and badde hym be redy and ſtuffe hym and garnyſſhe hym / for within xl dayes he wold fetche hym oute of the byggeſt caſtell that he hath /

¶ Whanne the duke hadde thys warnynge / anone he wente and furnyſſhed and garnyſſhed two ſtronge Caſtels of his of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagil / & the other caſtel hyȝt

Terrabyl / So his wyf Dame Igrayne he putte in the caſtell of Tyntagil / And hym ſelf he putte in the caſtel of Terrabyl the whiche had many yſſues and poſternes oute / Thenne in alle haſte came Vther with a grete hooſt / and leyd a ſyege a-
5 boute the caſtel of Terrabil / And ther he pyght many pauel-yons / and there was grete warre made on bothe partyes / and moche peple ſlayne / Thenne for pure angre and for grete lo-ue of fayr Irayne the kyng Vther felle ſeke / So came to the kynge Vther Syre Vlfius a noble knyght / and aſked the
10 kynge why he was ſeke / I ſhall telle the ſaid the kynge / I am ſeke for angre and for loue of fayre Igrayne that I may not be hool / wel my lord ſaid Syre Vlfius / I ſhal ſeke Mer-lyn / and he ſhalle do yow remedy that youre herte ſhalbe ple-aſyd / So Vlfius departed / and by aduenture he mette Mer-
15 lyn in a beggars aray / and ther Merlyn aſked Vlfius who-me he ſoughte / and he ſaid he had lytyl ado to telle hym / Well ſaide Merlyn / I knowe whome thou ſekeſt / for thou ſekeſt Merlyn / therfore ſeke no ferther / for I am he / and yf kynge Vther wille wel rewarde me / and be ſworne vnto me to ful-
20 fille my deſyre that ſhall be his honour & profite more thā myn for I ſhalle cauſe hym to haue alle his deſyre / Alle this wyll I vndertake ſaid Vlfius that ther ſhalle be nothyng reſona-ble / but thow ſhalt haue thy deſyre / well ſaid Merlyn / he ſhall haue his entente and deſyre / And therfore ſaide Merlyn / ryde
25 on your wey / for I wille not be long behynde

Capitulum Secundum

THenne Vlfius was glad and rode on more than a paas tyll that he came to kynge Vtherpendragon / and told hym he had met with Merlyn / where is he ſaid the kyng ſir ſaid Vlfius he wille not dwelle long / ther with al Vlfius
30 was ware where Merlyn ſtood at the porche of the pauelions dore / And thenne Merlyn was bounde to come to the kynge Whan kyng Vther ſawe hym he ſaid he was welcome / ſyr ſa-id Merlyn I knowe al your hert euery dele / ſo ye wil be ſworn vnto me as ye be a true kynge enoynted to fulfille my deſyre
35 ye ſhal haue your deſyre / thenne the kyng was ſworne vpon the iiij euuāgeliſtes / Syre ſaid Merlyn this is my deſyre / the first nyȝt þt ye ſhal lye by Igrayne ye ſhal gete a child on her &

[leaf 18 verso]

whan that is borne that it ſhall be delyuerd to me for to nouriſſhe there as I wille haue it / for it ſhal be your worſhip / & the childis auaille as mykel as the child is worth / I wylle wel ſaid the kynge as thow wilt haue it / Now make you redy ſaid Merlyn this nyght ye ſhalle lye with Igrayne in the caſtel of Tyntigayll / & ye ſhalle be lyke the duke her huſband Vlfyus ſhal be lyke Syre Braſtias / a knyghte of the dukes And I will be lyke a knyghte that hyghte Syr Iordanus a knyghte of the dukes / But wayte ye make not many queſtions with her nor her men / but ſaye ye are diſeaſed and ſoo hye yow to bedde / and ryſe not on the morne tyll I come to yow / for the caſtel of Tyntygaill is but x myle hens / ſoo this was done as they deuyſed / But the duke of Tyntigail aſpyed hou the kyng rode fro the ſyege of tarabil / & therfor that nyghte he yſſued oute of the caſtel at a poſterne for to haue diſtreſſid the kynges hooſte / And ſo thorowe his owne yſſue the duke hym ſelf was ſlayne or euer the kynge cam at the caſtel of Tyntigail / ſo after the deth of the duke kyng Vther lay with Igrayne more than thre houres after his deth / and begat on her that nygʒ arthur / & on day cam Merlyn cā to the kyng / & bad hym make hym redy / & ſo he kiſt the lady Igrayne and departed in all haſt / But whan the lady herd telle of the duke her huſbād and by all record he was dede or euer kynge Vther came to her thenne ſhe merueilled who that myghte be that laye with her in lykenes of her lord / ſo ſhe mourned pryuely and held hir pees / Thenne alle the barons by one aſſent prayd the Kynge of accord betwixe the lady Igrayne and hym / the kynge gaf hem leue / for fayne wold he haue ben accorded with her / Soo the kyng put alle the truſt in Vlfyus to entrete bitwene them ſo by the entrete at the laſt the kyng & ſhe met to gyder / Now we doo well ſaid Vlfyus / our kyng is a luſty knyghte and wyueles / & my lady Igrayne is a paſſynge fair lady / it were grete ioye vnto vs all and hit myghte pleaſe the kynge to make her his quene / vnto that they all well accordyd and meued it to the kynge / And anone lyke a luſty knyghte / he aſſentid therto with good wille / and ſo in alle haſte they were maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and Ioye /

And Kynge Lott of Lowthean and of Orkenay thenne

wedded Margawſe that was Gaweyns moder / And kynge Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elayne / Al this was done at the requeſt of kynge Vther / And the thyrd ſyſter morgan leſey was put to ſcole in a nonnery / And ther ſhe lerned ſo moche that ſhe was a grete Clerke of Nygromancye / And after ſhe was wedded to kynge Vryens of the lond of Gore that was Syre Ewayns le blaunche maynys fader /

Capitulum tercium

THeñe quene Igrayne waxid dayly gretter & gretter / ſo it befel after within half a yere as kyng Vther lay by his quene he aſked hir by the feith ſhe ouȝt to hym whos was the child within her body / thēne ſhe ſore abaſſhed to yeue anſuer / Deſmaye you not ſaid the kyng but telle me the trouthe / and I ſhall loue you the better by the feythe of my body Syre ſaide ſhe I ſhalle telle you the trouthe / the ſame nyghte þt my lord was dede the houre of his deth as his knyȝtes record ther came in to my caſtel of Tyntigaill a man lyke my lord in ſpeche and in countenaunce / and two knyghtes with hym in lykenes of his two knyghtes barcias and Iordans / & ſoo I went vnto bed with hym as I ouȝt to do with my lord / & the ſame nyght as I ſhal anſwer vnto god this child was begoten vpon me / that is trouthe ſaide the kynge as ye ſay / for it was I my ſelf that cam in the lykeneſſe / & therfor deſmay you not for I am fader to the child / & ther he told her alle the cauſe / how it was by Merlyns counceil / thenne the quene made grete ioye whan ſhe knewe who was the fader of her child / Sone come merlyn vnto the kyng / & ſaid ſyr ye muſt puruey yow / for the nouriſſhyng of your child / as thou wolt ſaid the kyng be it / wel ſaid Merlyn I knowe a lord of yours in this lond that is a paſſyng true man & a feithful / & he ſhal haue the nouryſſhyng of your child / & his name is ſir Ector / & he is a lord of fair lyuelode in many partyes in Englond & walys / & this lord ſir ector lete hym be ſent for / for to come & ſpeke with you / & deſyre hym your ſelf as he loueth you that he will put his owne child to nouriſſhynge to another woman / and that his wyf nouriſſhe yours / And whan the child is borne lete it be delyuerd to me at yōder pryuy poſterne vncryſtned / So like

[leaf 19 verso]

as Merlyn deuyſed it was done / And whan ſyre Ector was come / he made ſyaūce to the kyng for to nouriſſhe the child lyke as the Kynge deſyred / and there the kyng graunted ſyr ector grete rewardys / Thenne when the lady was delyuerd the kynge commaunded ij knyghtes & ij ladyes to take the child bound in a cloth of gold / & that ye delyuer hym to what poure man ye mete at the poſterne yate of the caſtel / So the child was delyuerd vnto Merlyn / and ſo he bare it forth vnto Syre Ector / and made an holy man to cryſten hym / and named hym Arthur / and ſo ſir Ectors wyf nouryſſhed hym with her owne pappe / Thenne within two yeres kyng Vther felle ſeke of a grete maladye / And in the meane whyle hys enemyes Vſurpped vpon hym / and dyd a grete bataylle vpon his men / and ſlewe many of his peple / Sir ſaid Merlyn ye may not lye ſo as ye doo / for ye muſt to the feld though ye ryde on an hors lyttar / for ye ſhall neuer haue the better of your enemyes / but yf your perſone be there / and thenne ſhall ye haue the vyctory So it was done as Merlyn had deuyſed / and they caryed the kynge forth in an hors lyttar with a grete hooſte towarde his enemyes / And at ſaynt Albons ther mette with the kynge a grete hooſt of the north / And that day Syre Vlſyus and ſir Bracias dyd grete dedes of armes / and kyng Vthers men ouercome the northeryn bataylle and ſlewe many peple & putt the remenaunt to flight / And thenne the kyng retorned vnto london and made grete ioye of his vyctory / And thēne he fyll paſſynge ſore ſeke / ſo that thre dayes & thre nyghtes he was ſpecheles / wherfore alle the barons made grete ſorow and aſked Merlyn what counceill were beſt / There nys none other remedye ſaid Merlyn but god wil haue his wille / But loke ye al Barons be bifore kynge Vther to morne / and god and I ſhalle make hym to ſpeke / So on the morne alle the Barons with merlyn came to fore the kyng / thēne Merlyn ſaid aloud vnto kyng Vther / Syre shall your ſone Arthur be kyng after your dayes of this realme with all the appertenaunce / thenne Vtherpendragon torned hym and ſaid in herynge of them alle I gyue hym gods bliſſing & myne / & byd hym pray for my ſoule / & righteuouſly & worſhipfully that he clayme þe croune ꝑon forfeture of my bleſſyng / & therwith he yelde vp the ghoſt &

thenne was he enterid as longed to a kyng / wherfor the quene fayre Igrayne made grete forowe and alle the Barons / Thenne ſtood the reame in grete ieopardy long whyle / for euery lord that was myghty of men maade hym ſtronge / and many wende to haue ben kyng / Thenne Merlyn wente to the archebiſſhop of Caunterbury / and counceilled hym for to ſende for alle the lordes of the reame / and alle the gentilmen of armes that they ſhold to london come by Criſtmas vpon payne of curſynge / And for this cauſe þt Ihū that was borne on that nyghte that he wold of his grete mercy ſhewe ſome myracle / as he was come to be kynge of mankynde for to ſhewe ſomme myracle who ſhold be rightwys kynge of this reame / So the Archebiſſhop by the aduys of Merlyn ſend for alle the lordes and gentilmen of armes that they ſhold come by cryſtmaſſe euen vnto london / And many of hem made hem clene of her lyf that her prayer myghte be the more acceptable vnto god / Soo in the gretteſt chirch of london whether it were Powlis or not the Frenſſhe booke maketh no mencyon / alle the eſtates were longe or day in the chirche for to praye / And whan matyns & the firſt maſſe was done / there was ſene in the chircheyard ayēſt the hyghe aulter a grete ſtone four ſquare lyke vnto a marbel ſtone / And in myddes therof was lyke an Anuylde of ſtele a foot on hyghe / & theryn ſtack a fayre ſwerd naked by the poynt / and letters there were wryten in gold aboute the ſwerd that ſaiden thus / who ſo pulleth oute this ſwerd of this ſtone and anuyld / is rightwys kynge borne of all Enlond / Thenne the peple merueilled & told it to the Archebiſſhop I commande ſaid tharchebiſſhop that ye kepe yow within your chirche / and pray vnto god ſtill that no man touche the ſwerd tyll the hyghe maſſe be all done / So whan all maſſes were done all the lordes wente to beholde the ſtone and the ſwerd / And whan they ſawe the ſcripture / ſom aſſayed ſuche as wold haue ben kyng / But none myght ſtere the ſwerd nor meue hit He is not here ſaid the Archebiſſhop that ſhall encheue the ſwerd but doubte not god will make hym knowen / But this is my counceill ſaid the archebiſſhop / that we lete puruey x knyȝtes men of good fame / & they to kepe this ſwerd / ſo it was ordeydeyned / & thēne ther was made a crye / þt euery mā ſhold aſſay

[leaf 20 verso]

wold for to wynne the ſwerd / And vpon newe yeerſday the barons lete maake a Iuſtes and a tournement / that alle knyȝtes ſhat wold Iuſte or tourneye / there myȝt playe / & all this was ordeyned for to kepe the lordes to gyders & the comyns / for the Archebiſſhop truſted / that god wold make hym knowe that ſhold wynne the ſwerd / So vpon newe yereſday whan the ſeruyce was done / the barons rode vnto the feld / ſome to Iuſte / & ſom to torney / & ſo it happed that ſyre Ector that had grete lyuelode aboute london rode vnto the Iuſtes / & with hym rode ſyr kaynus his ſone & yong Arthur that was hys nouriſſhed broder / & ſyr kay was made knyȝt at al halowmas afore So as they rode to ye Iuſtes ward / ſir kay loſt his ſwerd for he had lefte it at his faders lodgyng / & ſo he prayd yong Arthur for to ryde for his ſwerd / I wyll wel ſaid Arthur / & rode faſt after y^e ſwerd / & whan he cam home / the lady & al were out to ſee the Iouſtyng / thenne was Arthur wroth & ſaide to hym ſelf / I will ryde to the chircheyard / & take the ſwerd with me that ſtycketh in the ſtone / for my broder ſir kay ſhal not be without a ſwerd this day / ſo whan he cam to the chircheyard ſir Arthur aliȝt & tayed his hors to the ſtyle / & ſo he wente to the tent / & found no knyȝtes there / for they were atte Iuſtyng & ſo he handled the ſwerd by the handels / and liȝtly & fierſly pulled it out of the ſtone / & took his hors & rode his way vntyll he came to his broder ſir kay / & delyuerd hym the ſwerd / & as ſone as ſir kay [illegible] the ſwerd he wiſt wel it was the ſwerd of the ſtone / & ſo he [illegible]e to his fader ſyr Ector / & ſaid / ſire / loo here is the ſwerd of the ſtone / wherfor I muſt be kyng of thys land / when ſyre Ector beheld the ſwerd / he retorned ageyne & cam to the chirche / & there they aliȝte al thre / & wente in to the chirche / And anon he made ſir kay ſwere vpon a book / how he came to that ſwerd / Syr ſaid ſir kay by my broder Arthur for he brought it to me / how gate ye this ſwerd ſaid ſir Ector to Arthur / ſir I will telle you when I cam home for my broders ſwerd / I fond no body at home to delyuer me his ſwerd And ſo I thought my broder ſyr kay ſhold not be ſwerdles & ſo I cam hyder egerly & pulled it out of the ſtone withoute ony payn / found ye ony knyȝtes about this ſwerd ſeid ſir ector Nay ſaid Arthur / Now ſaid ſir Ector to Arthur I vnderſtāde

ye muſt be kynge of this land / wherfore I / ſayd Arthur and for what cauſe / Sire ſaide Ector / for god wille haue hit ſoo for ther ſhold neuer man haue drawen oute this ſwerde / but he that ſhal be rightwys kyng of this land / Now lete me ſee whether ye can putte the ſwerd ther as it was / and pulle hit oute ageyne / that is no mayſtry ſaid Arthur / and ſoo he put it in the ſtone / wherwith alle Sir Ector aſſayed to pulle oute the ſwerd and faylled

¶ Capitulum sextum

NOw aſſay ſaid Syre Ector vnto Syre kay / And anon he pulled at the ſwerd with alle his myghte / but it wold not be / Now ſhal ye aſſay ſaid Syre Ector to Arthur I wyll wel ſaid Arthur and pulled it out eaſily / And therwith alle Syre Ector knelyd doune to the erthe and Syre Kay / Allas ſaid Arthur myne own dere fader and broder why knele ye to me / Nay nay my lord Arthur / it is not ſo I was neuer your fader nor of your blood / but I wote wel ye are of an hygher blood than I wende ye were / And thenne Syre Ector told hym all how he was bitaken hym for to nouriſſhe hym And by whoos commandement / and by Merlyns delyueraūce ¶ Thenne Arthur made grete doole whan he vnderſtood that Syre Ector was not his fader / Sir ſaid Ector vnto Arthur woll ye be my good & gracious lord when ye are kyng / els were I to blame ſaid arthur for ye are the man in the world that I am moſt be holdyng to / & my good lady and moder your wyf that as wel as her owne hath foſtred me and kepte / And yf euer hit be goddes will that I be kynge as ye ſay / ye ſhall deſyre of me what I may doo / and I ſhalle not faille yow / god forbede I ſhold faille yow / Sir ſaid Sire Ector / I will aſke no more of yow / but that ye wille make my ſone your foſter broder Syre Kay Senceall of alle your landes / That ſhalle be done ſaid Arthur / and more by the feith of my body that neuer man ſhalle haue that office but he whyle he and I lyue / There with all they wente vnto the Archebiſſhop / and told hym how the ſwerd was encheued / and by whome / and on twelfth day alle the barons cam thyder / and to aſſay to take the ſwerd who that wold aſſay / But there afore hem alle ther myghte none take it out but Arthur / wherfor ther were many lordes wroth

[leaf 21 verso]

And ſaide it was grete ſhame vnto them all and the reame to be ouer gouernyd with a boye of no hyghe blood borne / And ſo they fell oute at that tyme that it was put of tyll Candelmas / And thenne alle the barons ſhold mete there ageyne / but alwey the x knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the ſwerd day & nyȝt / & ſo they ſette a pauelione ouer the ſtone & þe ſwerd & ſyue alwayes watched / Soo at Candalmaſſe many moo grete lordes came thyder for to haue wonne the ſwerde / but there myghte none preuaille / And right as Arthur dyd at Criſtmaſſe / he dyd at Candelmaſſe and pulled oute the ſwerde eaſely wherof the Barons were ſore agreued and put it of in delay till the hyghe feſte of Eeſter / And as Arthur ſped afore / ſo dyd he at Eeſter / yet there were ſome of the grete lordes had indignacion that Arthur ſhold be kynge / and put it of in a delay tyll the feeſt of Pentecoſte / Thenne the Archebiſſhop of Caunterbury by Merlyns prouydence lete purueye thenne of the beſt knyghtes that they myghte gete / And ſuche knyghtes as Vtherpendragon loued beſt and mooſt truſted in his dayes / And ſuche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as ſyr Bawdewyn of Bretayn / ſyre kaynes / ſyre Vlſyus / ſyre barſias / All theſe with many other were alweyes about Arthur day and nyghte till the feſte of Pentecost

¶ Capitulum ſeptimum

And at the feſte of pentecoſt alle maner of men aſſayed to pulle at the ſwerde that wold aſſay / but none myghte preuaille but Arthur / and pulled it oute afore all the lordes and comyns that were there / wherfore alle the comyns cryed at ones we wille haue Arthur vnto our kyng we wille put hym nomore in delay / for we alle ſee that it is goddes wille that he ſhalle be our kynge / And who that holdeth ageynſt it we wille ſlee hym / And therwith all they knelyd at ones both ryche and poure / and cryed Arthur mercy by cauſe they had delayed hym ſoo longe / and Arthur foryaf hem / and took the ſwerd bitwene both his handes / and offred it vpon the aulter where the Archebiſſhop was / and ſo was he made knyghte of the beſt man that was there / And ſo anon

[leaf 22]

was the coronacyon made / And ther was he ſworne vnto his lordes & the comyns for to be a true kyng to ſtand with true Iuſtyce fro thens forth the dayes of this lyf / Alſo theñe he made alle lordes that helde of the croune to come in / and to do ſeruyce as they oughte to doo / And many complayntes were made vnto ſir Arthur of grete wronges that were done ſyn the dethe of kyng Vther / of many londes that were bereued lordes knyghtes / ladyes & gentilmen / wherfor kynge Arthur maade the londes to be yeuen ageyne to them that oughte hem /

¶ Whanne this was done that the kyng had ſtabliſſhed alle the countreyes aboute london / thenne he lete make Syr kay ſencial of Englond / and ſir Baudewyn of Bretayne was made Conſtable / and ſir Vlfyus was made chamberlayn / And ſire Braſtias was maade wardeyn to wayte vpon the northe fro Trent forwardes for it was þt tyme þe most party the kynges enemyes / But within ſewe yeres after Arthur wan alle the north ſcotland / and alle that were vnder their obeiſſaunce / Alſo walys a parte of it helde ayenſt Arthur / but he ouercam hem al as he dyd the remenaunt thurgh the noble proweſſe of hym ſelf and his knyghtes of the round table

¶ Capitulum octauum

THenne the kyng remeued in to walys / and lete crye a grete feſte that it ſhold be holdyn at Pentecoſt aſter the incoronacion of hym at the Cyte of Carlyon / vnto the feſt come kyng Lott of Lowthean / and of Orkeney / with fyue C knyȝtes with hym / Alſo ther come to the feſte kynge Vryens of gore with four C knyȝtes with hym ¶ Alſo ther come to that feeſte kyng Nayntres of garloth with ſeuen C knyghtes with hym / Alſo ther came to the feeſt the kynge of Scotland with ſixe honderd knyghtes with hym / and he was but a yong man / Alſo ther came to the feſte a kyng that was called the kyng with the honderd knyghtes / but he and his men were paſſyng wel biſene at al poyntes Alſo ther cam the kyng of Cardos with ſyue honderd knyghtes / And kyng Arthur was glad of their comynge / for he wende that al the kynges & knyghtes had come for grete loue / and to haue done hym worſhip at his feſte / wherfor the kyng made grete ioye / and ſente the kynges and knyghtes grete preſentes / But

[leaf 22 verso]

the kynges wold none receyue / but rebuked the meſſagers ſhamefully / and ſaid they had no ioye to receyue no yeftes of a berdles boye that was come of lowe blood / and ſente hym word / they wold none of his yeftes / But that they were come to gyue hym yeftes with hard ſwerdys betwixt the neck and the ſholders / And therfore they came thyder / ſo they told to the meſſagers playnly / for it was grete ſhame to all them to ſee ſuche a boye to haue a rule of ſoo noble a reaume as this land was / With this anſuer the meſſagers departed & told to kyng Arthur this anſuer / wherfor by the aduys of his barons he took hym to a ſtrong towre with / v / C good men with hym / And all the kynges afore ſaid in a maner leyd a ſyege tofore hym / but kyng Arthur was well vytailled / And within xv dayes ther came Merlyn amonge hem in to the Cyte of Carlyon / thenne all the kynges were paſſyng gladde of Merlyn / and aſked hym for what cauſe is that boye Arthur made your kynge / Syres ſaid Merlyn / I ſhalle telle yow the cauſe for he is kynge Vtherpendragons ſone borne in wedlok goten on Igrayne the dukes wyf of Tyntigail / thenne is he a baſtard they ſaid al / nay ſaid Merlyn / After the deth of the duke more than thre houres was Arthur begoten / And xiij dayes after kyng Vther wedded Igrayne / And therfor I preue hym he is no baſtard / And who ſaith nay / he ſhal be kyng and ouercome alle his enemyes / And or he deye / he ſhalle be long kynge of all Englond / and haue vnder his obeyſſaunce Walys / yrland and Scotland / and moo reames than I will now reherce / Some of the kynges had merueyl of Merlyns wordes and demed well that it ſhold be as he ſaid / And ſom of hem lough hym to ſcorne / as kyng Lot / and mo other called hym a wytche / But thenne were they accorded with Merlyn that kynge Arthur ſhold come oute and ſpeke with the kynges / and to come ſauf and to goo ſauf / ſuche ſuraunce ther was made / So Merlyn went vnto kynge Arthur / and told hym how he had done / and badde hym fere not but come oute boldly and ſpeke with hem / and ſpare hem not / but anſuere them as their kynge and chyuetayn / for ye ſhal ouercome hem all whether they wille or nylle /

¶ Capitulum ix

[leaf 23]

THenne kynge Arthur came oute of his tour / and had vnder his gowne a Iefferaunte of double maylle / and ther wente with hym the Archebiſſhop of Caunterbury / and ſyr Baudewyn of Bretayne and ſyr kay / and ſyre Braſtias / theſe were the men of mooſt worſhip that were with hym / And whan they were mette / there was no mekenes but ſtoute wordes on bothe ſydes / but alweyes kynge Arthur anſuerd them and ſaid / he wold make them to bowe and he lyued wherfore they departed with wrath / and kynge Arthur badde kepe hem wel / and they bad the kynge kepe hym wel / Soo the kynge retorned hym to the toure ageyne and armed hym and alle his knyȝtes / what will ye do ſaid Merlyn to the kynges ye were better for to ſtynte / for ye ſhalle not here preuaille though ye were x ſo many / be we wel auyſed to be aferd of a dreme reder ſaid kyng Lot / with that Merlyn vanyſſhed aweye / and came to Kynge Arthur / and bad hym ſet on hem fierſly / & in the mene whyle there were thre honderd good men of the beſt that were with the kynges / that wente ſtreyghte vnto kynge Arthur / and that comforted hym gretely / Syr ſaid Merlyn to Arthur / ſyghte not with the ſwerde ye had by myracle / til that ye ſee ye go vnto the wers / thenne drawe it out and do your beſt / So forth with alle kynge Arthur ſette vpon hem in their lodgyng / And ſyre Bawdewyn ſyre Kay and ſyr Braſtias ſlewe on the right hand & on the lyfte hand that it was merueylle / and alweyes Kynge Arthur on horſback leyd on with a ſwerd and dyd merueillous dedes of armes that many of the kynges had grete ioye of his dedes and hardyneſſe / Thenne Kynge Lot brake out on the bak ſyde / and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes and kyng Carados / and ſette on Arthur fierſly behynde hym / with that Syre Arthur torned with his knyghtes / and ſmote behynd and beſore / and euer ſir Arthur was in the formeſt prees tyl his hors was ſlayne vndernethe hym / And therwith kynge lot ſmote doune kyng Arthur / With that his four knyghtes receyued hym and ſet hym an horſback / thenne he drewe his ſwerd Excalibur / but it was ſo bryght in his enemyes eyen / that it gaf light lyke xxx torchys / And therwith he put hem on bak / and ſlewe moche peple And thenne the comyns of Carlyon aroos with clubbis and

[leaf 23 verso]

ſtauys and ſlewe many knyghtes / but alle the kynges helde them to gyders with her knyghtes that were leſte on lyue / and ſo fled and departed / And Merlyn come vnto Arthur / and counceilled hym to folowe hem no further ¶ Ca / x

SO after the feſte and iourneye kynge Arthur drewe hym vnto london / and ſoo by the counceil of Merlyn the kyng lete calle his barons to coūceil / for Merlyn had told the kynge that the ſixe kynges that made warre vpon hym wold in al haſte be awroke on hym & on his landys wherfor the kyng aſked counceil at hem al / they coude no counceil gyue but ſaid they were bygge ynough / ye ſaye wel ſaid Arthur / I thanke you for your good courage / but wil ye al that loveth me ſpeke with Merlyn ye knowe wel that he hath done moche for me / and he knoweth many thynges / & whan he is afore you / I wold that ye prayd hym hertely of his beſt auyſe / Alle the barons ſayd they wold pray hym and deſyre hym / Soo Merlyn was ſente for & fair deſyred of al the barons to gyue them beſt counceil / I ſhall ſay you ſaid Merlyn I warne yow al / your enemyes are paſſyng ſtrong for yow / and they are good men of armes as ben on lyue / & by thys tyme they haue goten to them four kynges mo / and a myghty duke / and onleſſe that our kyng haue more chyualry with hym than he may make within þe boundys of his own reame and he fyghte with hem in batail / he ſhal be ouercome & ſlayn what were beſt to doo in this cauſe ſaid al the barons / I ſhal telle you ſaid Merlyn myne aduys / there ar two bretheren beyond the ſee / & they be kynges bothe and merueillous good men of her handes / And that one hyghte Kynge Ban of Benwic And that other hyght Kyng Bors of gaule that is Fraunce And on theſe two Kynges warrith a myghty man of men the Kynge Claudas / and ſtryueth with hem for a caſtel / and grete werre is betwixt them / But this Claudas is ſo myghty of goodes wherof he geteth good Knyȝtes that he putteth theſe two kynges mooſt parte do the werſe / wherfor this is my counceil that our kyng and ſouerayne lord ſende vnto the kynges Ban and Bors by two truſty knyghtes with letters wel deuyſed / that and they wil come and ſee kynge Arthur and his courte / & ſo helpe hym in his warrys that he wil be ſworne

[leaf 24]

vnto them to helpe them in their warrys ageynſt kynge Claudas / Now what ſaye ye vnto this counceill ſaid Merlyn / thys is wel counceilled ſaid the kynge & alle the Barons / right ſo in alle haſte ther were ordeyned to goo two knyghtes on the
5 meſſage vnto the two kynges / Soo were there made letters in the pleſaunt wyſe accordyng vnto kyng Arthurs deſyre / Vlſyus and Braſtias were made the meſſagers / & ſo rode forth wel horſed and wel armed / and as the gyſe was that tyme & ſo paſſed the ſee & rode toward the cyte of Benwyck / and
10 there byſydes were viij knyghtes that aſpyed them / And at a ſtrayt paſſage they mette with Vlſyus & Braſtias / & wold haue taken hem pryſoners / ſo they prayd hem that they myght paſſe / for they were meſſagers vnto kyng Ban & Bors ſent from kynge Arthur / therfor ſaid the viij knyghtes ye ſhalle
15 dye or be pryſoners / for we ben knyghtes of kyng Claudas And therwith two of them dreſſid their ſperys / and Vlſyus and Braſtias dreſſid theire ſperes and ranne to gyder with grete raundon / And Claudas knyghtes brack their ſperes / and ther to hylde and bare the two knyghtes out of her ſadels
20 to the erthe / and ſo leſte hem lyeng and rode her wayes / And the other ſixe knyghtes rode afore to a paſſage to mete wyth hem ageyne / and ſo Vlſyus & Braſtias ſmote other two doun And ſo paſt on her wayes / And at the fourth paſſage there mette two for two / and bothe were leid vnto the erthe / ſo ther
25 was none of the viij knyghtes but he was ſore hurte or bryſed And whan they come to Benwick it fortuned ther were both kynges Ban and Bors / And whan it was told the kynges that there were come meſſagers / there were ſente vnto them ij knyghtes of worſhip / the one hyghte Lyonſes lord of the co-
30 untry of payarne and Sir phariaunce a worſhipful knyght Anone they aſked from whens they came / and they ſaid from kynge Arthur kyng of Englond / ſo they took them in theyre armes and made grete ioye eche of other / But anon as the ij kynges wiſt they were meſſagers of Arthurs / ther was ma-
35 de no taryenge / but forthwith they ſpak with the knyghtes / & welcomed hem in the ſeythfulleſt wyſe / & ſaid / they were moſt welcome vnto them before alle the kynges lyuynge / and ther with they kyſt the letters & delyuerd hem / And whan Ban

[leaf 24 verso]

and Bors vnderſtood the letters / thenne were they more wel come than they were before / And after the haſt of the letters / they gaf hem this anſuer that they wold fulfille the deſyre of kynge Arthurs wrytyng & Vlfyus & Braſtias tary there as longe as they wold / they ſhold haue ſuche chere as myghte be made them in tho marchys / Thenne Vlfyus & Braſtias told the kyng of the aduēture at their paſſages of the eyghte knyȝtes / Ha A ſaid Ban and Bors they were my good frendes I wold I had wyſt of hem they ſhold not haue eſcaped ſo So Vlfius & Braſtias had good chere and grete yeftes as moche as they myghte bere awey / and hadde their anſuere by mouthe and by wrytynge that tho two Kynges wold come vnto Arthur in all the haſt that they myȝte / So the two Knytes rode on a fore / and paſſed the ſee / and come to their lord and told hym how they had ſpedde / wherof Kynge Arthur was paſſyng gladde / At what tyme ſuppoſe ye / the ij Kynges wol be here / Syr ſaid they afore all halowmaſſe / Thenne the kynge lete puruey for a grete feeſte / and lete crye a grete Iuſtes / And by all halowmaſſe the two kynges were come ouer the ſee with thre honderd knyȝtes wel arayed both for the pees and for the werre / And kyng Arthur mette with hem x myle oute of london / and ther was grete ioye as coude be thouȝt or made / And on al halowmaſſe / at the grete feeſte ſate in the halle the thre kynges / and ſyre kay ſencial ſerued in the halle And Syr lucas the bottelere that was duke Corneus ſone / & ſir gryflet that was the ſone of Cardol / these iij knyȝtes had the rule of alle the ſeruyſe that ſerued the kynges / And anon as they had waſſhen & ryſen / al knyȝtes that wold Iuſte made hem redy / by than they were redy on horſbak there were vij C knyghtes / And Arthur Ban and Bors with the Archebiſſhop of Caunterbury / and ſyre Ector kays fader they were in a place couerd with clothe of gold lyke an halle with ladyes and gentilwymmen for to behold who dyd beſt and theron to giue Iugement

¶ Capitulum xj

AND kynge Arthur and the two Kynges lete departe the vij C knyghtes in two partyes And there were iij C knyghtes of the reame of Benwick and of gaule torned on the other ſyde than they dreſſid her ſheldes / and

beganne to couche her ſperes many good knyghtes / So Gryſlet was the firſt that mette with a knyghte one ladynas and they mett ſo egerly that al men hadde wonder / And they ſoo faughte that her ſheldes felle to pyeces / and hors and man
5 felle to the erthe / And bothe the frenſſhe knyghte and the Englyſſhe knyghte lay ſo longe that alle men wend they had ben dede / Whan lucas the botteler ſawe Gryflet ſoo lye / he horſed hym ageyne anon / and they two dyd merueillous dedes of armes with many bachelers / Alſo ſyre kay came oute of an en-
10 buſſhement with ſyue knyghtes with hym / and they ſixe ſmote other ſixe doune / But ſyr kay dyd that day merueillous dedes of armes / that ther was none dyd ſo wel as he that day Thenne ther come ladynas & Graſtian two knyghtes of fraunce / and dyd paſſynge wel that all men preyſed them /
15 Thenne come there Syre placidas a good knyghte and mette with ſyr kay and ſmote hym doune hors and man / wherfore Syre gryflet was wrothe and mette with Syre placidas ſoo harde that hors and man felle to the erthe / But whan the / v / knyghtes wyſt that ſyr kay had a falle they were wrothe out
20 of wyt / And therwith eche of them / v / bare doune a knyghte / Whanne kyng Arthur and the two kynges ſawe hem begyn waxe wrothe on bothe partyes / they lepte on ſmale hakeneis / and lete crye that all men ſhold departe vnto their lodgynge And ſo they wente home and vnarmed them and ſo to euen-
25 ſonge and ſouper / And aſter the thre kynges wente in to a gardyn / and gaf the pryce vnto ſyre kay and to lucas the bottelere / and vnto Syre Gryflet / And thenne they wente vnto counceil / and with hem gwenbaus the brother vnto ſyr Ban & Bors a wyſe Clerk / and thyder went Vlſyus and Braſ-
30 tias and Merlyn / And after they had ben in counceill / they wente vn to bedde / And on the morne they herde maſſe and to dyner / and ſo to their counceille and made many argumentis what were beſt to doo / At the laſt they were concluded / that Merlyn ſhold goo with a token of kyng Ban and that was
35 a rynge vnto his men and kynge Bors and Gracian & placidas ſholde goo ageyne and kepe theire caſtels and her countreyes / as for kynge Ban of Benwick and kynge Bors of Gaules had ordeyned hem / and ſo paſſed the ſee and came to

[leaf 25 verso]

Benwyck / And whan the peple ſawe kyng Bans rynge & gracian and placidas they were glad / and aſked how the kynges ferd / and made grete ioye of their welfare and cordyng / and accordynge vnto the ſouerayne lordes deſyre / the men of warre made hem redy in al haſt poſſyble / ſoo that they were xv M on hors and foot / and they had grete plente of vytaylle with hem by Merlyns prouyſyon / But gracian and placidas were lefte to furnyſſhe and garnyſſhe the caſtels for drede of kynge Claudas / ryght ſo Merlyn paſſed the ſee wel vytailled bothe by water and by land / And whan he came to the ſee / he ſente home the foote men ageyne and took no mo with hym / but x M men on horſbak the mooſt parte men of armes and ſo ſhypped and paſſed the ſee in to Englond / and londed at Douer / and thorow the wytte of Merlyn he had the hooſt Northward the pryuyeſt wey that coude be thoughte vnto the foreiſt of Bedegrayne / and there in a valey he lodged hem ſecretely / ¶ Thenne rode Merlyn vnto Arthur and the two kynges & told hem how he had ſped / wherof they had grete merueylle / that man on erthe myghte ſpede ſo ſoone / and goo and come So Merlyn told them x M were in the foreſt of Bedegrayne wel armed at al poyntes / thenne was there no more to ſaye / but to horſbak wente all the hooſt as Arthur had afore purueyed / So with xx M he paſſed by nyghte and day / but ther was made ſuche an ordenaūnce afore by Merlyn that ther ſhold no man of werre ryde nor go in no countrey on this ſyde trent water / but yf he had a token from kynge Arthur / where thorow the kynges enemyes durſte not ryde as they dyd to fore to aſpye

¶ Capitulum xij

AND ſoo within a lytel ſpace the thre kynges came vnto the Caſtel of Bedegrayne / and fond there a paſſynge fayr ſelauſhip and wel be ſene / wherof they had grete ioye / and vytaille they wanted none / This was the cauſe of the northeren hooſt that they were rered for the deſpyte and rebuke the ſyx kynges had at Carlyon / And tho vj kynges by her meanes gate vnto hem ſyue other kynges / And thus they beganne to gadre theyr peple ¶ And how they ſware that for wele nor woo they ſhold not leue other /

tyl they had deſtroyed Arthur / and thenne they made an oth The ſyrſt that beganne the othe was the duke of Candebenet / that he wold brynge with hym v M men of armes the which were redy on horſbak / Thenne ſware kynge Brandegoris of ſtranggore that he wold brynge v M men of armes on horſbak / Thenne ſware kynge Claryuaus of Northumberland he wold brynge thre thouſand men of armes / thenne ſware the kyng of the C knyghtes that was a paſſynge good man and a yonge that he wold brynge four thouſand men of armes on horſbak / thenne ther ſwore kynge Lott a paſſyng good knyȝt and ſyre Gawayns fader that he wold brynge v M men of armes on horſbak / Alſo ther ſwore kynge Vryence that was ſyr Vwayns fader of the lond of gore and he wold brynge vj M men of armes on horſbak / Alſo ther ſwore kyng Idres of Cornewallle that he wold brynge v M men of armes on horſbak / Alſo ther ſwore kynge cardelmans to brynge v M mē on horſbak / Alſo ther ſwore kyng Agwyſaunce of Irelond to brynge v M men of armes on horſbak / Alſo ther ſwore kyng Nentres to brynge v M men of armes on horſbak / Alſo there ſwore kynge Carados to brynge v M of armes on horſbak / Soo her hool hooſt was of clene men of armes on horſbak ſyſty thouſand and a foot x thouſand of good mennes bodyes / thenne were they ſoone redy and mounted vpon hors and ſente forth their fore rydars / for theſe xj kynges in her wayes leyd a ſyege unto the caſtel of Bedegrayne / and ſo they departed and drewe toward Arthur and leſte ſewe to abyde at the ſyege for the caſtel of Bedegrayne was holden of kynge Arthur / and the men that were theryn were Arthurs

¶ Capitulum xiij

SOo by Merlyns aduys ther were ſente fore rydars to ſkumme the Countreye / & they mette with the fore rydars of the north / and made hem to telle whiche wey the hooſte cam / and thenne they told it to Arthur / and by kyng Ban and Bors counceill they lete brenne and deſtroye alle the contrey afore them there they ſhold ryde / ¶ The kynge with the honderd knyghtes mette a wonder dreme two nyghtes a fore the bataille / that ther blewe a grete wynde & blewe doun her caſtels and her townes / and after that cam a water and bare hit

[leaf 26 verso]

all awey / Alle that herd of the ſweuen ſaid / it was a token of grete batayll / Thenne by counceill of Merlyn whan they wiſt whiche wey the xj kynges wold ryde and lodge that nyghte At mydnyght they ſette vpon them as they were in theyr pauelyons / But the ſcoute watche by her hooſt cryed lordes att armes for here be your enemyes at your hand

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne kynge Arthur and kynge Ban and Kynge Bors with her good and truſty knyghtes ſet on hem ſo fyerſly that he made them ouer throwe her pauelions on her hedys / but the xj kynges by manly proweſſe of armes tooke a fayre champayne / but there was ſlayne that morowe tyde x M good mennys bodyes / And ſo they had afore hem a ſtrong paſſaye yet were they fyfty M of hardy men / Thenne it drewe toward day / now ſhalle ye doo by myne aduys ſaid Merlyn vnto the thre kynges I wold that kynge Ban and kynge Bors with her ſelauſhip of x M men were put in a wood here beſyde in an enbuſſhement and kepe them preuy / and that they be leid or the lyght of the daye come / and that they ſtere not tyll ye and your knyghtes haue foughte with hem longe And whanne hit is daye lyght dreſſe your bataille euen afore them and the paſſage that they may ſee alle your hooſte / For thenne wyl they be the more hardy when they ſee yow but aboute xx M / and cauſe hem to be the gladder to ſuffre yow and youre hooſt to come ouer the paſſage / All the thre kynges and the hoole barons ſayde that Merlyn ſaid paſſyngly wel / and it was done anone as Merlyn had deuyſed / Soo on the morn whan eyther hooſt ſawe other / the hooſt of the north was well comforted / Thenne to Vlfyus and Braſtias were delyuerd thre thowſand men of armes / and they ſette on them fyerſly in the paſſage / and ſlewe on the ryght hand and on the lyft hand that it was wonder to telle /

¶ Whanne that the enleuen kynges ſawe that there was ſo fewe a ſelauſhip dyd ſuche dedes of armes they were aſhamed and ſette on hem agayne fyerſly / and ther was ſyr Vlfyus hors ſlayne vnder hym / but he dyd merueylloufly well on foote / ¶ But the Duke Euſtace of Cambenet

and Kynge Claryaunce of Northumberland / were alweye greuous on Vlfyus / thenne Braſtias ſawe his felawe ferd ſo with al / he ſmote the duke with a ſpere that hors & man fell doune / that ſawe kyng Claryaunce and retorned vnto Braſ-
5 tias / and eyther ſmote other ſoo that hors & man wente to the erthe / and ſo they lay long aſtonyed / & their hors knees braſt to the hard bone / Thenne cam Syr kay the ſencyal with ſyxe felawes with hym / and dyd paſſyng wel / with that cam the xj kynges / and ther was Gryflet put to the erthe hors & man
10 and lucas the bottelere hors and man by kynge Brandegorys and kyng Idres & kyng Agwyſaunce / thēne waxed the medle paſſynge hard on bothe partyes / whan ſyre kay ſawe Gryflet on foote / he rode on kyng Nentres & ſmote hym doun and lad his hors vnto ſyr gryflet & horſed hym ageyne / Al-
15 ſo ſyr kay with the ſame ſpere ſmote doun kyng Lott / & hurt hym paſſyng ſore / that ſawe the kyng with the C knyȝtes and ran vnto ſyr kay and ſmote hym doune and toke his hors / & gaf hym kyng Lott wherof he ſaid gramercy / whan ſyr Gryflet ſawe ſyr kay & lucas the bottelere on foote / he tooke a ſharp
20 ſpere grete and ſquare / and rode to pynel a good man of armes / and ſmote hors and man doune / And thenne he tooke his hors / and gaf hym vnto ſyr kay / Thenne kynge Lot ſaw kyng Nentres on foote / he ranne vnto Melot de la roche / & ſmote hym doune hors and man & gaf kyng Nentres the hors &
25 horſed hym ageyne / Alſo the kyng of the C knyȝtes ſawe kynge Idres on foot thenne he ran vnto Gwymyart de bloy and ſmote hym doune hors and man & gaf kynge Idres the hors & horſed hym ageyne / & kyng Lot ſmote doun Claryaunce de la foreiſt ſaueage & gaf the hors vnto duke Euſtace / And ſo
30 whanne they had horſed the kynges ageyne they drewe hem al xj kynges to gyder and ſaid they wold be reuenged of the dommage that they had taken that day / The meane whyle cam in ſyr Ector with an egyr countenaunce / and found Vlfyus and Braſtias on foote in grete perylle of deth that were ſow-
35 le defoyled vnder horſſeet / Thenne Arthur as a lyon ranne vnto kynge Cradelment of North walys / and ſmote hym thorowe the lyfte ſyde that the hors and the kynge fylle doune /

And thenne he tooke the hors by the rayne / and ladde hym

[leaf 27 verso]

vnto Vlſyus & ſaid haue this hors myn old frend / for grete nede haſt thow of hors / gramercy ſaid Vlſyus / thenne ſyre Arthur dyd ſo merueilloufly in armes that all men had wondyr / Whan the kynge with the C knyghtes ſawe kyng Cradelment on foote / he ranne vnto ſyre Ector that was wel horſed ſyr kayes fader / and ſmote hors and man doune / and gaf the hors vnto the kynge / and horſed hym ageyne / and when kyng Arthur ſawe the kyng ryde on ſyr Ectors hors he was wroth and with his ſwerd he ſmote the kynge on the helme / that a quarter of the helme and ſhelde fyll doune / and ſo the ſwerd carf doune vnto the hors neck / and ſo the kyng & the hors fyll doune to the ground / Thenne ſyr kay cam vnto ſyr Morganore ſencial with the kyng of the C knyghtes & ſmote hym doun hors and man / and lad the hors vnto his fader ſyre Ector / thenne ſyr Ector ranne vnto a knyght hyghte lardans / & ſmote hors & man doune / & lad the hors vnto ſyr Braſtias that grete nede had of an hors and was gretely deſoyled / whan Braſtias beheld lucas the botteler that lay lyke a dede man vnder the horſe feet / and euer ſyr Gryflet dyd merueilloufly for to reſcowe hym / and there were alweyes xiiij knyghtes on ſyr lucas / & thenne Braſtias ſmote one of hem on the helme / that it wente to the teeth / & he rode to another and ſmote hym that the arme flewe in to the feld / Thēne he wente to the third and ſmote hym on the ſholder that ſholder and arme flewe in the feld / And whan Gryflet ſawe reſcowes / he ſmote a knyght on the tempils that hede & helme wente to the erthe / and gryflet took the hors of that knyght & lad hym vnto ſyr lucas / & bad hym mounte vpon the hors & reuenge his hurtes / For Braſtias had ſlayne a knyghte to fore & horſed gryflet /

¶ Capitulum xv

THenne lucas ſawe kyng Agwyſaunce that late hadde ſlayne Morys de la roche / and lucas ran to hym with a ſhort ſpere that was grete / that he gaf hym ſuche a falle that the hors felle doun to the erthe / Alſo lucas found there on foote bloyas de la flaundres and ſyr Gwynas ij hardy knyȝtes & in that woodenes that lucas was in / he flewe ij bachelers & horſed hem ageyn / thēne waxid the batail poſſyng hard on both partyes / but arthur was glad þt his knyȝtes were horſed ayene

& thēne they foughte to gyders that the noyſe and ſowne rang by the water & the wood / wherfor kyng Ban and kyng bors made them redy and dreſſyd theyr ſheldes and harneys / and they were ſo couragyous that many Knyghtes ſhoke & beuerd
5 for egrenes / All this whyle lucas and Gwynas & bryaunte & Bellyas of Flaundrys helde ſtrong medle ayenſt vj kynges / that was Kynge Lott / kynge Nentres / kyng Brandegorys / Kyng Idres / kyng Vryens & kyng Agwyſaunce / Soo with the helpe of ſyre kay & of ſyr gryflet / they helde theſe vj
10 kynges hard that vnnethe they had ony power to defend them But whan ſyr Arthur ſawe the batail wold not be endyd by no maner / he ferd wood as a lyon / & ſtered his hors here & there on the right hand & on the lyft hand. that he ſtynte not tyl he had ſlayne xx knyȝtes / Alſo he wounded kyng Lot ſo-
15 re on the ſholder and made hym to leue that ground / for ſyre kay & gryflet dyd with kyng Arthur there grete dedes of armes / Thenne Vlſyus and Braſtias & ſir Ector encountred ageynſt the duke Euſtace & kyng Cradelment & kyng Cradelmāt and kynge Claryaunce of Northumberland & kyng Ca-
20 rados & ageynſt the kyng with the C knyȝtes / So theſe knyȝtes encountred with theſe kynges that they made them to auoyde the grounde / thēne Kyng Lott made grete dool for his dommagis & his ſelawes / & ſaid vnto the x kynges but yf ye wil do as I deuyſe we ſhalle be ſlayn & deſtroyed / lete me haue the
25 kynge with the C Knyȝtes & kyng Agwyſaunce & kyng Idres and the duke of Canbenec / & we v Kynges wol haue xv M men of armes with vs & we wille go on parte / wyle ye vj Kynges holde medle with xij M / & we ſee that ye haue fouȝten with hem long thēne will we come on ſyerſly / & ellys
30 ſhall we neuer matche hem ſaid kynge Lot but by this meane So they departed as they here deuyſed / & vj kynges made her party ſtrong ageynſt Arthur and made grete warre longe /

In the meane whyle brake the enbuſſhement of Kynge Ban and kynge bors and Lyonſes and Pharyaunce had the ad-
35 uant garde / and they two knyghtes mette with kyng Idres and his felauſhip / and there began a grete medele of brekyng of ſperes and ſmytynge of ſwerdys with ſleynge of men and horſes / And kynge Idres was nere at diſcomforture

[leaf 28 verso]

That ſawe Agwyſaunce the kynge and put lyonſes and pharyaunce in poynte of dethe / for the duke of Canbenek came on with all with a grete felauſhip / ſoo theſe two knyghtes were in grete daunger of their lyues that they were ſayn to retorne but alweyes they reſcowed hem ſelf and their felauſhip merueilloufly / Whan kynge Bors ſawe tho knyghtes put on bak it greued hym ſore / thēne he cam on ſo faſt that his felauſhip ſemed as blak as Inde / whan kyng Lot had aſpyed kynge bors / he knewe hym wel / thenne he ſaid O Iheſu defende vs ſrō deth & horryble maymes / for I ſee wel we ben in grete perylle of dethe / for I ſee yonder a kynge one of the moſt worſhipfulleſt men & one of the beſt knyȝtes of the world ben enclyned vnto his felauſhip / what is he ſaid the kynge with the C knyȝtes / it is ſaid kyng Lot kyng bors of gaule / I merueile how they come in to this countreye without wetynge of vs all It was by Merlyns auyſe ſaid the knyghte / As for hym ſayd kynge Carados / I wylle encountre with kynge bors / and ye wil reſcowe me whan myſter is / go on ſaid they al / we wil do all that we may / thenne kyng Carados & his hooſt rode on a ſofte pace tyl that they come as nyghe kynge Bors as bowe draughte / thenne eyther bataill lete their hors renne as faſt as they myghte / And Bleoberys that was godſon vnto kynge Bors he bare his chyef ſtandard / that was a paſſynge good knyghte / Now ſhall we ſee ſaid kyng Bors hou theſe northeren bretons can bere the armes / & kyng Bors encountred with a knyght / and ſmote hym thorow out with a ſpere that he fel dede vnto the erthe / and after drewe his ſwerd & dyd merueillous dedes of armes that all partyes had grete wōder therof / & his knyȝtes failled not but dyd their part / & kyng Carados was ſmyten to the erthe / With that came the kyng with the C knyȝtes & reſcued kyng Carados myȝtely by force of armes / for he was a paſſyng good knyght of a kynge / & but a yong man

¶ Capitulum xvj

BY than come in to the feld kynge Ban as fyers as a lyon with bandys of grene / & therupon gold / Ha a ſaid kyng Lot we muſt be diſcomſyte / for yonder I ſee the moſte valyaunt knyght of the world / and the man of the moſt renoume / for ſuche ij bretheren as is kyng Ban & kyng bors ar

not lyuynge / wherfore we muſt nedes voyde or deye / And but yf we auoyde manly and wyſely / ther is but dethe / whanne kynge Ban came in to the bataill / he cam in ſo fierſly / that the ſtrokes redounded ageyne fro the woode and the water / wher-
5 for kynge Lott wepte for pyte and doole that he ſawe ſo many good knyȝtes take theyr ende / But thorowe the grete force of kyng Ban they made both the Northeren bataylles that were departed / hurtled to gyders for grete drede / and the thre kynges & their knyghtes ſlewe on euer that it was pyte on to
10 behold that multitude of the people that fledde / But kynge Lott and Kynge of the honderd knyȝtes & kynge Morganore gadred the peple to gyders paſſyng knyghtly / and dyd grete proweſſe of armes / and helde the bataill all that daye lyke hard / ¶ Whanne the kynge of the honderd knyghtes beheld the
15 grete damage that kynge Ban dyd / he threſt vnto hym wyth his hors and ſmote hym on hyhe vpon the helme a grete ſtroke and ſtonyed hym ſore / Thenne kynge Ban was wroth with hym / and folowed on hym ſyerſly / the other ſawe that / and caſt vp his ſheld & ſpored his hors forward / But the ſtro-
20 ke of kynge Ban felle doune and carſe a cantel of the ſheld / and the ſwerd ſlode doune by the hauberk behynde his back / & cut thorow the trappere of ſtele / and the hors euen in two pyeces that the ſwerd felte the erthe / Thenne the kynge of the C knyghtes voyded the hors lyghtly and with his ſwerd he bro-
25 ched the hors of kyng Ban thorow and thorow / with that kynge Ban voyded lyghtly from the deede hors / and thenne kynge Ban ſmote at the other ſo egrely / and ſmote hym on the helme that he felle to the erth / Alſo in that yre he feld kyng Morganore and there was grete ſlaughter of good knyghtes
30 and moche peple / by than come in to the prees kynge Arthur / and fond Kynge Ban ſtondynge among dede men and dede hors ſyghtynge on foote as a wood lyon / that ther came none nyghe hym as fer as he myght reche with his ſwerd / but he caughte a greuous buffet wherof Kynge Arthur had grete py-
35 te / And Arthur was ſo blody that by his ſhelde ther myght no man knowe hym / for all was blood and braynes on his ſwerd / And as Arthur loked by hym he ſawe a knyght that was paſſyngly wel horſed / and therwith ſyre Arthur ranne

[leaf 29 verso]

to hym / and ſmote hym on the helme that his ſwerd wente vnto his teeth / and the knyght ſanke doune to the erthe dede / & anon Arthur tooke the hors by the rayne and ladde hym vnto kynge Ban & ſaid fair broder / haue this hors / for ye haue grete myſter thereof & me repenteth ſore of your grete dammage Hit ſhall be ſoone reuengid ſaid Kynge Ban / for I truſte in god myn eure is not ſuche but ſome of them may ſore repente thys / I wol wel ſaid Arthur / for I ſee your dedes full actual Neuertheles I myghte not come at yow at that tyme / But whanne Kynge Ban was mounted on horſbak / thenne there beganne newe bataill the whyche was ſore and hard / and paſſyng grete ſlaughter / And ſo thurgh grete force Kynge Arthur / Kynge Ban and Kynge Bors made her knyghtes a litel to with drawe them / But alwey the xj Kynges with her chyualrye neuer torned bak / and ſo withdrewe hem to a lytil woode / and ſo ouer a lytyl ryuer / & there they reſted hem / for on the nyghte they myghte haue no reſt on the feld / And thēne the xj kynges and knyghtes put hem on a hepe all to gyders as men adrad and out of alle comforte / but ther was no man myghte paſſe them / they helde hem ſo hard to gyders bothe behynde and before that kynge Arthur had merueille of their dedes of armes and was paſſynge wrothe / A ſyr Arthur ſaid kynge Ban and kynge Bors blame hem noughte / For they doo as good men ouȝt to doo / For by my feith ſaid kyng Ban / they are the beſt fyghtyng men and knyghtes of mooſt proweſſe that euer I ſawe or herd ſpeke of / And tho xj kynges are men of grete worſhip / And yf they were longyng vn to yow / there were no kynge vnder the heuen hadde ſuche xj knyghtes and of ſuche worſhip / I may not loue hem ſaid Arthur / they wold deſtroye me / that wote we wel ſaid kynge Ban and Kynge Bors / for they are your mortal enemyes / and that hath ben preued afore hand / And this day they haue done theire parte / and that is grete pyte of theire wilfulnes Thenne alle the xj kynges drewe hem to gyder / And thenne ſaid kynge Lott / lordes ye muſt other wayes than ye do / or els the grete loſſe is behynde / ye may ſee what peple we haue loſt / and what good men we leſe / by cauſe we waytte alweyes on theſe foote men / and euer in ſauynge of one of the foote men

[leaf 30]

we lefe x horfmen for hym / therfore this is myne aduys / lete vs put our foote men from vs / for it is nere nyghte / For the noble Arthur wille not tary on the foote men / for they maye faue hym felf / the woode is nerehand / And whan we horfmen be to gyders / loke eueryche of yow kynges lete make fuche ordinaunce that none breke vpon payne of dethe / And who that feeth ony man dreffe hym to flee / lightly that he be flayne / for it is better that we flee a coward than thorow a coward alle we to be flayne / How faye ye faid kynge Lott / anfuere me all ye kynges / it is wel faid quod kynge Nentres / fo faid the kynge of the honderd knyghtes / the fame faide the kynge Carados and kyng Vryence / fo dyd kynge Idres and kyng brandegorys / and fo dyd kyng Cradulmas and the duke of Cādebenet / the fame faid kyng Claryaunce & kyng Agwyfaunce and fware they wold neuer faille other neyther for lyf nor for dethe / And who fo that fledde but did as they dyd fhold be flayne / Thenne they amended their harneys and ryghted theire fheldes and tooke newe fperys and fette hem on theire thyes and ftode ftille as hit had ben a plompe of wood /

¶ Capitulum xvij

WHanne Syre Arthur and kynge ban and bors byhelde the mand all her knyghtes they preyfed hem moche for their noble chere of chyualrye for the hardyeft fyghters that euer they herd or fawe / with that there dreffyd hem a xl noble knyghtes and faide vnto the thre kynges / they wold breke their bataille / thefe were her names Lyonfes / pharyaunce Vlfyus / braftias / Ector / kaynes / lucas the bottelere / Gryflett la fyfe de dieu / mariet de la roche / Gwynas de bloy / briāt de la foreyft faueage / bellaus / Moryans of the caftel maydyns / flānedreus of the caftel of ladyes / Annecians that was kynge bors godfone a noble knyght / ladynas de la roufe / Emerauife Caulas / Gracyens le cafteleyn / one bloyfe de la caafe / and fyre Colgreueaunce de gorre / all thefe knyȝtes rode on afore with fperys on their thyes / and fpored their horfes myghtely as the horfes myȝte renne / And the xj kynges with parte of her knyȝtes ruffched with their horfes as faft as they myȝte with their fperes / & ther they dyd onboth partyes merueillous dedes of armes / foo came in to the thycke of the prees Arthur ban &

[leaf 30 verso]

bors & ſlewe doune right on both handes that her horſes went in bloood vp to the ſytlokys / But euer the xj Kynges and their hooſte was euer in the vyſage of Arthur / wherfore Ban and Bors had grete merueille conſyderyng the grete ſlauȝter that there was / but at the laſt they were dryuen abak ouer a lytil ryuer / with that came Merlyn on a grete black hors / and ſaid vnto arthur thow haſt neuer done / haſt thou not done ynough / of thre ſcore thouſand this day haſt thow leſte on lyue but xv M / and it is tyme to ſaye ho for god is wrothe with the that thow wolt neuer haue done / for yonder xj kynges at this tyme will not be ouerthrowen / but and thow tary on them ony lenger / thy fortune wille torne and they ſhall encreace / And therfor withdrawe yow vnto your lodgyng and reſte you as ſoone as ye may and rewarde your good knyȝtes with gold and with ſyluer / for they haue wel deſerued hit / there may no rycheſſe be to dere for them / for of ſo fewe men as ye haue ther were neuer men dyd more of proweſſe than they haue done to day / for ye haue matched this day with the beſte fyghters of the world / that is trouthe ſaid kyng Ban and bors / Alſo ſaid Merlyn / withdrawe yow where ye lyſt / For this thre yere I dar vndertake they ſhalle not dere yow / And by than ye ſhallè here newe tydynges / And thenne Merlyn ſaid vnto arthur / theſe xj kynges haue more on hand than they are ware of / for the Saraſyns are londed in their countreyes mo than xl M that brenne and ſlee / and haue leid ſyege att the caſtel Wandeſborow and make grete deſtruction / therfore drede yow not this thre yere / ¶ Alſo ſyre al the goodes that ben goten at this bataill lete it be ſerched / And whanne ye haue it in your handys lete it be gyuen frely vnto theſe two kynges Ban and Bors that they may rewarde theyr knyghtes with all / And that ſhalle cauſe ſtraungers to be of better wyll to do yow ſeruyſe at nede / Alſo ye be able to reward youre owne knyghtes of your owne goodes whan ſomeuer it lyketh you It is wel ſaid qd Arthur And as thow haſt deuyſed ſo ſhal it be done / whanne it was delyuerd to Ban & Bors they gaf the goodes as frely to their knyȝtes as frely as it was yeuen to them / Thenne Merlyn took his leue of Arthur and of the ij kynges for to go and ſee his mayſter Bleyſe that dwelde

in Northumberland / and ſo he departed and cam to his maiſter that was paſſyng glad of his comynge / & there he tolde / how Arthur and the two kynges had ſped at the grete batayll / and how it was ended / and told the names of euery kyng and knyght of worſhip that was there / And ſoo Bleyſe wrote the bataill word by word as Merlyn told hym how it began / & by whome / and in lyke wyſe how it was endyd / And who had the werre / All the batails that were done in arthurs dayes / merlyn dyd his maiſter Bleyſe do wryte / Alſo he did do wryte all the batails that euery worthy knyght dyd of arthurs Courte / After this Merlyn departed from his mayſter and came to kynge Arthur that was in the caſtel of Bedegrayne / that was one of the caſtels that ſtondyn in the foreſt of Sherewood / And Merlyn was ſo diſguyſed that kynge Arthur knewe hym not for he was al be furred in black ſhepe ſkynnes and a grete payre of bootes / and a bowe and arowes in a ruſſet gowne / and broughte wild gyſe in his hād and it was on the morne after candelmas day / but kyng Arthur knewe hym not / Syre ſaid Merlyn vnto the kynge / Wil ye gyue me a yeſte / wherfor ſaid kyng Arthur ſhold I gyue the a yeſte chorle / Sir ſaid Merlyn ye were better to gyue me a yeſte that is not in your hand than to leſe grete rycheſſe / for here in the ſame place there the grete bataill was is grete treſour hyd in the erthe / who told the ſo chorle ſaid Arthur / Merlyn told me ſo ſaid he / thenne Vlſyus and Braſtias knew hym wel ynough and ſmyled / Syre ſaid theſe two knyghtes It is Merlyn that ſo ſpeketh vnto yow / thenne kyng arthur was gretely abaſſhed and had merueyll of Merlyn / & ſo had kynge Ban and kynge Bors / and ſoo they had grete dyſport at hym / Soo in the meane whyle there cam a damoyſel that was an erlys doughter his name was Sanam / and her name was Lyonors a paſſynge fair damoyſel / and ſo ſhe cam thyder for to dohomage as other lordes dyd after the grete bataill / And kyng Arthur ſette his loue gretely vpon her and ſo dyd ſhe vpon hym / and the kyng had adoo with her / and gat on her a child / his name was Borre that was after a good knyghte and of the table round / thenne ther cam word that the kyng Ryence of Northen walys maade grete werre on

[leaf 31 verso]

kynge Lodegreance of camylyard / for the whiche thyng arthur was wroth for he loued hym wel and hated kyng Ryence / for he was alwey ageynſt hym / So by ordenaunce of the thre kynges that were ſente home vnto Benwyck / alle they wold departe for drede of kynge Claudas and pharyaunce and Antemes and Graſians and lyonſes / payarne with the leders of tho that ſhold kepe the kynges landys

¶ Capitulum xviij

And thenne kynge Arthur and kynge Ban & kyng Bors departed with her felauſhip a xx M and came within vj dayes in to the countrey of Cmyliarde and there reſcowed kynge Lodegreaunce and ſlewe ther moche people of kynge Ryence vnto the nombre of x M men and put hym to flyghte / And thenne had theſe thre kynges grete chere of kyng Lodegreaunce / that thanked them of their grete goodneſſe that they wold reuenge hym of his enemyes / and there hadde Arthur the fyrſt ſyght of gweneuer the kynges doughter of Camylyard / and euer after he loued her / After they were weddyd as it telleth in the booke / Soo breuely to make an ende / they took theyr leue to goo in to theyre owne Countreyes for kynge Claudas dyd grete deſtruction on their landes / Thenne ſaid Arthur I wille goo with yow / Nay ſaid the kynges ye ſhalle not at this tyme / for ye haue moche to doo yet in theſe landes / therfore we wille departe / and with the grete goodes that we haue goten in theſe landes by youre yeſtes we ſhalle wage good knyghtes & withſtande the kynge Claudas malyce / for by the grace of god and we haue nede we wille ſende to yow for youre ſocour / And yf ye haue nede ſende for vs / and we wille not tary by the feythe of our bodyes / Hit ſhalle not ſaide Merlyn nede that theſe two kynges come ageyne in the wey of werre / But I knowe wel kynge Arthur maye not be longe from yow / for within a yere or two ye ſhalle haue grete nede / And thenne ſhalle he reuenge yow on youre enemyes as ye haue done on his / For theſe xj kynges ſhal deye all in a day by the grete myghte and proweſſe of armes of ij valyaunt knyghtes as it telleth after / her names ben Balyn le Saueage and Balan his broder that ben merueillous good knyghtes as ben ony lyuyng / ¶ Now torne we to the xj

[leaf 32]

kynges that retorned vnto a cyte that hyghte Sorhaute / the whiche cyte was within kynge Vryens / and ther they refreſſhed hem as wel as they myght / and made leches ſerche theyr woundys and ſorowed gretely for the dethe of her peple / with that ther came a meſſager and told how ther was comen in to their landes people that were laules as wel as ſaraſyns a xl M / and haue brent & ſlayne al the peple that they may come by withoute mercy / and haue leyd ſyege on the caſtel of wādiſborow / Allas ſayd the xj kynges here is ſorow vpon ſorou And yf we had not warryd ageynſt Arthur as we haue done / he wold ſoone reuenge vs / as for kyng Lodegryaunce he loueth Arthur better. than vs / And as for kyng Ryence / he hath ynough to doo with Lodegreans / for he hath leyd ſyege vnto hym / Soo they conſentyd to gyder to kepe alle the marches of Cornewayle / of walys and of the northe / ſoo fyrſt they putte kynge Idres in the Cyte of Nauntys in Brytayne with iiij thowſand men of armes / to watche bothe the water and the land / Alſo they put in the cyte of Wyndeſan kynge Nauntres of garlott with four thouſand knyghtes to watche both on water and on lond / Alſo they had of other men of werre moo than eyght thouſand for to fortyfye alle the fortreſſes in the marches of Cornewaylle / Alſo they put moo knyȝtes in alle the marches of walys and ſcotland with many good men of armes / and ſoo they kepte hem to gyders the ſpace of thre yere And euer alyed hem with myghty kynges and dukes and lordes / And to them felle kynge Ryence of North walys / the whiche was a myghty man of men & Nero that was a myghty man of men / And all this whyle they furnyſſhed hem and garnyſſhed hem of good men of armes and vytaille and of alle maner of abylement that pretendith to the werre to auenge hem for the bataille of Bedegrayne / as it telleth in the book of auentures folowynge

Capitulum xix

t Hēne after the departyng of kyng Ban and of kyng Bors kynge Arthur rode vnto Carlyon / And thyder cam to hym kyng Lots wyf of Orkeney in maner of a meſſage / but ſhe was ſente thyder to aſpye the Courte of kynge Arthur / and ſhe cam rychely biſene with her four ſones / gawayn

[leaf 32 verso]

Gaherys / Agrauaynes / and Gareth with many other knyghtes and ladyes / for ſhe was a poſſynge fayr lady / wherfore the kynge caſt grete loue vnto her / and deſyred to lye by her / ſo they were agreed / and he begate vpon her Mordred / and ſhe was his ſyſter on the moder ſyde Igrayne / So ther ſhe reſted her a moneth and at the laſt departed / Thenne the kyng dremed a merueillous dreme wherof he was ſore adrad / But al this tyme kyng Arthur knewe not that kyng Lots wyf was his ſyſter / Thus was the dreme of Arthur / hym thought ther was come in to this land Gryffons and Serpentes / And hym thoughte they brente and ſlough alle the peple in the lād And thenne hym thoughte / he faughte with hem / and they dyd hym paſſynge grete harme / and wounded hym ful ſore / but at the laſt he ſlewe hem / Whanne the kynge awaked / he was paſſynge heuy of his dreme / and ſo to put it oute of thoughtes / he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntynge / As ſoone as he was in the foreſt / the kynge ſawe a grete hert afore hym / this herte wille I chace ſaid kynge Arthur / And ſo he ſpored the hors / and rode after longe / And ſo by ſyne force ofte he was lyke to haue ſmyten the herte / where as the kynge had chaced the herte ſoo long that his hors had loſte hys brethe and fylle doune dede / Thenne a yoman fette the kynge another hors / So the kyng ſawe the herte enbuſſhed and his hors dede / he ſette hym doune by a fontayne and there he fell in grete thoughtes / And as he ſatte ſo hym thoughte he herd a noyſe of houndes to the ſomme of xxx / And with that the kynge ſawe comyng toward hym the ſtraungeſt beſt that euer he ſawe or herd of / ſo the beſt wente to the welle and drank / and the noyſe was in the beſtes bely lyke vnto the queſtyng of xxx coupyl houndes / but alle the whyle the beeſt dranke there was no noyſe in the beſtes bely / and therwith the beſt departed with a grete noyſe / wherof the kyng had grete merueyll / And ſo he was in a grete thoughte / and therwith he fell on ſlepe / Ryght ſo ther came a knyght a foote vnto Arthur / and ſayd knyght full of thought and ſlepy / telle me yf thow ſaweſt a ſtraunge beſt paſſe this waye / Suche one ſawe I ſaid kynge Arthur / that is paſt two myle / what wold ye with the beſt ſaid arthur Syre I haue folowed that beſt long tyme / and kyld myne

hors / ſo wold god I had another to folowe my queſt / ryȝte ſo came one with the kynges hors / and whan the knyght ſawe the hors / he prayd the kyng to yeue hym the hors / for I haue folowed this queſt this xij moneth / and other I ſhal encheue hym or blede of the beſt blood of my body / Pellinore that tyme kynge folowed the queſtynge beſt / and after his deth ſir Palamydes folowed hit

¶ Capitulum xx

SYr knyghte ſaid the kynge leue that queſt / and ſuffre me to haue hit / and I wyll folowe it another xij moneth / A foole ſaid the knyghte vnto Arthur / it is in veyne thy deſyre / for it ſhalle neuer ben encheued but by me / or my next kyn / there with he ſterte vnto the kynges hors and mounted in to the ſadel / and ſaid gramercy this hors is myn owne / wel ſaid the kynge thow mayſt take myn hors by force but and I myȝte preue the whether thow were better on horſbak or I / wel ſaid the knyght ſeke me here whan thow wolt and here nygh this wel thow ſhalt ſynde me / and ſoo paſſyd on his weye / thenne the kyng ſat in a ſtudy and bad his men fetche his hors as faſte as euer they myghte / Ryght ſoo came by hym Merlyn lyke a child of xiiij yere of age and ſalewed the kyng / and aſked hym why he was ſo penſyf / I may wel be penſyf ſayd the kynge / for I haue ſene the merueylleſt ſyȝt that euer I ſawe / that knowe I wel ſaid Merlyn as wel as thy ſelf and of all thy thoughtes / but thow art but a foole to take thought / for it wylle not amend the / Alſo I knowe what thow arte / and who was thy fader / and of whome thow were begoten / kynge Vtherpendragon was thy fader / and begat the on Igrayne / that is fals ſaid kyng Arthur / how ſholdeſt thou knowe it / for thow arte not ſo old of yeres to knowe my fader / yes ſayd Merlyn I knowe it better than ye or ony man lyuynge / I wille not bileue the ſaid Arthur and was wroth with the child / Soo departed Merlyn and came ageyne in the lykenes of an old man of iiij ſcore yere of age / wherof the kynge was ryght glad / for he ſemed to be ryghte wyſe

Thenne ſaide the old man why are ye ſo ſad / I maye wel be heuy ſaid Arthur for many thynges / Alſo here was a chyld and told me many thynges that me ſemeth / he ſhold not knowe / for he was not of age to knowe my fader / yes ſaid the old

[leaf 33 verso]

man / the child told yow trouthe / and more wold he haue tolde yow and ye wolde haue ſuffred hym / But ye haue done a thynge late that god is diſpleaſyd with yow / for ye haue layne by your ſyſter / and on her ye haue goten a chyld / that ſhalle deſtroye yow and all the knyghtes of your realme What are ye ſaid Arthur that telle me theſe tydynges / I am Merlyn / and I was he in the childes lykenes / A ſayd kyng Arthur ye are a merueillous man / but I merueylle moche / of thy wordes that I mote dye in bataille / Merueylle not ſaid Merlyn / for it is gods wyll youre body to be punyſſhed for your fowle dedes / but I may wel be ſory ſaid Merlyn / for I ſhalle dye a ſhameful deth / to be put in the erthe quyck / and ye ſhall dye a worſhipful deth / And as they talked this / cam one with the kynges hors / and ſo the kyng mounted on his hors and Merlyn on another and ſo rode vnto Carlyon / & anone the kynge aſked Ector and Vlfyus how he was bigoten / & they told hym Vtherpendragon was his fader & quene Igrayn his moder / thenne he ſayd to Merlyn I wylle that my moder be ſente for that I may ſpeke with her / And yf ſhe ſaye ſo her ſelf / thēne wylle I byleue hit / In all haſt the quene was ſente for / and ſhe cam & broughte with her Morgan le fay her doughter that was as fayre a lady as ony myghte be / & the kynge welcomed Igrayne in the beſt maner /

¶ Capitulum xxj

RYght ſoo cam Vlfyus & ſaide openly that the kynge and all myȝt here that were feſted that day / ye are the falſeſt lady of the world and the moſt traitreſſe vnto the kynges perſon / Beware ſaide Arthur what thow ſaiſt / thow ſpekeſt a grete word / I am wel ware ſaid Vlfyus what I ſpeke / & here is my gloue to preue hit vpon ony man that will ſeye the contrary / that this quene Igrayne is cauſar af your grete domage / & of your grete werre For and ſhe wold haue vtterd it in the lyf of kyng Vtherpēdragon of the byrthe of yow / and how ye were begoten ye had neuer had the mortal werrys that ye haue had for the mooſt party of your barons of your realme knewe neuer whos ſone ye were / nor of whome ye were begoten / & ſhe that bare yow of her body ſhold haue made it knowen openly in excuſyng of her worſhip & yours / & in lyke wyſe to alle the reame / wherfor I

preue her fals to god and to yow and to al your realme and who wyll faye the contrary I wyll preue it on his body Thenne fpak Igrayne and fayd I am a woman and I may not fyghte / but rather than I fhold be difhonoured / ther wold fome good man take my quarel // More fhe fayd / Merlyn knoweth wel and ye fyr Vlfyus how kynge Vther cam to me in the Caftel of Tyntagaill in the lykenes of my lord that was dede thre houres to fore / and therby gat a child that nyght vpon me / And after the xiij day kynge Vther wedded me / and by his commaundement whan the child was borne it was delyuerd vnto Merlyn and nouryffhed by hym / and fo I fawe the child neuer after / nor wote not what is his name / for I knewe hym neuer yet / And there Vlfyus faide to the quene Merlyn is more to blame than ye / wel I wote faid the quene I bare a child by my lord kyng Vther / but I wote not where he is become / thenne Merlyn toke the kynge by the hand fayeng / this is your moder / and therwith fyr Ector bare wytnes how he nouryffhed hym by Vthers commaundement / And therwith kynge Arthur toke his moder quene Igrayne in his armes and kyft her / and eyther wepte vpon other / And thenne the kyng lete make a feeft that lafted eyght dayes / Thenne on a day ther come in the courte a fquyer on hors back ledynge a knyght before hym wounded to the dethe / and told hym how ther was a knyght in the foreft had rered vp a pauelione by a well and hath flayne my mayfter a good knyght / his name was mylis / wherfor I byfeche yow that my mayfter maye be buryed / and that fomme knyȝt maye reuenge my mayfters deth / thenne the noyfe was grete of that knyghtes dethe in the Court / and euery man faid his aduys / thenne came Gryflett that was but a fquyer / and he was but yonge of the age of the kyng Arthur / foo he befoughte the kyng for alle his feruyfe that he had done hym to gyue the ordre of knyghthode

¶ Capitulum xxij

THou arte full yong and tendyr of age fayd Arthur for to take fo hyghe an ordre on the / Sir faid gryflet I byfeche yow make me knyȝt / Syr faid Merlyn it were grete pyte to lefe Gryflet / for he wille be a paffynge good man / whanne he is of age / abydynge with yow the terme

[leaf 34 verso]

me of his lyf / And yf he auenture his body with yonder knyght at the fontayne it is in grete peryll yf euer he come ageyne / for he is one of the beſt knyghtes of the world / and the ſtrēgyſt man of armes / wel ſaid Arthur / ſo at the deſyre of gryflet the kynge made hym knyght / Now ſaid Arthur vnto ſyre Gryflet / Sythen I haue made yow knyghte thow muſt yeue me a gyfte / what ye will ſaid Gryflet / thou ſhalt promyſe me by the feythe of thy body whan thou haſt Iuſted with the knyght at the fontayne / whether it falle ye be on foote or on horſbak / that ryght ſo ye ſhal come ageyne vnto me withoute makynge ony more debate / I wyll promyſe yow ſaid Gryflet as yow deſyre / Thenne toke Gryflet his hors in grete haſte / & dreſſyd his ſheld and toke a ſpere in his hand / and ſo he rode a grete wallop tyll he cam to the fontayne / and ther by he ſawe a ryche pauelion / and ther by vnder a clothe ſtode a ſayr hors wel ſadeled and brydeled / and on a tree a ſhelde of dyuerſe colours and a grete ſpere / Thenne Gryflet ſmote on the ſheld with the bott of his ſpere that the ſhylde felle doune to the ground / with that the knyght cam oute of the pauelione / & ſayd fair knyght why ſmote ye doune my ſheld / for I wil Iuſte with yow ſaid gryflet / it is better ye doo not ſayd the knyghte for ye are but yong and late made knyght / and your myghte is nothyng to myn / as for that ſaide Gryflet I wylle Iuſte with yow / that is me loth ſaid the knyght / but ſythen I muſte nedes I wille dreſſe me therto / of whens be ye ſayd the knyȝte ſyre I am of Arthurs courte / So the two knyghtes ranne to gyder that gryflets ſpere al to ſheuered / and ther with all he ſmote Gryflet thorowe the ſhelde & the lyfte ſyde / and brake the ſpere that the troncheon ſtack in his body / that hors and knyghte fylle doune

¶ Capitulum xxiij

THan the knyght ſawe hym lye ſoo on the ground / he alyght and was paſſynge heuy / for he wende he had ſlayne hym / and thenne he vnlaced his helme and gate hym wynde / and ſo with the troncheon he ſet hym on his hors and gate him wynde / and ſo bytoke hym to god / and ſeid he had a myghty hert and yf he myght lyue he wold preue a paſſynge good knyȝt / & ſo ſyr Gryflet rode to the court where grete doole

was made for hym / But thorowe good leches he was heled / and ſaued / Ryght ſo cam in to the Courte xij knyȝtes & were aged men / and they cam from themperour of Rome / & they aſked of Arthur truage for this realme / other els themperour wold deſtroye hym & his land / wel ſaid kyng Arthur ye are meſſagers / therfor ye may ſay what ye wil other els ye ſhold dye therfore / But this is myn anſuer I owe themperour noo truage nor none will I hold hym / but on a fayr felde I ſhall yeue hym my truage that ſhal be with a ſharp ſpere / or els with a ſharp ſwerd / & that ſhall not be long by my faders ſoule Vtherpendragon / & therwith the meſſagers departed paſſyngly wroth / & kyng arthur as wroth / for in euyl tyme cam they thenne / for the kyng was paſſyngly wroth for the hurte of ſir Gryflet / & ſoo he commaunded a pryuy man of his chambre / that or hit be day his beſt hors and armour with all that longeth vnto his perſone be withoute the cyte or to morowe daye Ryght ſo or to morow day he met with his man and his hors and ſo mounted vp and dreſſid his ſheld / & toke his ſpere and bad his chamberlayne tary there tyll he came ageyne / And ſo Arthur roode a ſofte paas tyll it was day / & thenne was he ware of thre chorles chacynge Merlyn / and wold haue ſlayne hym / thenne the kyng rode vnto them / and bad them flee chorles / thenne were they aferd whan they ſawe a knyght and fled / O Merlyn ſaid Arthur / here haddeſt thou be ſlayne for all thy craftes had I not byn / Nay ſaid Merlyn not ſoo for I coude ſaue my ſelf and I wold / and thou arte more nere thy deth than I am for thow goſt to the deth ward & god be not thy frend / So as they wente thus talkyng / they came to the fontayne / and the ryche pauelione there by hit / thenne kyng Arthur was ware where ſat a knyght armed in a chayer / Syr knyght ſaid Arthur / for what cauſe abydeſt thow here that ther maye no knyght ryde this wey but yf he Iuſte wyth the ſaid the kynge / I rede the leue that cuſtome ſaid Arthur This cuſtomme ſaide the knyght haue I vſed and wille vſe magre who ſaith nay / & who is greued with my cuſtome / lete hym amende hit that wol / I wil amende it ſaid Arthur / I ſhal defende the ſaid the knyȝt / anon he toke his hors & dreſſid his ſhylde & toke a ſpere & they met ſo hard either in others ſheldes

[leaf 35 verso]

that al to ſheuered their ſperys / ther with anone Arthur pulled oute his ſwerd / nay not ſo ſaid the knyght / it is ſayrer ſayd the kny3t that we tweyne renne more to gyders with ſharp ſperys / I wille wel ſaid Arthur and I had ony mo ſperys I haue ynow ſaid the kny3t / ſo ther cam a ſquyer and brou3t in good ſperys / and Arthur choſe one & he another / ſo they ſpored their horſes & cam to gyders with al the myghtes / that eyther brak her ſperes to her handes / thenne Arthur ſette hand on his ſwerd / nay ſeid the knyght / ye ſhal do better / ye are a paſſynge good Iuſter as euer I mette with al / & ones for the loue of the hyghe ordre of kny3thode lete vs Iuſte ones ageyn / I aſſente me ſaid Arthur / anone there were brought two grete ſperys / and euery knyght gat a ſpere / and therwith they ranne to gyders that Arthurs ſpere al to ſheuered / But the other knyghte hyt hym ſo hard in myddes of the ſhelde / that horſe & man felle to the erthe / and ther with Arthur was egre & pulled oute his ſwerd / and ſaid I will aſſay the ſyr knyghte on foote / for I haue loſt the honour on horſbak / I will be on horſbak ſaid the knyght / thenne was Arthur wrothe and dreſſid his ſheld toward hym with his ſwerd drawen / whan the knyght ſawe that / he a lyghte / for hym thought no worſhip to haue a knyght at ſuche auaille he to be on horſbak and he on foot and ſo he alyght & dreſſid his ſheld vnto Arthur & ther begā a ſtrong bataille with many grete ſtrokes / & ſoo hewe with her ſwerdes that the cantels flewe in the feldes / and moche blood they bledde bothe / that al the place there as they faught was ouer bledde with blood / and thus they fought long and reſted hem / and thenne they wente to the batayl ageyne / and ſo hurtled to gyders lyke two rammes that eyther felle to the erthe So at the laſt they ſmote to gyders that both her ſwerdys met euen to gyders / But the ſwerd of the knyght ſmote kyng arthurs ſwerd in two pyeces / wherfor he was heuy / thenne ſaid the knyghte vnto Arthur / thow arte in my daunger whether me lyſt to ſaue the or ſlee the / and but thou yelde the as ouercome and recreaunt / thow ſhalt deye / as for deth ſaid kyng arthur welcome be it whan it cometh / But to yelde me vnto the as recreaunt I had leuer dye than to be ſoo ſhamed / And ther with al the kynge lepte vnto Pellinore & tooke hym by

the myddel and threwe hym doune and raced of his helme / Whan the knyght felt that / he was adrad / for he was paſſynge bygge man of myghte / and anone he broughte Arthur vnder hym / and reaced of his helme and wold haue ſmyten of his hede /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

THer with all came Merlyn and ſayd knyghte / hold thy hand / For and thow ſlee that knyghte thou putteſt this reame in the gretteſt dammage that euer was reame / For this knyght is a man of more worſhip than thou woteſt of / Why / who is he ſaid the knyghte / it is kyng Arthur Thenne wold he haue ſlayn hym for drede of his wrathe / and heue vp his ſwerd / and therwith Merlyn caſt an enchauntement to the knyghte that he felle to the erthe in a grete ſlepe / Thenne Merlyn tooke vp kyng Arthur and rode forth on the knyȝtes hors / Allas ſaid Arthur what haſt thou done merlyn haſt thow ſlayne this good knyghte by thy craftes / there lyueth not ſoo worſhipful a knyghte as he was / I had leuer than the ſtynte of my land a yere that he were on lyue / care ye not ſayd Merlyn / for he is holer than ye / for he is but on ſlepe and will awake within thre houres / I told you ſaid Merlyn what a knyghte he was / Here had ye be ſlayn had I not ben Alſo ther lyueth not a bygger knyght than he is one / and he ſhal here after do yow ryght good ſeruyſe & his name is Pellinore / and he ſhal haue two ſones that ſhal be paſſyng good men ſauf one / they ſhalle haue no felawe or proweſſe and of good lyuynge / and her names ſhal be Perſyual of walys / & Lamerak of walis / & he ſhal telle yow the name of your own ſone bygoten of your ſyſter that ſhal be the deſtruction of alle this royame

¶ Capitulum xxv

RYghte ſo the kyng and he departed & wente vn tyl an ermyte that was a good man and a grete leche / Soo the heremyte ſerched all his woundys & gaf hym good ſalues ſo the kyng was there thre dayes & thenne were his woundes wel amendyd that he myght ryde and goo / & ſo departed / & as they rode Arthur ſaid I haue no ſwerd / no force ſaid Merlyn here by is a ſwerd that ſhalle be yours and I may / Soo they rode tyl they came to a lake the whiche was a fayr water / and brood / And in the myddes of the lake Arthur was ware of

[leaf 36 verso]

an arme clothed in whyte ſamyte / that held a fayr ſwerd in that hand / loo ſaid Merlyn yonder is that ſwerd that I ſpak of / with that they ſawe a damoiſel goyng vpon the lake / what damoyſel is that ſaid Arthur / that is the lady of the lake ſaid Merlyn / And within that lake is a roche / and theryn is as fayr a place as ony on erthe and rychely beſene / and this damoyſell wylle come to yow anone / and thenne ſpeke ye fayre to her that ſhe will gyue yow that ſwerd / Anone with all came the damoyſel vnto Arthur / and ſalewed hym / and he her ageyne / Damoyſel ſaid Arthur / what ſwerd is that / that yonder the arme holdeth aboue the water / I wold it were myne / for I haue no ſwerd / Syr Arthur kynge ſaid the damoyſell / that ſwerd is myn / And yf ye will gyue me a yeſte whan I aſke it yow / ye ſhal haue it by my feyth ſaid Arthur / I will yeue yow what yeſte ye will aſke / wel ſaid the damoiſel go ye into yonder barge / & rowe your ſelf to the ſwerd / and take it / and ſcaubart with yow / & I will aſke my yeſte whan I ſee my tyme / So ſyr Arthur & merlyn alyght & tayed their horſes to two trees / & ſo they went in to the ſhip / & whanne they came to the ſwerd that the hand held / ſyre Arthur toke it vp by the handels / & toke it with hym / & the arme & the hād went vnder the water / & ſo come vnto the lond & rode forth / & thēne ſyr Arthur ſawe a ryche pauelion / what ſygnyfyeth yōder pauelion / þt is þe knyȝtes pauelion ſeid merlyn þt ye fouȝt with laſt / ſyr Pellinore / but he is out / he is not there / he hath adoo with a knyght of yours that hyght Egglame / & they haue fouȝten to gyder / but al the laſt Egglame fledde and els he had ben dede / & he hath chaced hym euen to Carlyon / and we ſhal mete with hym anon in the hygh wey / that is wel ſayd / ſaid Arthur / now haue I a ſwerd / now wille I wage bataill with hym & be auenged on hym / ſir ye ſhal not ſo ſaid Merlyn / for the knyght is wery of fyghtyng & chacyng ſo that ye ſhal haue no worſhip to haue a do with hym / Alſo he will not be lyȝtly matched of one knyȝt lyuyng / & therfor it is my counceil / lete hym paſſe / for he ſhal do you good ſeruyſe in ſhorte tyme & his ſones after his dayes / Alſo ye ſhal ſee that day in ſhort ſpace ye ſhal be riȝt glad to yeue him your ſiſter to wedde Whan I ſee hym I wil doo as ye aduyſe ſayd Arthur

Thenne ſyre Arthur loked on the ſwerd / and lyked it paſſynge wel / whether lyketh yow better ſayd Merlyn the ſuerd or the ſcaubard / Me lyketh better the ſwerd ſayd Arthur / ye are more vnwyſe ſayd Merlyn / for the ſcaubard is worth x of the ſwerdys / for whyles ye haue the ſcaubard vpon yow ye ſhalle neuer leſe no blood / be ye neuer ſo ſore wounded therfor kepe wel the ſcaubard alweyes with yow / ſo they rode vnto Carlyon / and by the way they met with ſyr Pellinore / but Merlyn had done ſuche a crafte / that pellinore ſawe not Arthur / and he paſt by withoute ony wordes / I merueylle ſayd Arthur that the knyght wold not ſpeke / ſyr ſaid Merlyn / he ſawe yow not / for and he had ſene yow ye had not lyghtly departed / Soo they come vnto Carlyon / wherof his knyghtes were paſſynge glad / And whanne they herd of his auentures / they merueilled that he wold ieoparde his perſone ſoo al one / But alle men of worſhip ſaid it was mery to be vnder ſuche a chyuetayne that wolde put his perſone in auenture as other poure knyghtes dyd /

¶ Capitulum xxvij

THis meane whyle came a meſſager from kynge Ryons of Northwalys / And kynge he was of all Ireland and of many Iles / And this was his meſſage gretynge wel kynge Arthur in this manere wyſe ſayenge / that kynge Ryons had diſcomſyte and ouercome xj kynges / and eueryche of hem did hym homage / and that was this / they gaf hym their berdys clene flayne of / as moche as ther was / wher for the meſſager came for kyng Arthurs berd / For kyng Ryons had purfyled a mantel with kynges berdes / and there lacked one place of the mantel / wherfor he ſente for his berd or els he wold entre in to his landes / and brenne and flee / & neuer leue tyl he haue the hede and the berd / wel ſayd Arthur thow haſt ſaid thy meſſage / the whiche is the moſt vylaynous and lewdeſt meſſage that euer man herd ſente vnto a kynge / Also thow mayſt ſee / my berd is ful yong yet to make a purſyl of hit / But telle thow thy kynge this / I owe hym none homage / ne none of myn elders / but or it be longe to / he ſhall do me homage on bothe his kneys / or els he ſhall leſe his hede by the feith of my body / for this is the moſt ſhamefulleſt meſſage

[leaf 37 verso]

that euer I herd ſpeke of / I haue aſpyed / thy kyng met neuer yet with worſhipful man / but telle hym / I wyll haue his hede withoute he doo me homage / thenne the meſſager departed ¶ Now is there ony here ſaid Arthur that knoweth kyng Ryons thenne anſuerd a knyght that hyght Naram / Syre I knowe the kynge wel / he is a paſſyng good man of his body / as fewe ben lyuynge / and a paſſyng prowde man / and ſir doubte ye not / he wille make warre on yow with a myghty puyſſaunce / wel ſaid Arthur I ſhall ordeyne for hym in ſhort tyme

¶ Capitulum xxviij

THēne kyng arthur lete ſende for al the childrē born on may day begotē of lordes & born of ladyes / for Merlyn told kynge Arthur that he that ſhold deſtroye hym / ſhold be borne in may day / wherfor he ſent for hem all vpon payn of deth and ſo ther were founde many lordes ſones / and all were ſente vnto the kynge / and ſoo was Mordred ſente by kyng Lotts wyf / and all were put in a ſhip to the ſee / and ſome were iiij wekes old and ſome laſſe / And ſo by fortune the ſhyp drofe vnto a caſtel and was al to ryuen and deſtroyed the moſt part ſauf that Mordred was caſt vp and a good man fonde hym / and nouryſſhed hym tyl he was xiiij yere olde / & thenne he brought hym to the Court / as it reherceth afterward toward the ende of the deth of Arthur / So many lordes and barons of this reame were diſpleaſyd / for her children were ſo loſt / and many put the wyte on Merlyn more than on Arthur / ſo what for drede and for loue they helde their pees / But whanne the meſſager came to kynge Ryons / thenne was he woode oute of meſure and purueyed hym for a grete hooſt as it rehercyth after in the book of Balyn le ſaueage that foloweth next after / how by aduenture Balyn gat the ſwerd

¶ Explicit liber primus
¶ Incipit liber ſecundus

AFter the dethe of Vtherpendragon regned Arthur his ſone / the whiche had grete werre in his dayes for to gete al Englond in to his hand / For there were many kynges within the realme of Englond and in walys / Scotland and Cornewaille / Soo it befelle on a tyme / whanne kyng Arthur

[leaf 38]

was at London ther came a knyght and tolde the kynge tydynges how that the kynge Ryons of Northwalys had rered a grete nombre of peple / and were entryd in to the land and brente and ſlewe the kynges true liege peple / yf this be true ſaid Arthur / it were grete ſhame vnto myn eſtate / but that he were myghtely withſtand / it is trouthe ſayd the knyghte / for I ſawe the hooſt my ſelf / wel ſaide the kynge / lete make a crye / that all the lordes knyghtes and gentylmen of armes ſhold drawe vnto a caſtel called Camelot in tho dayes / and ther the kynge wold lete make a counceil general and a grete Iuſtes So whan the kynge was come thyder with all his baronage and lodged as they ſemed beſt / ther was come a damoiſel the whiche was ſente on meſſage from the grete lady lylle of auelyon / And whan ſhe came bifore kynge Arthur / ſhe told from whome ſhe came / and how ſhe was ſent on meſſage vnto hym for theſe cauſes Thenne ſhe lete her mantel falle that was rychely furred / And thenne was ſhe gyrd with a noble ſwerd wherof the kynge had merueill / and ſaid Damoyſel for what cauſe are ye gyrd with that ſwerd / it biſemeth yow not / Now ſhall I telle yow ſaid the damoyſel / This ſwerd that I am gyrd with al doth me grete ſorowe and comberaunce / for I may not be delyuerd of this ſwerd / but by a knyghte / but he muſt be a paſſyng good man of his handes and of his dedes and withoute vylonye or trecherye and withoute treaſon / And yf I maye ſynde ſuche a knyghte that hath all theſe vertues / he may drawe oute this ſwerd oute of the ſhethe / for I haue ben at kyng Ryons / it was told me ther were paſſyng good knyghtes / and he and alle his knyghtes haue aſſayed it and none can ſpede / This is a grete merueill ſaid Arthur / yf this be ſothe / I wille my ſelf aſſaye to drawe oute the ſwerd / not preſumynge vpon my ſelf that I am the beſt knyghte / but that I will begynne to drawe at your ſwerd in gyuyng example to alle the Barons that they ſhall aſſay euerychone after other whan I haue aſſayed it / Thenne Arthur toke the ſwerd by the ſhethe and by the gyrdel and pulled at it egrely / but the ſwerd wold not oute / ¶ Sire ſeid the damoyſell ye nede not to pulle half ſo hard / for he that ſhall pulle it out ſhal do it with lytel myghte / ye ſay wel ſaid Arthur / Now aſſaye

[leaf 38 verso]

ye al my barons / but beware ye be not defoyled with ſhame trechery ne gyle / thenne it wille not auaylle ſayd the damoyſell / for he muſt be a clene knyght withoute vylony and of a gentil ſtrene of fader ſyde and moder ſyde / Mooſt of all the barons of the round table that were there at that tyme aſſayed alle by rewe / but ther myght non ſpede / wherfor the damoyſel made grete ſorow oute of meſure and ſayd Allas I wende in this Courte had ben the beſt knyghtes withoute trechery or treſon / By my feythe ſayth Arthur here are good knyghtes as I deme as ony ben in the world / but theyr grace is not to helpe yow / wherfor I am diſpleaſyd

¶ Capitulum ij

THenne felle hit ſoo that tyme / ther was a poure knyght with kynge Arthur / that had byn pryſoner with hym half a yere & more for ſleynge of a knyghte / the whiche was coſyn vnto kynge Arthur / the name of this knyght was called Balen / and by good meanes of the barons he was delyuerd oute of pryſon / for he was a good man named of his body / and he was borne in northumberland / and ſoo he wente pryuely in to the Courte / and ſawe this aduenture / werof hit reyſed his herte / and wolde aſſaye it as other knyghtes dyd / but for he was poure and pourely arayed he put hym not ferre in prees / But in his herte he was fully aſſured to doo as wel yf his grace happed hym as ony knyght that there was / And as the damoyſel toke her leue of Arthur and of alle the barons ſo departyng / this knyght Balen called vnto her and ſayd Damoyſel I praye yow of your curtoſy / ſuffre me as wel to aſſay as theſe lordes though that I be ſo pourely clothed / in my herte me ſemeth I am fully aſſured as ſomme of theſe other / And me ſemeth in my herte to ſpede ryght wel / The damoyſel beheld the poure knyght / and ſawe he was a lykely man / but for his poure arrayment ſhe thoughte he ſhold be of no worſhip withoute vylonye or trechery / And thēne ſhe ſayd vnto the knyght / ſir it nedeth not to put me to more payn or labour / for it ſemeth not yow to ſpede there as other haue failled / A fayr Damoyſel ſaid Balen worthynes and good tatches and good dedes are not only in arrayment / but manhood and worſhip is hyd within mans perſone and many a worſhipful knyghte is not knowen vn-

[leaf 39]

to alle people / and therfore worſhip and hardyneſſe is not in arayment / By god ſayd the damoyſel ye ſay ſothe / therfor ye ſhal aſſaye to do what ye may / Thenne Balen took the ſwerd by the gyrdel and ſhethe / and drewe it out eaſyly / and when he loked on the ſwerd hit pleaſyd hym moche / thenne had the kynge and alle the barons grete merueille that Balen hadde done that auenture / many knyghtes had grete deſpyte af Balen / Certes ſaid the damoyſel / this is a paſſynge good knyght and the beſt that euer I found and mooſt of worſhip without treſon / trechery or vylony / and many merueylles ſhalle he do / Now gentyl and curtois knyght yeue me the ſwerd ayene nay ſaid Balen / for this ſwerd wylle I kepe but it be taken from me with force / wel ſaide the damoyſel ye are not wyſe to kepe the ſwerd from me / for ye ſhalle ſlee with the ſwerd the beſt frende that ye haue and the man that ye moſte loue in the world / and the ſwerd ſhalle be your deſtruction / I ſhal take the aduenture ſayd Balen that god wille ordeyne me / but the ſwerd ye ſhalle not haue at this tyme by the feythe of my body / ye ſhalle repente hit within ſhort tyme ſayd the damoyſel / For I wold haue the ſwerd more for your auaylle than for myne / for I am paſſyng heuy for your ſake / For ye wil not byleue that ſwerd ſhal be youre deſtruction / and that is grete pyte / with that the damoyſel departed makynge grete ſorowe / Anone after Balen ſente for his hors and armour / and ſoo wold departe fro the Courte and toke his leue of kynge Arthur / nay ſayd the kynge I ſuppoſe ye wyll not departe ſo lizzely fro this felauſhip / I ſuppoſe ye are diſpleaſed that I haue ſhewed yow vnkyndenes / Blame me the laſſe / for I was mys ſenformed ageynſt yow / but I wende ye had not ben ſuche a knyght as ye are of worſhip and proweſſe / and yf ye wyll abyde in this courte among my felauſhip / I ſhalle ſo auaunce yow as ye ſhalle be pleaſed / god thanke your hyhenes ſaid Balen / your bounte and hyhenes may no man preyſe half to the valewe / but at this tyme I muſt nedes departe / byſechyng yow alwey of your good grace / Truly ſaid the kynge I am ryght wrothe for your departyng / I pray yow faire knyghte / that ye tary not long / and ye ſhal be ryght welcome to me / & to my barons / and I ſhalle amende all myſſe that I haue

[leaf 39 verso]

done ageynſt yow / god thanke your grete lordſhip ſaid Balen / and therwith made hym redy to departe / Thenne the mooſt party of the knyghtes of the round table ſayd that Balen did not this auenture al only by myghte but by wytchecraſt

¶ Capitulum Tercium

THe meane whyle that this knyght was makyng hym redy to departe / there came in to the Court a lady that hyght the lady of the lake / And ſhe came on horſback rychely byſene / and ſalewed kynge Arthur / and there aſked hym a yefte that he promyſed her whan ſhe gaf hym the ſwerd / that is ſothe ſaid Arthur / a gyfte I promyſed yow / but I haue forgoten the name of my ſwerd that ye gaue me / The name of it ſaid the lady is Excalibur that is as moche to ſay as cut ſtele / ye ſaye wel ſaid the kynge / Aſke what ye wil and ye ſhall haue it / and hit lye in my power to yeue hit / wel ſayd the lady / I aſke the heede of the knyghte that hath wonne the ſwerd / or els the damoyſels heede that broughte hit / I take no force though I haue bothe their hedes / for he ſlewe my broder a good knyȝte and a true / and that gentilwoman was cauſar of my faders deth / Truly ſaid kynge Arthur I maye not graunte neyther of her hedes with my worſhip / therfor aſke what ye wille els / and I ſhall fulfille your deſyre / I wil aſke none other thyng ſaid the lady / whan Balyn was redy to departe he ſawe the lady of the lake that by her menes had ſlayne Balyns moder and he had ſoughte her thre yeres / and whan it was told hym that ſhe aſked his hede of kynge Arthur he went to her ſtreyte and ſaid euyl be you ſoūde / ye wold haue my hede / and therfore ye ſhall leſe yours / and with hys ſwerd lyghtly he ſmote of hir hede before kynge Arthur / allas for ſhame ſayd Arthur why haue ye done ſo / ye haue ſhamed me and al my Courte / for this was a lady that I was be holden to / and hyther ſhe came vnder my ſauf conduyte / I ſhalle neuer foryeue you that treſpas / Sir ſaid Balen me forthynketh of your diſpleaſyr / for this ſame lady was the vntrueſt lady lyuynge / and by enchauntement and ſorſſery ſhe hath ben the deſtroyer of many good knyghtes / and ſhe was cauſer that my moder was brente thorow her falſhede and trechery / what cauſe ſoo euer ye had ſaid Arthur ye ſhold haue

[leaf 40]

forborne her in my preſence / therfor thynke not the contrary ye ſhalle repente it / for ſuche another deſpyte had I neuer in my Courte / therfor withdrawe yow oute of my Courte in al haſt that ye may / Thenne Balen toke vp the heed of the lady and bare it with hym to his hoſtry / and there he met with his ſquyer that was ſory he had diſpleaſyd kyng Arthur / and ſo they rode forth oute of the town / Now ſaid Balen we muſt departe / take thow this hede and bere it to my frendys / and telle hem how I haue ſped / and telle my frendys in Northumberland that my moſt foo is deed / Alſo telle hem how I am oute of pryſon / and what auēture befelle me at the getyng of this ſwerd Allas ſaid the ſquyar ye are gretely to blame for to diſpleaſe kyng Arthur / as for that ſaid Balen I wylle hyhe me in al the haſt that I may to mete with kynge Ryons and deſtroye hym eyther els or dye therfor / and yf it may happe me to wynne hym / thenne wille kynge Arthur be my good and gracious lord / where ſhall I mete with yow ſaide the ſquyer / in kynge Arthurs Court ſaid Balen / ſo his ſquyer and he departed at that tyme / thenne kynge Arthur and alle the Court made grete doole and had ſhame of the deth of the lady of the lake

Athenne the kyng buryed her rychely ¶ **Capitulum iiij**

AT that tyme ther was a knyghte / the whiche was the kynges ſone of Irelond and his name was Launceor / the whiche was an orgulous knyȝt / and counted hym ſelf one of the beſt of the Courte / and he had grete deſpyte at Balen for the encheuynge of the ſwerd that ony ſhold be acounted more hardy or more of proweſſe / and he aſked kynge Arthur yf he wold gyue hym leue to ryde after Balen and to reuenge the deſpyte that he had done / Doo your beſt ſaid Arthur I am right wroth ſaid Balen I wold he were quyte of the deſpyte that he hath done to me and to my Courte / Thenne this Launceor wente to his hoſtry to make hym redy / In the meane whyle cam Merlyn vnto the Court of kyng Arthur and there was told hym the aduenture of the ſwerd and the deth of the lady of the lake / Now ſhall I ſaye yow ſaid Merlyn / this ſame damoyſel that here ſtandeth that broughte the ſwerde vnto your Court / I ſhalle telle yow the cauſe of her comynge / ſhe was the falſeſt damoyſel that lyueth / ſay not ſo ſaid they / She

hath a broder a paſſynge good knyght of proweſſe and a ful true man / and this damoyſel loued another knyght that helde her to peramour / and this good knyght her broder mett with the knyght that held her to peramour and ſlewe hym by force of his handes / whan this fals damoyſel vnderſtood thys / ſhe wente to the lady lyle of Auelione / and beſought her of help / to be auengyd on her owne broder

¶ Capitulum quintum

And ſo this lady lyle of Auelion toke her this ſwerd that ſhe broughte with her / and told there ſhold noo man pulle it oute of the ſhethe but yf he be one of the beſt knyghtes of this reame / and he ſhold be hard and ful of proweſſe / and with that ſwerd he ſhold ſlee her broder / this was the cauſe that the damoyſel came in to this Courte / I knowe it as wel as ye / wolde god ſhe had nat comen in to thys Courte / but ſhe came neuer in felauſhip of worſhip to do good but alweyes grete harme / and that knyght that hath encheued the ſuerd ſhal be deſtroyed by that ſuerd / for the whiche wil be grete dommage / for ther lyueth not a knyȝt of more proweſſe than he is / and he ſhalle do vnto yow my lord Arthur grete honour and kyndeneſſe / and it is grete pyte he ſhall not endure but a whyle / for of his ſtrengthe and hardyneſſe I knowe not his matche lyuynge / Soo the knyght of Irelonde armed hym at al poyntes / and dreſſid his ſhelde on his ſholder and mounted vpon horſback and toke his ſpere in his hand / and rode after a grete paas as moche as his hors myght goo / and within a lytel ſpace on a montayne he had a ſyghte of Balyn / and with a lowde voys he cryed abyde knyght / for ye ſhal abyde whether ye will or nyll / and the ſheld that is to fore you ſhalle not helpe / whan Balyn herd the noyſe / he tourned his hors ſyerſly / and ſaide faire knyghte what wille ye with me / wille ye Iuſte with me / ye ſaid the Iryſſhe knyghte / therfor come I after yow / parauenture ſaid Balyn it had ben better to haue hold yow at home / for many a man weneth to putte his enemy to a rebuke / and ofte it falleth to hym ſelf / of what courte be ye ſente fro ſaid Balyn / I am come fro the Courte of kynge Arthur ſayd the knyghte of Irlond / that come hyder for to reuenge the deſpyte ye dyd this day to kyng arthur

and to his courte / wel ſaid Balyn / I ſee wel I muſt haue adoo with yow that me forthynketh for to greue kyng arthur or ony of his courte / and your quarel is ful ſymple ſaid Balyn vnto me / for the lady that is dede / dyd me grete domma-
5 ge or els wold I haue ben lothe as ony knyghte that lyueth for to ſlee a lady / Make yow redy ſayd the knyght launceor / and dreſſe yow vnto me / for that one ſhalle abyde in the feld thenne they toke their ſperes / and cam to gyders as moche as their horſes myght dryue / and the Iryſſhe knyght ſmote Ba-
10 lyn on the ſheld that alle wente ſheuers of his ſpere / & Balyn hyt hym thorugh the ſheld / and the hauberk peryſſhed / & ſo percyd thurgh his body and the hors croppe / and anon torned his hors fyerſly and drewe oute his ſwerd and wyſte not that he had ſlayn hym / and thenne he ſawe hym lye as a
15 dede corps

¶ Capitulum vj

THenne he loked by hym and was ware of a damoyſel that came ryde ful faſt as the hors myghte ryde on a fayr palfroy / and whan ſhe aſpyed that launceor was ſlayne / ſhe made ſorowe oute of meſure and ſayd O Balyn
20 two bodyes thou haſt ſlayne and one herte and two hertes in one body / and two ſoules thow haſt loſt / And therwith ſhe toke the ſwerd from her loue that lay ded and fylle to the ground in a ſwowne / And whan ſhe aroos ſhe made grete dole out of meſure / the whiche ſorowe greued Balyn paſſyngly ſore / and
25 he wente vnto her for to haue taken the ſwerd oute of her hād but ſhe helde it ſo faſt / he myghte not take it oute of her hand onles he ſhold haue hurte her / and ſodenly ſhe ſette the pomell to the ground / and roſe her ſelf thorow the body / whan balyn aſpyed her dedes he was paſſynge heuy in his herte and aſha-
30 med that ſo fair a damoyſell had deſtroyed her ſelf for the loue of his deth / Allas ſaid Balyn me repēteth ſore the deth of this knyght for the loue of this damoyſel / for ther was moche true loue betwixe them bothe / and for ſorowe myght not lenger behold hym but torned his hors and loked toward a grete foreſt
35 and ther he was ware by the armes of his broder Balan / and whan they were mette they putte of her helmes and kyſſed to gyders and wepte for ioye and pyte / Thenne Balan ſayd / I

[leaf 41 verso]

lytel wende to haue met with yow at this ſodayne auenture / I am ryght glad of your delyueraunce and of youre dolorous pryſonement / for a mā told me in the caſtel of four ſtones that ye were delyuerd / & that man had ſene you in the court of kynge Arthur / & therfor I cam hyder in to this countrey / for here I ſuppoſed to ſynde you / anon the knyȝt balyn told his broder of his aduenture of the ſwerd & of the deth of the lady of the lake / & how kyng arthur was diſpleaſyd with hym wherfor he ſente this knyȝt after me that lyeth here dede / & the dethe of this damoyſel greueth me ſore / ſo doth it me ſaid Balan / but ye muſt take the aduenture that god will ordeyne yow / Truly ſaid Balyn I am ryght heuy that my lord Arthur is diſpleaſyd with me / for he is the mooſt worſhipful knyght that regneth now on erthe / & his loue will I gete or els I wil put my lyf in auenture / for the kyng Ryons lyeth at a ſyege atte caſtel Tarabil & thyder will we drawe in all haſt to preue our worſhip & proweſſe vpon hym / I wil wel ſaid Balan that we do & we wil helpe eche other as bretheren ouȝt to do / ¶ Ca vij

NOw go we hens ſaid balyn & wel be we met / the mene whyle as they talked ther cam a dwarf from the cyte of camelot on horſbak as moche as he myght & foūd the dede bodyes / wherfor he made grete dole & pulled out his here for ſorou & ſaide which of you knyȝtes haue done this dede / where by aſkeſt thou it ſaid balan / for I wold wete it ſaid the dwarfe / it was I ſaid balyn that ſlewe this knyght in my defendaūt for hyder he cam to chaace me & other I muſt ſlee hym or he me / & this damoyſel ſlewe her ſelf for his loue whiche repenteth me / & for her ſake I ſhal owe al wymmen the better loue / Allas ſaid the dwarf thow haſt done grete dommage vnto thy ſelf / for this knyght that is here dede was one of the moſt valyaunts men that lyued / and truſt wel balyn the kynne of this knyght wille chace yow thorowe the world tyl they haue ſlayne yow / As for that ſayd Balyn I fere not gretely / but I am ryght heuy that I haue diſpleaſyd my lord kyng arthur for the deth of this knyght / Soo as they talked to gyders there came a kynge of Cornewaille rydynge / the whiche hyghte kynge Mark / ¶ And whanne he ſawe theſe two bodyes dede and vnderſtood hou they were dede by the ij knyghtes

aboue ſaide / thenne maade the kynge grete ſorowe for the true loue that was betwix them / & ſaid I wil not departe tyl I haue on this erthe made a tombe / and there he pyght his pauelions and ſoughte thurgh alle the countrey to ſynde a tombe / and in a chirche they found one was fair and ryche / & thenne the kynge lete put hem bothe in the erthe & put the tombe vpon hem / and wrote the names of them bothe on the tombe / How here lyeth launceor the kynges sone of Irlond that at his owne requeſt was ſlayne by the handes of balyn / & how his lady colombe and peramoure ſlewe her ſelf with her loues ſwerd for dole and ſorowe

¶ Capitulum viij

THe mene whyle as this was a doyng / in cam merlyn to kyng mark ſeyng alle his doynge ſaid / Here ſhalle be in this ſame place the gretteſt bataille betwixt two knyghtes that was or euer ſhall be / and the trueſt louers / and yet none of hem ſhalle ſlee other / and there Merlyn wrote her names vpon the tombe with letters of gold that ſhold fyghte in that place / whos names were Launcelot de lake / and Tryſtram / thow art a merueillous man ſaide kynge Marke vnto Merlyn that ſpekeſt of ſuche merueilles / thou art a boyſtous man and an vnlykely to telle of ſuche dedes / what is thy name ſaid kynge Marke / at this tyme ſaid Merlyn I will not telle / but at that tyme whan ſyr Tryſtram is taken with his ſouerayne lady / thenne ye ſhalle here and knowe my name / & at that tyme ye ſhal here tydynges that ſhal not pleaſe yow / Thenne ſaid merlyn to balyn thou haſt done thy ſelf grete hurt by cauſe that thow ſaueſt not this lady that ſlewe her ſelf that myght haue ſaued her & thow woldeſt / by the feyth of my body ſayd balyn I myght not ſaue her for ſhe ſlewe her ſelf ſodenly Me repenteth ſaide Merlyn by cauſe of the dethe of that lady thou ſhalt ſtryke a ſtroke moſt dolorous that euer man ſtroke excepte the ſtroke of oure lorde / for thou ſhalt hurte the trueſt knyȝt & the man of moſt worſhip that now lyueth / & thorow that ſtroke iij kyngdoms ſhal be in grete pouerte myſere & wretchidnes xij yere / & the knyȝt ſhal not be hool of that woūd many yeres / thēne merlyn toke his leue of balyn & balen ſaid yf I wiſt it were ſoth that ye ſay I ſhold do ſuche peryllous dede as that I wold ſlee my ſelf to make the a lyar / therwith merlyn

vanyſſhed awey ſodenly / and thenne balyn and his broder toke her leue of kynge Mark / fyrſt ſaid the kynge telle me your name / ſyr ſaid Balen ye may ſee he bereth two ſwerdes ther by ye may calle hym the knyght with the two ſwerdes & ſoo departed kyng marke vnto camelot to kynge Arthur & balyn toke the wey toward kyng Ryons / and as they rode to gyder they mett with Merlyn deſguyſed / but they knewe hym not / whyder ryde yow ſaid Merlyn / we haue lytel to do ſaide the ij knyȝtes to telle the / but what is thy name ſaid Balen at this tyme ſaid Merlyn I will not telle it the / it is euyl ſene ſaid the knyghtes that thou art a true man that thou wolt not telle thy name / as for that ſayd Merlyn / be hit / as it be may I can telle yow wherfor ye ryde this wey for to mete kyng Ryons but it will not auaille you without ye haue my counceill A ſaid Balyn ye are Merlyn we wyl be rulyd by your coūceill / come on ſaid Merlyn ye ſhal haue grete worſhip & loke that ye do knyȝtely for ye ſhal haue grete nede / as for that ſaid Balen drede yow not we will do what we may /

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne Merlyn lodged them in a wode amonge leuys beſyde the hyhe way & toke of the brydels of their horſes & put hem to gras & leid hem doun to reſte hem tylle it was nyhe mydnyȝt / Thenne Merlyn badde hem ryſe / & make hem redy / for the the kynge was nygh them that was ſtolen awey from his hooſt with a iij ſcore horſes of his beſt knyȝtes & xx of hem rode to fore to warne the lady de Vance that the kyng was comyng / for that nyȝt kyng Ryons ſhold haue layn with her / whiche is the kyng ſaid Balyn / abyde ſaid Merlyn here in a ſtreyte wey ye ſhal mete with hym & therwith he ſhewed Balyn & his broder where he rode / anon balyn & his broder mette with the kyng & ſmote hym doune & wounded hym fyerſly & leid hym to the ground / & there they ſlewe on the ryght hand & the lyfte hand & ſlewe moo than xl of his men / & the remenaunt fled / thenne went they ageyne to kyng Ryons & wold haue ſlayn hym had he not yelded hym vnto her grace Thenne ſaid he thus knyghtes ful of proweſſe ſlee me not / for by my lyf ye may wynne / & by my dethe ye ſhalle wynne noo thynge / Thenne ſayd theſe two knyghtes ye ſay ſothe & trouth

and ſo leyd hym on on hors lyttar / with that Merlyn was vanyſſhed and came to kyng Arthur afore hand & told hym how his moſt enemy was taken and diſcomfyted / by whome ſaid kynge Arthur / by two knyghtes ſaid Merlyn that wold pleaſe your lordſhip / and to morowe ye ſhalle knowe what knyghtes they are / Anone after cam the knyght with the two ſwerdes and balan his broder / and brought with hem kynge Ryons of Northwalys and there delyuerd hym to the porters and charged hem with hym / & ſoo they two retorned ageyne in the daunyng of the day / kynge Arthur cam thenne to kyng Ryons and ſaid Syr kynge ye are welcome / by what auenture come ye hyder / ſyr ſaid kyng Ryons I cam hyther by an hard auenture / who wanne yow ſaid kyng Arthur / ſyre ſaid the kyng the knyght with the two ſwerdes & his broder whiche are two merueillous knyghtes of proweſſe / I knowe hem not ſayd arthur but moche I am beholden to them / A ſaid merlyn I ſhal telle yow it is balen that encheued the ſwerd & his broder balan a good knyght / ther lyueth not a better of proweſſe & of worthyneſſe / and it ſhal be the gretteſt dole of hym that euer I knewe of knyght / for he ſhalle not long endure / Allas ſaide kynge Arthur that is grete pyte for I am moche beholdyng vnto hym / & I haue yll deſerued it vnto hym for his kyndenes / nay ſaid Merlyn he ſhal do moche more for yow / and that ſhal ye knowe in haſt / but ſyr are ye purueyed ſaid Merlyn for to morne the hooſte of Nero kynge Ryons broder wille ſette on yow or none with a grete hooſt and therfor make yow redy for I wyl departe from yow

¶ Capitulum x

THenne kyng Arthur made redy his hooſt in x batails and Nero was redy in the felde afore the caſtel Tarabil with a grete hooſt / & he had x batails with many mo peple than Arthur had / Thenne Nero had the vaward with the mooſt party of his peple / & merlyn cam to kyng lot of the yle of Orkeney / and helde hym with a tale of prophecye til Nero and his peple were deſtroyed / & ther ſyr kay the ſencyal dyd paſſyngly wel that the dayes of his lyf the worſhip went neuer frō hym & ſir heruys de reuel did merueillous dedes with

[leaf 43 verso]

with kynge Arthur / and kynge Arthur ſlewe that daye xx knyghtes & maymed xl / At that tyme cam in the knyȝte with the two ſwerdys and his broder Balan / But they two did ſo merueilloufly that the kynge and alle the knyghtes merueilled of them / and alle they that behelde them ſaid they were ſente from heuen as aungels or deuyls from helle / & kynge Arthur ſaid hym ſelf they were the beſt knyghtes that euer he ſawe / for they gaf ſuche ſtrokes that all men had wōder of hem In the meane whyle came one to kynge Lott and told hym / whyle he taryed there nero was deſtroyed and ſlayne with al his peple / Allas ſayd kynge Lot I am aſhamed / for by my defaute ther is many a worſhipful man ſlayne / for and we had ben to gyders there hadde ben none hooſte vnder the heuen that had ben abel for to haue matched with vs / This fayter with his prophecye hath mocked me / Al that dyd Merlyn for he knewe wel that and kyng Lot had ben with his body there at the fyrſt bataille / kynge Arthur had be ſlayne / and alle his peple deſtroyed / & wel Merlyn knewe the one of the kynges ſhold be dede that day / & loth was Merlyn that ony of them both ſholde be ſlayne / But of the tweyne / he had leuer kyng Lotte had be ſlayne than kynge Arthur / Now what is beſt to doo ſayd kyng Lot of Orkeney whether is me better to treate with kynge Arthur or to fyghte / for the gretter party of oure peple are ſlayne / and deſtroyed / Syr ſaid a knyght ſet on arthur for they are wery and forſoughten and we be freſſhe / As for me ſayd kyng Lot I wolde euery knyght wolde do his parte as I wold do myn / And thenne they auaunced baners and ſmoten to gyders and al to ſheuered their ſperes / and arthurs knyghtes with the helpe of the knyght with two ſwerdes & his broder balan put kyng lot & his hooſt to the werre / But alweyes kyng Lot helde hym in the formeſt frunte & dyd merueillous dedes of armes / for alle his hooſte was borne vp by his handes for he abode al knyghtes / allas he myght not endure the whiche was grete pyte that ſo worthy a knyyt as he was one ſhold be ouermatched that of late tyme afore hadde ben a knyght of kyng Arthurs & wedded the ſiſter of kyng arthur & for kyng Arthur lay by kyng lots wyf the whiche was arthurs ſyſter & gat on her Mordred / therfor kyng lot held ayēſt

[leaf 44]

Arthur / So ther was a knyght that was called the knyghte with the ſtraunge beeſte / and at that tyme his ryght name was called Pellinore / the whiche was a good man of proweſſe / and he ſmote a myghty ſtroke att kynge Lot as he fo-
5 ught with all his enemyes / and he fayled of his ſtroke / and ſmote the hors neck that he fylle to the grounde with kyng lot And therwith anon Pellinore ſmote hym a grete ſtroke thorow the helme & hede vnto the browes & thenne alle the hooſte of Orkeney fled for the deth of kynge Lott / and there were
10 ſlayn many moders ſones / But kynge Pellinore bare the wytte of the deth of kynge Lot / wherfore ſyr Gawayne reuenged the deth of his fader the x yere after he was made knyght and ſlewe kynge Pellinore with his owne handes / Alſo there were ſlayne at that bataille xij kynges on the ſyde of kyng Lot
15 with Nero / and alle were buryed in the chirche of ſaynt Steuyns in Camelot / and the remenaunt of knyghtes and of other were buryed in a grete roche ¶ **Capitulum xj**

SO at the enterement cam kynge Lots wyf Morgauſe with her foure ſones Gawayne / Agrauayne / Gaherys
20 and Gareth / Alſo ther came thyder kyng Vryens ſyr Ewayns fader and Morgan le fay his wyf that was kyng Arthurs ſyſter / Alle theſe cam to the enterement / but of alle theſe xij kynges kyng Arthur lete make the tombe of kynge Lot paſſyng rychely / and made his tombe by his owne / and
25 thenne Arthur lete make xij ymages of laton and couper / & ouer gylt hit with gold in the ſygne of xij kynges / & echon of hem helde a tapyr of wax that brent day and nyȝt / & kyng Arthur was made in ſygne of a ſygure ſtandynge aboue hem with a ſwerd drawen in his hand / and alle the xij ſygures had
30 countenaunce lyke vnto men that were ouercome / All this made Merlyn by his subtyl craſte and ther he told the kyng whā I am dede / theſe tapers ſhalle brenne no lenger / and ſoone after the aduentures of the Sangrayll ſhalle come among yow and be encheued / Alſo he told Arthur how Balyn the wor-
35 ſhipful knyght ſhal gyue the dolourous ſtroke / wherof ſhalle falle grete vengeaunce / O where is Balen & Balan & Pellinore ſaide kynge Arthur / as for Pellinore ſayd Merlyn / he wyl mete with yow ſoone / ¶ And as for Balyn

[leaf 44 verso]

he wille not be longe from yow / but the other broder wil departe ye ſhalle ſee hym no more / By my feyth ſaid Arthur they are two merueyllous knyghtes / and namely Balyn paſſeth of proweſſe of ony knyghte that euer I found / for moche be holden I am vnto hym / wold god he wold abyde with me / Syr ſayd Merlyn loke ye kepe wel the ſcaubard of Excalibur / for ye ſhalle leſe no blood whyle ye haue the ſcauberd vpon yow though ye haue as many woundes vpon yow as ye may haue / Soo after for grete truſt Arthur betoke the ſcauberd to Morgan le fay his ſyſter / and ſhe loued another knyght better than her huſband kynge Vryens or kynge Arthur And ſhe wold haue had Arthur her broder ſlayne / And ther for ſhe lete make another ſcauberd lyke it by enchauntement and gaf the ſcauberd Excalibur to her loue / and the knyghtes name was called Accolon that after had nere ſlayne kyng arthur / After this Merlyn told vnto kynge Arthur of the prophecye / that there ſhold be a grete batail beſyde Salyſbury and Mordred his owne ſone ſholde be ageynſte hym / Alſo he tolde hym that Baſdemegus was his coſyn and germayn vnto kynge Vryence

¶ Capitulum xij

WYthin a daye or two kynge Arthur was ſomewhat ſeke / and he lete pytche his pauelione in a medowe / & there he leyd hym doune on a paylet to ſlepe / but he myght haue no reſt / Ryght ſo he herd a grete noyſe of an hors and therwith the kynge loked oute at the porche of the pauelione / and ſawe a knyght comynge euen by hym makyng grete dole Abyde fair ſyr ſaid Arthur / & telle me wherfor thow makeſt this ſorowe / ye maye lytel amend me ſaid the knyghte and ſoo paſſed forthe to the caſtel of Melyot / Anone after ther cam balen / and whan he ſawe kynge Arthur / he alyght of his hors / and cam to the kynge on foote / and ſalewed hym / by my hede ſaide Arthur ye be welcome / Sire ryght now cam rydynge this way a knyght makynge grete moorne / for what cauſe I can not telle / wherfor I wold deſyre of yow of your curtoſye and of your gentylneſſe to fetche ageyne that knyght / eyther by force or els by his good wil / I wil do more for your lordſhip than that ſaid balyn / and ſo he rode more than a paas and found the knyght with a damoyſel in a foreſt & ſaid ſir knyȝt

ye muſt come with me vnto kynge Arthur for to telle hym of your ſorow / that wille I not / ſayd the knyghte / for hit wylle ſcathe me gretely / and now do yow none auaylle / ſyr ſayd Balyn I pray yow make yow redy for ye muſt goo with me / or els I muſt ſyghte with yow and brynge yow by force / and that were me loth to doo / wylle ye be my waraunt ſaid the knyght and I goo with yow / ye ſaide Balyn or els I wylle deye therfore / And ſo he made hym redy to go with Balyn / and lefte the damoyſel ſtylle / And as they were euen afore kynge Arthurs pauelione / there came one inuyſybel and ſmote thys knyghte that wente with Balyn thorow oute the body wyth a ſpere / Allas ſayd the knyght I am ſlayne vnder youre cōduyt with a knyght called Garlon / therfor take my hors that is better than yours and ryde to the damoyſel and folowe the queſt that I was in / as ſhe wylle lede yow and reuenge my deth whan ye may / That ſhalle I doo ſayd Balyn / and that I make vowe vnto knyghthode / and ſo he departed from thys knyghte with grete ſorowe / Soo kyng Arthur lete berye thys knyght rychely / and made a menſyon on his tombe / how there was ſlayne Herlews le berbeus / and by whome the trechery was done the knyght garlon / But euer the damoyſel bare the truncheon of the ſpere with her that ſyr Harlews was ſlayn with al

¶ Capitulum xiij

SO Balyn and the damoyſel rode in to a foreſt / & ther met with a knyght that had ben on huntynge / and that knyght aſked Balyn for what cauſe he made ſo grete ſorowe / me lyſt not to telle yow ſaide Balyn / Now ſaide the knyghte and I were armed as ye be I wolde ſyghte wyth yow / that ſhold lytel nede ſayd Balyn / I am not aferd to telle yow / and told hym alle the cauſe how it was A ſayd the knyght is this al / Here I enſure yow by the feithe of my body neuer to departe from yow whyle my lyf laſteth / & ſoo they wente to the hoſtry and armed hem / and ſo rode forth with balyn / And as they came by an heremytage euen by a Chyrche yerd / ther cam the knyghte garlon invyſybel and ſmote thys knyghte Peryn de mountebeliard thurgh the body with a ſpere / Allas ſaide the knyghte I am ſlayne by this traytoure

[leaf 45 verso]

knyghte that rydeth Inuyſyble / Allas ſaid balyn it is not the ſyrst deſpyte he hath done me / and there the heremyte and Balyn beryed the knyght vnder a ryche ſtone and a tombe royal And on the morne they fond letters of gold wryten / how ſyr Gaweyn ſhalle reuenge his faders deth kynge Lot / on the kynge Pellinore / Anone after this balyn and the damoyſel rode tyl they came to a caſtel and there balyn alyghte / and he and the damoyſel wende to goo in to the caſtel / and anone as balyn came within the caſtels yate the portecolys ſylle doune at his bak / and there felle many men about the damoyſel / and wold haue ſlayne her / whan balyn ſawe that / he was ſore agreued / for he myghte not helpe the damoyſel / thanne he wente vp in to the toure and lepte ouer wallys in to the dyche / and hurte hym not / and anone he pulled oute his ſuerd and wold haue fouȝten with hem / and they all ſayd nay they wold not ſyghte with hym / for they dyd no thyng but thold cuſtome of the caſtel / and told hym how her lady was ſeke / & had layne many yeres / and ſhe myghte not be hole but yf ſhe had a dyſſhe of ſyluer ful of blood of a clene mayde & a kynges doughter / and therfore the cuſtome of this caſtel is / there ſhalle no damoyſel paſſe this way but ſhe ſhal blede of her blood in a ſyluer dyſſhe ful / wel ſaid Balyn ſhe ſhal blede as moche as ſhe may blede / but I wille not leſe the lyf of her whyles my lyf laſteth / & ſoo balyn made her to blede by her good will / but her blood halpe not the lady / and ſo he & ſhe reſted there al nyght / & had there ryght good chere / and on the morn they paſſed on their wayes / And as it telleth after in the ſangraylle that ſyre Percyualis ſyſter halpe that lady with her blood wherof ſhe was dede

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne they rode thre or foure dayes and neuer mette with aduenture / and by happe they were lodged with a gentyll man that was a ryche man and well at eaſe / And as they ſat at her ſouper balyn herd ouer complayne greuouſly by hym in a chayer / what is this noyſe ſaid balen / forſothe ſaid his hooſt I wylle telle yow / I was but late att a Iuſtynge / and there I Iuſted with a knyghte that is broder vnto kynge Pellam / and twyes ſmote I hym doune / & thenne

[leaf 46]

he promyſed to quyte me on my beſt frynde / and ſo he wounded my ſone that can not be hole tyll I haue of that knyghtes blood / and he rydeth alwey Inuyſyble / but I knowe not his name / A ſayd Balyn / I knowe that knyght / his name is Garlon / he hath ſlayne two knyghtes of myn in the ſame maner / therfor I had leuer mete with that knyght than alle the gold in this realme / for the deſpyte he hath done me / wel ſaid his ooſte I ſhalle telle yow kynge Pellam of lyſtyneyſe hath made do crye in all this countrey a grete feeſt that ſhal be within theſe xx dayes / & no knyght may come ther but yf he bryngе his wyf wyth hym / or his peramour / & that knyȝte youre enemy and myn ye ſhalle ſee that daye / Thenne I behote yow ſayd Balyn parte of his blood to hele youre ſone with alle / we wille be forward to morne ſayd his ooſt / So on the morne they rode all thre toward Pellam / and they had xv dayes Iourney or they cam thyder / and that ſame day began the greete feeſte / and ſoo they alyght and ſtabled theyr horſes / and went in to the Caſtel / but balyns ooſt myght not be lete in by cauſe he had no lady / thenne Balyn was wel receyued & brought vnto a chamber and vnarmed hym / and there were brought hym robes to his pleaſyr / and wold haue had Balen leue his ſwerd behynde hym / Nay ſayd Balen that doo I not for it is the cuſtomme of my Countrey a knyghte alweyes to kepe his wepen with hym and that cuſtomme wylle I kepe / or els I wyll departe as I cam / thenne they gaf hym leue to were his ſwerd / and ſo he wente vnto the caſtel / and was ſette amonge knyghtes of worſhip and his lady afore hym / Soone balyn aſked a knyght / is ther not a knyghte in this court whos name is Garlon / yonder he goth ſayd a knyght / he with the blak face / he is the merueylleſt knyȝt that is now lyuyng for he deſtroyeth many good knyghtes / for he goth Inuyſyble A wel ſaid Balen is that he / thēne balyn auyſed hym long yf I flee hym here I ſhall not ſcape / And yf I leue hym now perauentur I ſhalle neuer mete with hym ageyne at ſuche a ſteuen / and moche harme he wille doo and he lyue / Ther with this Garlon aſpyed that this Balen behelde hym / and thenne he came and ſmote Balyn on the face with the bak of his hand / and ſayd knyȝt why beholdeſt thow me ſo for ſhame

[leaf 46 verso]

therfor ete thy mete and doo that thow cam for / Thow ſayſt ſo-
the ſaid Balyn / this is not the fyrſt deſpyte that thow haſt do-
ne me / and therfor I will doo that I cam for and roſe vp fy-
erſly and claue his hede to the ſholders / gyue me the truncheon
ſayd Balyn to his lady where with he ſlewe your knyghte / 5
anone ſhe gaf it hym / for alwey ſhe bare the troncheon with her
And therwith Balyn ſmote hym thurgh the body / and ſayd
openly with that truncheon thow haſt ſlayn a good knyghte /
and now it ſtycketh in thy body / And thenne Balyn called
vnto hym his hooſt / ſayenge / now may ye fetche blood ynough 10
to hele your ſone with all /

Capitulum xv

ANone all the knyghtes aroos from the tabyl for to ſet
on Balyn / and kynge Pellam hym ſelf aroos vp fy-
erſly / & ſayd knyȝt haſt thow ſlayn my broder / thow
ſhalt dye therfor or thou departe / wel ſaid balen do it your ſelf 15
yis ſayde kyng pellā / ther ſhall no mā haue ado with the / but
my ſelf for the loue of my broder / Thenne kyng Pellam cauȝt
in his hand a grym wepen and ſmote egrely at balyn / but ba-
lyn put his ſwerd betwixe his hede and the ſtroke / and ther-
with his ſwerd breſt in ſonder / And whan balyn was wepen- 20
les he ranne in to a chamber for to ſeke ſomme wepen / and ſoo
fro chamber to chamber / and no wepen he coude fynde / and al-
weyes kynge Pellam aſter hym / And at the laſt he entryd
in to a chambyr that was merueilloufly wel dyȝte and rych-
ely / and a bedde arayed with clothe of gold the rycheſt that my- 25
ghte be thought / and one lyenge theryn / and therby ſtode a
table of clene gold with four pelours of ſyluer / that bare vp
the table / and vpon the table ſtood a merueillous ſpere ſtraun-
gely wrought / And whan balyn ſawe that ſpere / he gat it in
his hand and torned hym to kyng Pellam / and ſmote hym 30
paſſyngly ſore with that ſpere that kynge Pellam felle doune
in a ſwoune / and therwith the caſtel roofe and wallys brake
and fylle to the erthe / and balyn felle doune ſo that he myghte
not ſtere foote nor hand / And ſo the mooſt parte of the caſtel
that was falle doune thorugh that dolorous ſtroke laye vpon 35
Pellam and balyn thre dayes

¶ Capitulum xvj

[leaf 47]

THenne Merlyn cam thyder and toke vp Balyn and gat hym a good hors for his was dede / and bad hym ryde oute of that countrey / I wold haue my damoyſel ſayd balyn / Loo ſayd Merlyn where ſhe lyeth dede & kynge Pellam lay ſo many yeres ſore wounded / and myght neuer be hole tyl Galahad / the haute prynce heled hym in the queſt of the Sangraille / for in that place was part of the blood of our lord Iheſu cryſt that Ioſeph of Armathe broughte in to this lond / and ther hym ſelf lay in that ryche bed / And that was the ſame ſpere that Longeus ſmote oure lorde to the herte / and kynge Pellam was nyghe of Ioſeph kynne / and that was the mooſt worſhipful man that lyued in tho dayes / and grete pyte it was of his hurte / for thorow that ſtroke torned to grete dole tray and tene / Thenne departed Balyn from Merlyn and ſayd in this world we mete neuer nomore / Soo he rode forth thorowe the fayr countreyes and Cytees & fond the peple dede ſlayne on euery ſyde / and alle that were on lyue cryed O balyn thow haſt cauſed grete dommage in theſe cōtrayes for the dolorous ſtroke thow gaueſt vnto kynge Pellā thre countreyes are deſtroyed / and doubte not but the vengeaunce wil falle on the at the laſt / whanne Balyn was paſt tho contrayes he was paſſyng fayne / ſo he rode eyȝt dayes or he met with auenture / And at the laſt he came in to a fayr foreſt in a valey and was ware of a Toure / And there beſyde he ſawe a grete hors of werre tayed to a treee / and ther beſyde ſatte a fayr knyght on the ground and made grete mornynge and he was a lykely man and a wel made / Balyn ſayd God ſaue yow why be ye ſo heuy / telle me and I wylle amende it and I may to my power / Syr knyghte ſaid he ageyne thow doeſt me grete gryef / for I was in mery thoughtes and now thou putteſt me to more payne / Balyn wente a lytel from hym / & loked on his hors / thenne herd Balyn hym ſaye thus / a fair lady why haue ye broken my promyſe / for thow promyſeſt me to mete me here by none / and I maye curſe the that euer ye gaf me this ſwerd / for with this ſwerd I ſlee my ſelf / and pulled it oute / and therwith Balyn ſterte vnto hym & took hym by the hand / lete goo my hand ſayd the knyght or els I ſhal ſlee the / that ſhal not nede ſaid balyn / for I ſhal promyſe

[leaf 47 verso]

yow my helpe to gete yow your lady / and ye wille telle me where ſhe is / what is your name ſayd the knyght / myn name is Balyn le ſaueage / A ſyr I knowe yow wel ynough ye are the knyght with the two ſwerdys and the man of mooſt proweſſe of your handes lyuyng / what is your name ſayd balen / my name is garnyſſhe of the mount a poure mans ſone / But by my proweſſe and hardyneſſe a duke hath maade me knyght / and gaf me landes / his name is duke Hermel / and his doughter is ſhe that I loue and ſhe me as I demed / hou ſer is ſhe hens ſayd Balyn / but xj myle ſaid the knyghte Now ryde we hens ſayde theſe two knyghtes / ſo they rode more than a paas tyll that they cam to a fayr caſtel wel wallyd and dyched / I wylle in to the caſtel ſayd Balen / and loke yf ſhe be ther / Soo he wente in and ſerched fro chamber to chābir / and fond her bedde but ſhe was not there / Thenne Balen loked in to a fayr litil gardyn / and vnder a laurel tre he ſawe her lye vpon a quylt of grene ſamyte and a knyght in her armes faſt halſynge eyther other and vnder their hedes graſſe & herbes / whan Balen ſawe her lye ſo with the fowleſt knyghte that euer he ſawe and ſhe a fair lady / thenne Balyn wente thurgh alle the chambers ageyne and told the knyghte how he fond her as ſhe had ſlepte faſt / and ſo brought hym in the place there ſhe lay faſt ſlepynge

¶ Capitulum xvij

And whan Garnyſſh beheld hir ſo lyeng for pure ſorou his mouth and noſe braſt oute on bledynge and with his ſwerd he ſmote of bothe their hedes / and thenne he maade ſorowe oute of meſure and ſayd O Balyn / Moche ſorow haſt thow brought vnto me / for haddeſt thow not ſhewed me that ſyght I ſhold haue paſſed my ſorow / forſoth ſaid balyn I did it to this entent that it ſholde better thy courage / and that ye myght ſee and knowe her falſhede / and to cauſe yow to leue loue of ſuche a lady / god knoweth I dyd none other but as I wold ye dyd to me / Allas ſaid garnyſſhe now is my ſorou doubel that I may not endure / Now haue I ſlayne that I mooſt loued in al my lyf / and therwith ſodenly he rooſe hym ſelf on his own ſwerd vnto the hyltys / when balen ſawe that

[leaf 48]

he dreſſid hym thens ward / leſt folke wold ſay he had ſlayne them / and ſo he rode forth / and within thre dayes he cam by a croſſe / & theron were letters of gold wrytē that ſaid / it is not for no knyght alone to ryde toward this Caſtel / thēne ſawe he an old hore gentylman comyng toward hym that ſayd Balyn le Saueage thow paſſyſt thy bandes to come this waye / therfor torne ageyne and it will auaille the / and he vanyſſhed awey anone / and ſoo he herd an horne blowe as it had ben the dethe of a beſt / That blaſt ſaid Balyn is blowen for me / For I am the pryſe and yet am I not dede / anone with al he ſawe an hondred ladyes and many knyghtes that welcommed hym with fayr ſemblaunt and made hym paſſyng good chere / vnto his ſyght and ledde hym in to the caſtel / and ther was daunſynge and mynſtralſye and alle maner of Ioye / Then-ne the chyef lady of the caſtel ſaid / knyghte with the two ſuerdys ye muſt haue adoo and Iuſte with a knyght hereby that kepeth an Iland / for ther may no man paſſe this way but he muſt Iuſte or he paſſe / that is an vnhappy cuſtomme ſaid Balyn that a knyght may not paſſe this wey / but yf he Iuſte / ye ſhalle not haue adoo but with one knyghte ſayd the lady /

Wel ſayd Balyn ſyn I ſhalle therto I am redy but traueillynge men are ofte wery and their horſes to / but though my hors be wery / my hert is not wery / I wold be fayne ther my deth ſhold be / Syr ſaid a knyght to Balyn / me thynketh your ſheld is not good / I wille lene yew a byggar / therof I pray yow / and ſo he tooke the ſheld that was vnknowen and lefte his owne and ſo rode vnto the Iland / and put hym and his hors in a grete boote / and whan he came on the other ſyde / he met with a damoyſel / and ſhe ſaid / O knyght balyn why haue ye lefte your owne ſheld / allas ye haue put your ſelf in grete daunger / for by your ſheld ye ſhold haue ben knowen / it is grete pyte of yow as euer was of knyght / for of thy proweſſe & hardynes thou haſt no felawe lyuynge / Me repenteth ſaid balyn that euer I cam within this Countrey / but I maye not torne now ageyne for ſhame and what auenture ſhalle falle to me be it lyf or dethe I wille take the aduenture that ſhalle come to me & / thenne he loked on his armour / & vnderſtood he was wel armed / and therwith bleſſid hym and mounted

[leaf 48 verso]

vpon his hors

¶ Capitulum xviij

THenne afore hym he ſawe come rydynge oute of a caſtel a knyght and his hors trapped all reed and hym ſelf in the ſame colour / whan this knyghte in the reed beheld Balyn hym thought it ſhold bee his broder Balen by cauſe of his two ſwerdys / but by cauſe he knewe not his ſheld he demed it was not he / And ſo they auentryd theyr ſperes & came merueilloufly faſt to gyders / and they ſmote other in the ſheldes / but theire ſperes and theire cours were ſoo bygge that it bare doune hors & man that they lay bothe in a ſwoun But balyn was bryſed ſore with the falle of his hors / for he was wery of trauaille / And Balan was the fyrſt that roſe on foote and drewe his ſwerd and wente toward Balyn / and he aroos and wente ageynſt hym / But balan ſmote balyn fyrſte / and he put vp his ſhelde and ſmote hym thorow the ſhelde and tamyd his helme / thenne Balyn ſmote hym ageyne with that vnhappy ſwerd and wel nyghe had fellyd his broder Balan / and ſo they fought ther to gyders tyl theyr brethes faylled / thenne Balyn loked vp to the caſtel and ſawe the Towres ſtand ful of ladyes / Soo they went vnto bataille ageyne and wounded eueryche other dolefully / and thenne they brethed oftymes / and ſo wente vnto bataille that alle the place there as they fought was blood reed / And att that tyme ther was none of them bothe but they hadde eyther ſmyten other ſeuen grete woundes ſo that the leſt of them myȝt haue ben the dethe of the myghtyeſt gyaunt in this world / Thenne they wente to batail ageyn ſo merueilloufly that doubte it was to here of that bataille for the grete blood ſhedynge And their hawberkes vnnailled that naked they were on euery ſyde / Atte laſt balan the yonger broder withdrewe hym a lytel & leid hym doune / Thenne ſaid balyn le Saueage what knyghte arte thow / for or now I found neuer no knyȝt that matched me / my name is ſaid he balan broder vnto the good knyght balyn / Allas ſayd balyn that euer I ſhold ſee this day / and therwith he felle backward in a ſwoune / Thenne balan yede on al four feet and handes and put of the helme of his broder and myght not knowe hym by the vyſage / it was ſo ful hewen and bledde / but whan he awoke he ſayd O balan

my broder thow haſt ſlayne me and I the / wherfore alle the wyde world ſhalle ſpeke of vs bothe / ¶ Allas ſayd Balan that euer I ſawe this day that thorow myſhap I myght not knowe yow / for I aſpyed wel your two ſwerdys / but by cau-
5 ſe ye had another ſhild I demed ye had ben another knyȝt Allas ſaide Balyn all that maade an vnhappy knyght in the caſtel / for he cauſed me to leue myn owne ſhelde to our bothes deſtruction / and yf I myȝt lyue I wold deſtroye that caſtel for ylle cuſtomes / that were wel done ſaid Balan / For I
10 had neuer grace to departe fro hem ſyn that I cam hyther / for here it happed me to ſlee a knyght that kepte this Iland / & ſyn myght I neuer departe / and nomore ſhold ye broder & ye myght haue ſlayne me as ye haue and eſcaped your ſelf with the lyf / Ryght ſo cam the lady of the Toure with iiij knygh-
15 tes and vj ladyes and vj yomen vnto them and there ſhe herd how they made her mone eyther to other and ſayd we came bothe oute of one tombe that is to ſay one moders bely / And ſo ſhalle we lye bothe in one pytte / So Balan prayd the lady of her gentylneſſe for his true ſeruyſe / that ſhe wold burye
20 them bothe in that ſame place there the bataille was done / and ſhe graunted hem with wepynge it ſhold be done rychely in the beſt maner / Now wille ye ſende for a preeſt that we may receyue our ſacrament and receyue the bleſſid body of our lord Iheſu cryſt / ye ſaid the lady it ſhalle be done / and ſo ſhe ſente for a
25 preeſt and gaf hem her ryghtes / Now ſayd balen whan we are buryed in one tombe and the menſyon made ouer vs / how ij bretheren ſlewe eche other / there wille neuer good knyght nor good man ſee our tombe but they wille pray for our ſoules / & ſo alle the ladyes and gentylwymen wepte for pyte / Thenne
30 anone Balan dyed but Balyn dyed not tyl the mydnyghte after / and ſo were they buryed bothe / and the lady lete make a menſyon of Balan how he was ther ſlayne by his broders handes / but ſhe knewe not balyns name /

¶ Capitulum xix

IN the morne cam Merlyn and lete wryte balyns na-
35 me on the tombe with letters of gold / that here lyeth balyn le Saueage that was the knyȝt with the two ſwerdes

[leaf 49 verso]

and he that ſmote the dolorous ſtroke / Alſo Merlyn lete make there a bedde / that ther ſhold neuer man lye therin / but he wente oute of his wytte / yet Launcelot de lake fordyd that bed thorow his nobleſſe / and anone after Balyn was dede / merlyn toke his ſwerd / and toke of the pomel and ſet on an other pomel / ſo merlyn bad a knyght that ſtode afore hym handeld that ſwerd / and he aſſayed / and he myght not handle hit Thenne Merlyn lough / why laugh ye ſaid the knyghte / this is the cauſe ſaid Merlyn / ther ſhalle neuer man handle this ſuerd but the beſt knyght of the world / and that ſhalle be ſyr Launcelot or els Galahad his ſone / and Launcelot with this ſuerd ſhalle ſlee the man that in the world he loued beſt that ſhalle be ſyr Gawayne / Alle this he lete wryte in the pomel of the ſwerd / Thenne Merlyn lete make a brydge of yron & of ſtele in to that Iland / and it was but half a foote brode / & there ſhalle neuer man paſſe that brydge nor haue hardynes to goo ouer / but yf he were a paſſyng good man and a good knyght withoute trechery or vylonye / Also the ſcaubard of Balyns ſwerd Merlyn lefte it on this ſyde of the Iland that galahad ſhold ſynde it / Alſo merlyn lete make by his ſubtylyte that Balyns ſwerd was put in a marbel ſtone ſtandyng vp ryght as grete as a mylle ſtone / and the ſtone houed al weyes aboue the water and dyd many yeres / and ſo by aduēture it ſwam doun the ſtreme to the Cyte of Camelot that is in englyſſhe wyncheſtre / & that ſame day galahad the haute prynce came with kyng Arthur / and ſoo galahad broughte wyth hym the ſcaubard and encheued the ſwerde / that was there in the marbel ſtone / houynge vpon the water / And on whytſonday he encheued the ſwerd as it is reherced in the book of Sāc grayll / Soone after this was done Merlyn came to kyng Arthur and told hym of the dolorous ſtroke that Balyn gaf to kyng Pellam / and how Balyn and Balan foughte to gyders the merueillous batail that euer was herd of / and how they were buryed bothe in one Tombe / Allas ſaid kyng Arthur / this is the gretteſt pyte that ouer I herd telle of two knyȝtes / for in the world I knowe not ſuche two knyghtes / ¶ Thus endeth the tale of Balyn and of Balan two bretheren born in northūberlād good kniȝtes / ¶ **Sequitur iij liber**

¶ Capitulum primum

IN the begynnynge of Arthur after he was chofen kyng by aduēture and by grace for the moſt party of the barons knewe not that he was Vther pendragons ſone / But as Merlyn made it openly knowen / But yet many kynges & lordes helde grete werre ayenſt hym for that cauſe / But wel Arthur ouercame hem alle / for the mooſte party the dayes of his lyf he was ruled moche by the counceil of Merlyn / Soo it fell on a tyme kyng Arthur ſayd vnto Merlyn / my barons wille lete me haue no reſt but nedes I muſte take a wyf / and I wylle none take / but by thy counceill and by thyne aduys / it is wel done ſaid Merlyn / that ye take a wyf / for a man of your bounte and nobleſſe ſhold not be without a wyf / Now is ther ony that ye loue more than another / ye ſaid kyng Arthur / I loue gweneuer the kynges doughter Lodegrean of the land of Camelerd / the whiche holdeth in his hows the table round that ye told he had of my ſader Vther / And this damoyſel is the mooſt valyaunt and fayreſt lady that I knowe lyuynge or yet that euer I coude fynde / Syre ſayd Merlyn as of her beaute and fayrenes ſhe is one of the fayreſt on lyue / But and ye loued her not ſo wel as ye doo / I ſhold fynde yow a damoyſel of beaute and of goodeneſſe that ſhold lyke yow & pleſe yow and your herte were not ſette / But there as a mans herte is ſet / he wylle be lothe to retorne / that is trouth ſaid kyng Arthur / but Merlyn warned the kynge couertly that gweneuer was not holſome for hym to take to wyf / for he warned hym that launcelot ſhold loue her and ſhe hym ageyne / and ſo he torned his tale to the auentures of Sancgreal / Thenne merlyn deſyred of the kynge for to haue men with hym that ſhold enquere of gweneuer / and ſo the kyng graunted hym / & Merlyn wente forth vnto kyng Lodegrean of Camyllerd / & told hym of the deſyre of the kyng that he wold haue vnto his wyf Gweneuer his doughter / that is to me ſayd kyng Lodegreans the beſt tydynges that euer I herd that ſo worthy a kyng of proweſſe and nobleſſe wille wedde my doughter / And os for my landes I wylle gyue hym wyſt I it myght pleaſe hym /

[leaf 50 verso]

but he hath londes ynowe / hym nedeth none / but I ſhalle ſende hym a gyfte ſhalle pleaſe hym moche more / for I ſhalle gyue hym the table round / the whiche Vtherpendragon gaue me / & whan it is ful complete / ther is an C knyghtes & fyfty / And as for on C good knyghtes I haue my ſelf / but I fawte / l / for ſo many haue ben ſlayne in my dayes / and ſo Ladegreans delyuerd his doughter Gweneuer vnto Merlyn / and the table round with the C knyghtes / and ſo they rode freſſhly with grete royalte / what by water and what by land / tyl that they came nyghe vnto london

¶ Capitulum Secundum

WHanne kyng Arthur herd of the comyng of gweneuer and the C knyghtes with the table round / thenne kynge Arthur maade grete Ioye for her comyng / and that ryche preſente / and ſaid openly this fair lady is paſſyng welcome vnto me / for I haue loued her longe / And therfore ther is nothyng ſo lyef to me / And theſe knyghtes with the round table pleaſen me more than ryght grete rycheſſe / And in alle haſt the kynge lete ordeyne for the maryage and the Coronacyon in the mooſt honorable wyſe that coude be deuyſed Now Merlyn ſaid kyng Arthur / goo thow and aſpye me in al this land l knyghtes whiche ben of moſt proweſſe & worſhip / within ſhort tyme merlyn had founde ſuche knyȝtes that ſhold fulfylle xx & xiij knyghtes but no mo he coude ſynde Thenne the Biſſhop of Caunterbury was fette and he bleſſid the ſyeges with grete Royalte and deuoycyon / and there ſette the viij and xx knyghtes in her ſyeges / and whan this was done / Merlyn ſaid fayr ſyrs ye muſt al aryſe and come to kyng Arthur for to doo hym homage / he will haue the better wil to mayntene yow / and ſo they aroſe and dyd their homage / & when they were gone / merlyn fond in euery ſyeges letters of gold that told the knyghtes names that had ſytten therin / But two ſyeges were voyde / And ſo anone cam yong gawayn & aſked the kyng a yefte Aſke ſaid the kyng / & I ſhal graunte it yow / ſyr I aſke that ye will make me knyȝt / that ſame day ye ſhall wedde faire Gweneuer / I will do it with a good wil ſaid kyng arthur & do vnto yow all the worſhip that I may / for I muſt by reſon ye ar myn neuew my ſuſters ſone / ¶ Ca iij

FOrth with alle ther cam a poure man in to the Courte and broughte with hym a fayre yonge man of xviij yere of age rydynge vpon a lene mare / and the poure man aſked all men that he met / where ſhall I fynde kyng arthur / yonder he is ſayd the knyghtes / wylt thow ony thynge with hym / ye ſayd the poure man / therfor I cam hyder / anone as he came before the kyng he ſalewed hym and ſayd O kyng Arthur the floure of all knyghtes and kynges I byſeche Iheſu ſaue the / Syr it was told me that at this tyme of your maryage ye wolde yeue any man the yefte that he wold aſke / oute excepte that were vnreſonable / that is trouth ſaid the kynge ſuche cryes I lete make / and that will I holde ſo it apayre not my realme nor myne eſtate / ye ſay wel and gracioufly ſaid the poure man / Syre I aſke no thyng els but that ye wil make my ſone here a knyghte / it is a grete thynge thow aſkeſt of me ſaid the kyng / what is thy name ſaid the kyng to the poure man / ſyr my name is Aryes the Cowherd / whether cometh this of the or of thy ſone ſaid the kyng / Nay ſyre ſaid Aryes / this deſyre cometh of my ſone and not of me / For I ſhal telle yow I haue xiij ſones / & alle they will falle to what laboure I put them & wille be ryght glad to doo labour / but this child wylle not laboure for me for ony thyng that my wyf or I may doo / but alweyes he wille be ſhotynge or caſtynge dartes / and glad for to ſee batailles and to behold knyghtes / And alweyes day and nyghte he deſyreth of me to be made a knyȝt what is thy name ſayd the kynge vnto the yonge man / Syre my name is Tor / the kyng beheld hym faſt / and ſawe he was paſſyngly wel vyſaged and paſſyngly wel made of his yeres Wel ſaid kyng Arthur vnto Aryes the Cowherd fetche al thy ſones afore me that I may ſee them / and ſo the poure man did and al were ſhapen moche lyke the poure man / But Tor was not lyke none of hem al in ſhap ne in contenaunce / for he was moche more than ony of hem / Now ſaid kyng Arthur vnto the Cowherd / where is the ſwerd he ſhalle be made knyght with al / it is here ſayd Tor / take it oute of the ſhethe ſayd the kynge / and requyre me to make yow a knyght

Thenne Tor alyght of his mare and pulled oute his ſwerd knelynge and requyrynge the kynge / that he wold maake

[leaf 51 verso]

hym knyght / & that he myghte be a knyght of the table round As for a knyȝt I will make yow / & therwith ſmote hym in the neck with the ſwerd ſayēg be ye a good knyȝt / & ſo I pray to god ſo ye may be / & yf ye be of proweſſe and of worthyneſſe ye ſhalle be a knyght of the table round / Now Merlyn ſayd Arthur ſay wether this Tor ſhall be a good knyghte / or no / ye ſyre he ought to be a good knyght / for he is comen of as good a man as ony is on lyue / and of kynges blood how ſo ſyr ſayd the kynge / I ſhalle telle yow ſayd Merlyn / This poure man Aryes the cowherd is not his fader / he is no thyng ſyb to hym / for kynge Pellinore is his fader / I ſuppoſe nay ſaid the Cowherd / fetche thy wyf afore me ſaid merlyn / and ſhe ſhalle not ſay nay / anon the wyf was fet which was a fair houſwyf / and there ſhe anſuerd Merlyn ful womanly / and there ſhe told the kynge and Merlyn that whan ſhe was a maide & went to mylke kyen / ther met with her a ſterne knyght / & half by force he had my maidenhede / & at that tyme he bigat my ſone Tor / & he toke awey from me my greyhound that I had that tyme with me / & ſaide that he wold kepe the greyhound for my loue / A ſaid the Cowherd I wende not thys / but I may bileue it wel / for he had neuer no tatches of me / ſir ſaid Tor vnto Merlyn diſhonoure not my moder / ſyr ſaid merlyn it is more for your worſhip than hurte / for your fader is a good man & a kyng / & he may ryght wel auaunce you and your moder / for ye were begoten or euer ſhe was wedded / that is trouth ſaid the wyf / hit is the laſſe gryef vnto me ſayd the Cowherd

¶ Capitulum Quartum

SO on the morne kyng Pellinore cam to the Court of kynge Arthur / whiche had grete ioye of hym and told hym of Tor / how he was his ſone / and how he hadde made hym knyght at the requeſt of the Cowherd / Whan Pellinore beheld Tor / he pleaſyd hym moche / ſo the kyng made gawayne knyght / but Tor was the fyrſt he made at the feeſt / What is the cauſe ſaid kyng Arthur that there ben two places voyde in the ſyeges / Syre ſaid Merlyn / ther ſhalle no man ſyt in tho places / but they ſhall be of mooſt worſhip / But in the ſege perillous there ſhall no man ſytte therin but one / and yf ther be ony ſo hardy to doo it he ſhall be deſtroyed / & he that

ſhalle ſytte there ſhalle haue no ſelawe / And therwith Merlyn tooke kynge Pellinore by the hand / and in the one hand next the two ſeges and the ſege peryllous he ſaid in open audyence this is your place and beſt ye are worthy to ſytte there in of ony that is here / there at ſat ſyr gawayne in grete enuy & told Gaherys his broder / yonder knyghte is put to grete worſhip / the whiche greueth me ſore / for he ſlewe our fader kynge Lot / therfor I wille ſlee hym ſaid Gauayne with a ſwerd / that was ſente me that is paſſyng trenchaunt / ye ſhall not ſoo ſaid Gaherys at this tyme / For at this tyme I am but a ſquyer / and whan I am made knyght / I wol be auenged on hym and therfor broder it is beſt ye ſuffre tyl another tyme that we may haue hym oute of the Courte / for & we dyd ſo / we ſhold trouble this hyhe feeſt / I wyl wel ſaid gauayn as ye wylle /

¶ Capitulum quintum

THenne was the hyghe feeſte made redy / and the kynge was wedded att Camelott vnto Dame Gweneuer in the chirche of ſaynt ſteuyns with grete ſolempnyte / And as euery man was ſet after his degree / Merlyn wente to alle the knyghtes of the round table / and bad hem ſytte ſtyll that none of hem remeue / for ye ſhalle ſee a ſtraunge and a merueillous aduenture / Ryght ſo as they ſat ther came rennyng in a whyte hert in to the halle and a whyte brachet next hym and xxx couple of black rennyng houndes cam after with a greete crye / and the hert went aboute the table round as he went by other boordes / the whyte brachet boot hym by the buttok & pulled oute a pees / where thurgh the herte lepte a grete lepe / and ouerthrewe a knyght that ſat at the boord ſyde / and therwith the knyȝt aroos & toke vp the brachet / & ſo went forth oute of the halle & toke his hors & rode his wey with the brachet / right ſo anone cam in a lady on a whyte palfrey & cryed aloude for the kyng Arthur / Syre ſuffre me not to haue this deſpyte for the brachet was myn that the knyght lad aweye / I maye not doo therwith ſaid the kynge ¶ With this there came a knyght rydynge al armed on a grete hors / and tooke the lady awey with hym with force / and euer ſhe cryed and made grete dole / whanne ſhe was gone the kynge was glad for ſhe

[leaf 52 verso]

made ſuche a noyſe / Nay ſaid merlyn / ye may not leue this advētures ſo lyghtely / For theſe aduentures muſt be brought agayne or els it wold be diſworſhip to yow and to your feeſt I wyll ſaid the kynge that al be done by your aduys / Thenne ſaide merlyn lete calle ſyr gauayne / for he muſt brynge ageyne the whyte herte / Also ſyr ye muſt lete calle Syre Tor / for he muſt brynge ageyne the brachet / and the knyght or els flee hym / Alſo lete calle kynge Pellinore for he muſt brynge ageyne the lady and the knyght or els flee hym / and theſe thre knyghtes ſhalle doo merueillous auētures or they come ageyn Thenne were they called al thre as it reherceth afore / and eueryche of hem toke his charge / and armed them ſurely / But ſir gauayne had the fyrſt requeſt / and therfore we wille begynne at hym /

¶ Capitulum vj

SYre gauayne roode more than a paas and gaheryſe his broder that roode with hym in ſtede of a ſquyer to doo hym ſeruyſe / Soo as they rode they ſawe two knyȝtes fyghte on horſbak paſſyng ſore / ſo ſyr gauayn & his broder rode betwixe them / and aſked them for what cauſe they foughte ſo / the one knyght anſuerd and ſayd / we fyghte for a ſymple mater / for we two be two bretheren born & begoten of one man & of one woman / allas ſaid ſir gauayn why do ye ſo / ſyr ſaid the eldar / ther cam a whyte hert this way this day & many hoūdes chaced hym / & a whyte brachet was alwey next hym / and we vnderſtood it was auenture made for the hyhe feeſt of kynge Arthur / and therfore I wold haue gone after to haue wonne me worſhip / and here my yonger broder ſaid he wolde go after the herte / for he was better knyght than I / And for this cauſe we felle at debate / & ſo we thouȝt to preue whiche of vs bothe was better knyȝt / This is a ſymple cauſe ſaid ſir gauayn / vncouth mē ye ſhold debate with al & no broder with broder / therfor but yf ye wil do by my coūceil I wil haue ado with yow / that is ye ſhal yelde you vnto me / & that ye go vnto kyng Arthur and yelde yow vnto his grace / ſir knyȝt ſaid the ij bretheren we are forſoughten & moche blood haue we loſte thorow our wilfulneſſe / And therfore we wolde be loth to haue adoo with yow / thenne do as I will haue yow ſaid ſir gauayne /

we wille agree to fulfylle your wylle / But by whom ſhalle we ſaye that we be thyder ſente / ye maye ſay / by the knyȝt that foloweth the queſt of the herte that was whyte / Now what is your name ſayd gauayne / Sorlouſe of the foreſt ſaid the eldar & my name is ſayde the yonger Bryan of the foreſt and ſoo they departed and wente to the kynges Court / and Syr gauayne on his queſt / and as gauayne folowed the herte by the crye of the houndes euen afore hym ther was a grete Ryuer / and the hert ſwamme ouer / and as ſyr gauayne wold folowe after / ther ſtode a knyght ouer the other ſyde and ſayd / Syre knyghte come not ouer after this herte / but yf thou wilt Iuſte with me / I wille not faille as for that ſaid ſir gauayn to folowe the queſt that I am in / and ſoo maade his hors to ſwymme ouer the water / and anone they gat theire ſperes / and ranne to gyder ful hard / but ſyre gauayne ſmote hym of his hors / and thenne he torned his hors & bad hym yelde hym / Nay ſayd the knyght not ſo though thow haue the better of me on horſbak / I pray the valyaunt knyght alyghte a foote and matche we to gyders with ſwerdes / what is youre name ſaid ſir gauayne / Alardyn of the Ilys ſaid the other / thenne eyther dreſſid her ſheldes and ſmote to gyders / but ſir gauayne ſmote hym ſo hard thorow the helme that it went to the braynes and the knyght felle doune dede / A ſaid Gaheryſe that was a myghty ſtroke of a yonge knyght /

¶ Capitulum Septimum

THēne Gauayne and Gaheryſe rode more than a paas after the whyte herte / and lete ſlyppe at the herte thre couple of greyhoundes / and ſo they chace the herte in to a caſtel / and in the chyef place of the caſtel they ſlewe the hert / ſyr gauayne and gaheryſe folowed after / Ryght ſoo there came a knyght oute of a chamber with a ſwerd drawe in his hand and ſlewe two of the greyhoundes euen in the ſyghte of ſyre gauayne / and the remenaunte he chaced hem with his ſwerd oute of the caſtel / And whan he cam ageyne he ſayd / O my whyte herte / me repenteth that thow art dede / for my ſouerayne lady gaf the to me / and euyll haue I kepte the / and thy deth

[leaf 53 verso]

ſhalle be dere bought and I lyue / and anone he wente in to his chamber and armed hym / and came oute ſyerſly / & there mette he with ſyr gauayne / why haue ye ſlayne my houndes ſaid ſyr gauayn / for they dyd but their kynde / and leuer I had ye had wroken your angre vpon me than vpon a dom beſt thow ſaiſt trouth ſaid the knyght I haue auengyd me on thy houndes and ſo I wille on the or thow goo / Thenne ſyr Gauayne alyght aſoote and dreſſid his ſhelde and ſtroke to gyders myghtely / and clafe their ſheldes and ſtoned their helmes and brak their hawberkes that the blood ranne doune to their feet / Atte laſt ſyr gauayne ſmote the knyght ſo hard that he felle to the erthe / and thenne he cryed mercy / and yelded hym and beſought hym as he was a knyghte and gentylman / to ſaue his lyf / thow ſhalt dye ſaid ſir gauayne for ſleyng of my houndes / I wille make amendys ſaid the knyght vnto my power / Syr gauayne wold no mercy haue but vnlacyd his helme to haue ſtryken of his hede / Ryght ſoo came his lady oute of a chamber and felle ouer hym / and ſoo he ſmote of her hede by myſauenture / Allas ſaide Gaheryſe that is fowle and ſhameſully done / that ſhame ſhal neuer from yow / Alſo ye ſhold gyue mercy vnto them that aſke mercy / for a knyȝt without mercy is withoute worſhip / Syr gauayne was ſo ſtonyed of the deth of this fair lady / that he wiſte not what he dyd / and ſaid vnto the knyght aryſe I wille gyue the mercy / nay nay ſaid the knyght / I take no force of mercy now / for thou haſt ſlayne my loue and my lady that I loued beſt of alle er[illegible] ly thynge / Me ſore repentith it ſaid ſyr gauayn / for I thoug[illegible] to ſtryke vnto the / But now thow ſhalt goo vnto kyng A[illegible] thur and telle hym of thyne aduentures and how thow arte ouercome by the knyghte that wente in the queſte of the whyte herte / I take no force ſaid the knyȝt whether I lyue or I dye but ſo for drede of deth he ſwore to goo vnto kynge Arthur / & he made hym to bere one greyhound before hym on his hors and another behynde hym / what is your name ſaid ſir gauayn or we departe / my name is ſaid the knyght Ablamor of the mariſe / ſoo he departed toward Camelot

¶ Capitulum Octauum

[leaf 54]

AND ſyr gauayne went in to the caſtel and made hym redy to lye there al nyght / and wold haue vnarmed hym / what wylle ye doo ſayd gaheryſe / wylle ye vnarme yow in this Countrey / ye may thynke ye haue many enemyes here / they had not ſooner ſayd that word but ther cā four knyghtes wel armed and aſſayled ſyr gauayne hard and ſaid vnto hym thou newe made knyght thow haſt ſhamed thy knyghthode / for a knyght withoute mercy is diſhonoured Alſo thow haſt ſlayne a ſayr lady to thy grete ſhame to the worldes ende / and doubte thow not thow ſhalt haue grete nede of mercy or thow departe from vs / And therwith one of hem ſmote ſyr gauayne a grete ſtroke that nygh he felle to the erthe / and gaheryſe ſmote hym ageyne ſore / and ſoo they were on the one ſyde and on the other / that ſyr gauayne and gaheryſe were in ieopardy of their lyues / and one with a bowe an archer ſmote ſyr gauayne thurȝ the arme that it greued hym wonderly ſore / And as they ſhold haue ben ſlayne / there cam four fair ladyes / and beſought the knyghtes of grace for ſyre gauayne / and goodely atte requeſt of the ladyes they gaf ſyr gauayne and gaherſye their lyues / & made hem to yelde them as pryſoners / thenne gauayne and gaheryſe made grete dole / Allas ſayd ſyre gauayne myn arme greueth me ſore / I am lyke to be maymed and ſo made his complaynt pytouſly / erly on the morow ther cam to ſyr gauayne one of the four ladyes / that had herd alle his complaynte and ſaid ſyr knyȝte what chere / not good ſaid he it is your owne defaulte ſayd the lady / for ye haue doone a paſſynge ſowle dede in the ſleynge of the lady / the whiche will be grete vylany vnto yow / But be ye not of kynge Arthurs kyn ſaide the lady / yes truly ſayd ſyr gauayne / what is your name ſaide the lady / ye muſt telle it me or ye paſſe / my name is gauayne the kyng Lott of Orkeney ſone / and my moder is kynge Arthurs ſyſter / A thenne are ye neuewe vnto kyng Arthur ſayd the lady / and I ſhalle ſo ſpeke for yow that ye ſhall haue conduyte to go to kynge Arthur for his loue / and ſoo ſhe departed / and told the foure knyghtes how theire pryſoner was kynge Arthurs neuewe / and his name is ſyr gauayne kyng Lots ſone of Orkeney / and they gaf hym the hertes hede by cauſe it was in

[leaf 54 verso]

his queſt / ¶ Thenne anone they delyuerd ſyr Gauayne vnder this promyſe that he ſhold bere the dede lady with hym in this maner / The hede of her was hanged aboute his neck and the hole body of hyr lay before hym on his hors mane / Ryght ſoo rode he forth vnto Camelot / And anone as he was come merlyn deſyred of kyng Arthur þt Syre Gauayne ſhold be ſworne to telle of alle his auentures / and how he ſlewe the lady / and how he wold gyue no mercy vnto the knyght / where thurgh the lady was ſlayne / Thenne the kynge and the quene were gretely diſpleaſyd with ſyr gauayn for the ſleynge of the lady / And ther by ordenaunce of the quene ther was ſet a queſt of ladyes on ſyr gauayn / and they Iuged hym for euer whyle he lyued to be with all ladyes & to ſyȝte for her quarels / & that euer he ſhold be curteys / & neuer to refuſe mercy to hym / that aſketh mercy / Thus was gauayne ſworne vpon the four euuangelyſtes that he ſhold neuer be ageynſt lady ne gentilwoman / but yf he fought for a lady / and his aduerſary fouȝt for another / And thus endeth the auenture of ſyr gauayn that he dyd at the maryage of kyng Arthur Amen

¶ Capitulum ix

THan Syre Tor was redy he mounted vpon his horsbak / and rode after the knyght with the brachet / ſo as he rode he mette with a dwarf ſodenly / that ſmote hys hors on the hede with a ſtaf / that he wente backward his ſpere lengthe / why doſt thou ſo ſaid ſyre Tor / for thou ſhalt not paſſe this way / but yf thow Iuſte with yonder knyghtes of the pauelions / Thenne was Tor ware where two pauelions were / & grete ſperys ſtood oute / and two ſheldes henge on trees by the pauelions / I may not tary ſaid ſyr Tor / for I am in a queſt that I muſt nedes folowe / thou ſhalt not paſſe ſaid the dwarf and therwith alle he blewe his horne / thenne ther cam one armed on horſbak / and dreſſyd his ſhelde / and cam faſt toward Tor / and he dreſſid hym ageynſt hym / and ſo ranne to gyders that Tor bare hym from his hors / and anone the knyght yeld hym to his mercy / But ſyr I haue a felawe in yonder pauelione that wille haue adoo with yow anone / he ſhall be welcome ſaid ſyr Tor / Thenne was he ware of another knyght comyng with grete raundon / and eche of them dreſſid to other / that

merueille it was to ſee / but the knyght ſmote ſyre Tor a grete ſtroke in myddes of the ſhelde that his ſpere all to ſheuered And ſyr Tor ſmote hym thurgh the ſheld by lowe of the ſheld and it wente thorow the cooſt of the knyȝt / but the ſtroke ſlewe hym not / And therwith ſyr Tor alyght & ſmote hym on the helme a grete ſtroke / and therwith the knyght yelded hym and beſought hym of mercy / I wille wel ſaid ſyr Tor / But thou and thy ſelawe muſt goo vnto kynge Arthur / and yelde yow pryſoners vn to hym / by whome ſhall we ſay are we thyder ſente / ye ſhall ſay by the knyght that wente in the queſt of the knyght that wente with the brachet / Now what be your ij names ſaid ſyr Tor / my name is ſayd the one Sire Felot of Langduk / & my name is ſaid the other Sir Petypaſe of wynchylſe / Now go ye forth ſaide ſyre Tor and god spede yow & me / Thenne cam the dwarf and ſaide vnto ſyr Tor / I praye yow gyue me a yeſte / I wylle wel ſaid ſyr Tor / aſke / I aſke no more ſaide the dwarf / but that ye wille ſuffre me to doo yow ſeruyſe / for I will ſerue no more recreaunt knyghtes /

Take an hors ſaid ſyr Tor and ryde on with me / I wote ye ryde after the knyght with the whyte brachet / and I ſhalle brynge yow there he is ſaid the dwerf / And ſoo they rode thorow oute a foreſt / and at the laſt they were ware of two pauelions euen by a pryory with two ſheldes / And the one ſhylde was enewed with whyte / and the other ſhelde was reed

¶ Capitulum x

THer with ſyr Tor alyghte and toke the dwarf his glayue / and ſoo he cam to the whyte pauelione / and ſawe thre damoyſels lye in it / and one paylet ſlepyng / & ſo he wente to the other pauelione / and found a lady lyeng ſlepyng ther in / But ther was the whyte brachet that bayed at her faſt / and therwith the lady yede oute of the pauelione & all her damoyſels / But anone as ſyr Tor aſpyed the whyte brachet / he took her by force and took her to the dwerf / what / wille ye ſo ſayd the lady take my brachet from me / ye ſayd ſyr Tor / this brachet haue I ſought from kynge Arthurs Courte hyder / well ſaid the lady / knyght ye ſhalle not go fer with her / but that ye ſhalle be mette and greued / I ſhall abyde what auenture that

[leaf 55 verso]

cometh by the grace of god / and ſo mounted vpon his hors / and paſſed on his way towarde Camelot / but it was ſo nere nyght he myȝt not paſſe but lytel ferther / knowe ye ony lodgyng ſaid Tor I knowe none ſaid the dwarf / but here beſydes is an hermytage / and there ye muſte take lodgynge as ye ſynde / And within a whyle they cam to the heremytage & took lodgyng / and was there gras otys and breed for their horſes ſoone it was ſped / and full hard was their ſouper but there they reſted hem al nyght tyl on the morne / and herd a maſſe deuoutely / and tooke their leue of the heremyte / and ſyre Tor prayed the heremyte to pray for hym / he ſayd he wold and betooke hym to god / And ſoo mounted vpon horſbak and rode towardes Camelot a long whyle / with that they herd a knyȝte calle lowde that came after hem / and he ſayd knyghte abyde / & yelde my brachet that thow took from my lady / Syr Tor retorned ageyne / and behelde hym how he was a ſemely knyghte and wel horſed and wel armed at al poyntes / thenne Syre Tor dreſſyd his ſhelde and took his ſpere in his handes and the other cam ſyerſly vpon hym / and ſmote bothe hors & man to the erthe / anone they aroos lyghtely and drewe her ſwerdes as egrely as lyons and put their ſheldes afore them and ſmote thorow the ſheldes that the cantels felle of bothe partyes / Alſo they tamyd their helmes that the hote blood ranne oute / and the thyck maylles of their hawberkes they carſe and roſe in ſonder that the hote blood ranne to the erthe / and both they had many woundes and were paſſyng wery / But ſyr Tor aſpyed that the other knyght faynted / and thenne he ſewed faſt vpon hym and doubled his ſtrokes and garte hym go to the erthe on the one ſyde / thenne Syre Tor bad hym yelde hym / that wille I not ſaid Abilleus whyle my lyf laſteth and the ſoule is within my body onles that thou wilt yeue me the brachet / that wylle I not doo ſayd ſyre Tor / for it was my queſt to brynge ageyne thy brachet / the or bothe /

¶ Capitulum xj

WYth that cam a damoyſel rydynge on a palfrey as faſt as ſhe myȝt dryue and cryed with a lowde voys vnto Syre Tor / what wille ye with me ſayd ſyr Tor / I byſeche the

[leaf 56]

ſaid the damoyſel for kynge Arthurs loue / gyue me a yeſte / I requyre the gentyl knyght as thow arte a gentilman / Now ſaid Tor Aſke a yeſte and I wille gyue it yow / gramercy ſaid the damoyſel / Now I aſke the hede of the fals knyght A-
5 belleus / for he is the mooſte outragyous knyght that lyueth & the gretteſt murtherer / I am loth ſeid ſyr Tor of that gyſte I haue gyuen yow / lete hym make amendys in that he hath treſpaced vnto yow / now ſaid the damoyſel he may not / for he ſlewe myn owne broder afore myn owne eyen that was a better
10 knyght than he / and he hadde had grace / and I kneled half an houre afore hym in the myre for to ſaue my broders lyf that had done hym no dammage but fought with hym by auenture of armes / and ſo for al that I coude do / he ſtroke of his hede wherfore I requyre the as thow arte a true knyght to gyue
15 me my yeſte or els I ſhal ſhame the in al the Court of kyng Arthur / for he is the falſeſt knyght lyuynge and a grete deſtroyer of good knyghtes / Thenne whan Abelleus herd this / he was more aferd / and yelded hym and aſked mercy / I maye not now ſaide ſyr Tor / but yf I ſhold be founde fals of my
20 promeſſe / for whyle I wold haue taken you to mercy / ye wold none aſke but yf ye had the brachet ageyn that was my queſt And therwith he tooke of his helme / and he aroos and fled / and ſyr Tor after hym and ſmote of his hede quyte / ¶ Now ſyr ſaid the damoyſel / it is nere nyght / I pray yow come & lod-
25 ge with me here at my place / it is here faſt by / I will wel ſaid ſyr Tor / for his hors and he had ferd euyll ſyn they departed from Camelot / and ſoo he rode with her and had paſſyng good chere with her / and ſhe hadde a paſſyng fair old knyght to her huſband that made hym paſſynge good chere and wel ea-
30 ſyd bothe his hors and he / and on the morne he herd his maſſe and brake his faſt and tooke his leue of the knyghte and of the lady that beſought hym to telle hym his name / Truly he ſaid my name is ſyr Tor that was late made knyght / and this was the fyrſt queſte of armes that euer I dyd to brynge a-
35 geyn that this knyght Abelleus toke awey fro kyng arthurs courte / O ſayr knyght ſaid the lady and her huſband / and ye come here in oure marches / come and ſee oure poure lodgynge / and it ſhalle be alweyes at your commaundement / Soo ſyre

[leaf 56 verso]

Tor departed and came to Camelot on the thyrdde day by noone / and the kyng & the quene & alle the Courte was paſſyng fayne of his comyng and made grete ioye that he was come ageyne / for he wente from the Court with lytel ſocour / but as kyng Pellinore his fader gaf hym an old courſer / and kyng Arthur gaf hym armour and a ſwerd / and els had he none other ſocour / but rode ſo forthe hym ſelf alone / And thenne the kyng and the quene by merlyns aduys made hym to ſwere to telle of his auentures / and ſoo he told and made pryeues of his dedes as it is afore reherced / wherfor the kyng and the quene made hym grete ioye / nay nay ſaide Merlyn theſe ben but Iapes to that he ſhalle doo / for he ſhalle preue a noble knyght of proweſſe as good as ony is lyuyng and gentyl and curteis & of good tatches and paſſyng true of his promeſſe / and neuer ſhalle outrage where thorow Merlyns wordes kynge Arthur gaf hym an erldome of londes that felle vnto hym / and here endeth the queſt of Syr Tor kynge Pellenors ſone

¶ Capitulum xij

THenne kynge Pellinore armed hym and mounted vpon his hors and rode more than a paas after the lady that the knyȝt ladde awey / And as he rode in a foreſt he ſawe in a valey a damoyſel ſitte by a welle and a wounded knyght in her armes / and Pellenore ſalewed her / And whan ſhe was ware of hym ſhe cryed ouer lowde / helpe me knyghte for cryſtes ſake kynge Pellinore & he wold not tarye he was ſo eger in his queſt / and euer ſhe cryed an C tymes after help Whanne ſhe ſawe he wold not abyde / ſhe prayd vnto god to ſende hym as moche nede of help as ſhe had / and that he myȝt fele it or he dyed / Soo as the book telleth the knyght there dyed that there was wounded / wherfor the lady for pure ſorowe ſlewe her ſelf with his ſwerd / As kynge Pellinore rode in that valey he met with a poure man a labourer / Saweſt thow not ſaide Pellinore a knyghte rydynge and ledynge aweye a lady / ye ſaid the man / I ſawe that knyght and the lady that made grete dole / And yonder bynethe in a valey ther ſhal ye ſee two pauelions and one of the knyȝtes of the pauelions

chalengyd that lady of that knyght and ſayd ſhe was his coſyn nere / wherfor he ſhold lede her no ferther / And ſoo they waged bataill in that quarel / the one ſaide he wold haue her by force / and the other ſaid he wold haue the rule of her by
5 cauſe he was her kynneſman and wold lede her to her kyn / for this quarel he lefte them ſyghtynge / And yf ye wille ryde a paas ye ſhalle ſynde them ſyghtyng / and the lady was beleft with the two ſquyers in the pauelions / god thanke the ſayd kynge Pellenore / Thenne he rode a wallop tyll he had a ſyght
10 of the two pauelions and the two knyghtes ſyghtyng / anon he rode vnto the pauelions / and ſawe the lady that was his queſt / and ſayd fayre lady ye muſt goo with me vnto the court of kynge Arthur / Syr knyght ſaid the two ſquyers that were with her yonder are two knyghtes that ſyghte for thys
15 lady / goo thyder and departe them / and be agreed with hem / & thenne may ye haue her at your pleaſyr / ye ſay wel ſayd kyng Pellenore / And anone he rode betwixt them and departed hem and aſked hem the cauſes why that they fought / Sir knyght ſaid the one / I ſhalle telle yow / this lady is my kynneſwo-
20 man nygh myn auntes doughter / And whan I herd her complayne that ſhe was with hym maulgre her hede / I waged bataille to ſyghte with hym / Syre knyght ſayd the other whoos name was Hontzlake of wentland / and this lady I gat by my proweſſe of armes this day at Arthurs courte / that is vn-
25 truly ſaid / ſaid kynge Pellenore / for ye cam in ſodenly ther as we were at the hyghe feeſt and tooke awey this lady or ony man myght make hym redy and therfore hit was my queſt to brynge her ageyne and yow bothe / or els the one of vs to abyde in the felde / therfor the lady ſhalle goo with me / or I wille
30 dye for it / for I haue promyſed hit kynge Arthur / And therfor ſyghte ye no more / for none of yow ſhalle haue no parte of her at this tyme / And yf ye lyſt to fyȝte for her / fyȝte with me / and I wille defende her / wel ſaid the knyghtes make you redy / and we ſhalle aſſaile yow with al our power / And as
35 kynge Pellenore wold haue put his hors fro them ſyr Hontzlake roofe his hors thorow with a ſwerd and ſaid / Now art thow on foote as wel as we are / whan kynge Pellinore aſpyed that his hors was ſlayne / lyȝtely he lepte from his hors /

[leaf 57 verso]

and pulled oute his ſwerd / and put his ſheld afore hym / and ſayde knyghte kepe wel thy heede / for thow ſhalt haue a buffet for the ſleyng of my hors / So kyng Pellenore gaf hym ſuche a ſtroke vpon the helme that he claſe the hede doune to the chynne that he fylle to the erthe dede

¶ Capitulum xiij

ANd thenne he torned hym to the other knyȝte that was ſore wounded / but whan he ſawe the others buffet / he wold not ſyghte / but kneled doune and ſayd take my coſyn the lady with yow at youre requeſt / and I requyre yow as ye be a true knyghte / put her to no ſhame nor vylony / What ſayd kynge Pellenore wylle ye not ſyghte for her / no ſyr ſayd the knyghte I wylle not ſyghte with ſuche a knyȝte of proweſſe as ye be / wel ſaid Pellenore / ye ſay wel / I promyſe yow ſhe ſhall haue no vylony by me as I am true knyght / but now me lacketh an hors ſaid Pellinore / but I wylle haue hontzlakes hors / ye ſhalle not nede ſayd the knyght / for I ſhalle gyue yow ſuche an hors as ſhalle pleaſe yow / ſo that ye wille lodge with me / for it is nere nyghte / I wille wel ſayd kynge Pellenore abyde with yow al nyghte / and there he hadde with hym ryght good chere / and faryd of the beſt with paſſynge good wyne and had mery reſt that nyghte / And on the morne he herd a maſſe and dyned / And thenne was broughte hym a fayre bay courſer / and kynge Pellenors ſadel ſette upon hym / Now what ſhalle I calle yow ſaid the knyȝt in as moche as ye haue my coſyn at your deſyre of your queſt Syr I ſhalle telle yow my name is kyng Pellenore of the Ilys and knyghte of the table round / Now I am glad ſaid the knyght that ſuche a noble man ſhalle haue the rule of my coſyn / Now what is your name ſaid Pellenore / I pray yow telle me / Syr my name is ſyr Meliot of Logurs / and this lady my coſyn hyght Nymue / and the knyghte that was in the other pauelione is my ſworne broder a paſſynge good knyȝte and his name is Bryan of the Ilys / and he is ful loth to do wronge and ful lothe to ſyghte with ony man / but yf he be ſore ſouȝt on / ſo that for ſhame he may not leue it / It is merueil

ſaid Pellinore that he wille not haue adoo with me / ſyr he wil not haue adoo with no man but yf it be at his requeſt / Bryngе hym to the Courte ſaid Pellenore one of theſe dayes / Syr we wylle come to gyders / and ye ſhalle be welcome ſaid Pellinore to the Courte of kynge Arthur / and gretely allowed for your comynge and ſo he departed with the lady / & brouȝt her to Camelot / Soo as they rode in a valey it was ful of stones / and there the ladyes hors ſtumbled and threwe her doun that her arme was ſore bryſed and nere ſhe ſwouned for payne / Allas ſyr ſayd the lady myn arme is oute of lythe wher thorow I muſt nedes reſte me / ye ſhal wel ſaid kyng Pellinore / and ſo he alyȝt vnder a fayr tree where was fayr graſſe and he put his hors therto / and ſo leyd hym vnder the tree / and ſlepte tyl it was nyghe nyght / And whan he awoke / he wold haue ryden / Sir ſaid the lady it is ſo derke that ye may as wel ryde backward as forward / ſoo they abode ſtyll & made there their lodgyng / Thenne ſyr Pellenore put of his armour thēne a lytel afore mydnyȝt they herd the trottynge of an hors be ye ſtyll ſaid kyng Pellenore / for we ſhalle here of ſomme aauenture

¶ Capitulum xiiij

AND ther with he armed hym / ſo ryght euen afore hym ther met two knyghtes / the one cam froward Camelot / and the other from the northe / and eyther ſalewed other / what tydynges at Camelot ſayd the one / by my hede ſaide the other ther haue I ben & aſpyed the courte of kynge Arthur And ther is ſuche a felauſhip they may neuer be broken / and wel nyghe al the world holdeth with Arthur / for there is the flour of chyualrye / Now for this cauſe I am rydyng in to the north to telle our chyuetayns of the felauſhip that is withholden with kyng Arthur / as for that ſaid the other knyght I haue brought a remedy with me that is the gretteſt poyſon that euer ye herd ſpeke of & to Camelot wyll I with it / for we haue a frend ryght nyghe kyng Arthur and wel cheryſſhed that ſhal poyſone kynge Arthur / for ſo he hath promyſed oure chyuetayns & receyued grete yeſtes for to do it / Beware ſaid the other knyght of Merlyn / for he knoweth all thynges by the deuyls craſte / therfore wille I not lete it ſaid the knyghte / & ſo they departed in ſonder / Anone after Pellenore maade hym

[leaf 58 verso]

redy and his lady rode toward Camelot / And as they cam by the wel there as the wounded knyght was and the lady / there he fond the knyghte and the lady eten with lyons or wylde beeftes al fauf the hede / wherfor he made grete forowe and wepte paffynge fore and faid Allas her lyf myghte I haue faued / but I was fo fyers in my queft therfore I wold not abyde / wherfore make ye fuche doole faid the lady / I wote not faid Pellinore / but my herte morneth fore of the deth of her for fhe was a paffyng fayr lady and a yonge / Now wylle ye doo by myne aduys faid the lady / take this knyghte and lete hym be buryed in an heremytage / and thenne take the ladyes hede and bere it with yow vnto Arthur / Soo kyng Pellinore took this dede knyght on his fholders / and broughte hym to the heremytage and charged the heremyte with the corps / that feruyfe fhold be done for the foule / and take his harneys for your payne / it fhalle be done faid the heremyte as I wille anfuer vnto god

¶ Capitulum xv

ANd ther with they departed and cam there as the hede of the lady lay with a fair yelow here that greued kyng Pellinore paffyngly fore whan le loked on hit / for moche he caft his herte on the vyfage / And foo by none they came to Camelot / and the kynge and the quene were paffyng fayn of his comynge to the Courte / And there he was made to fwere vpon the four euuangelyftes to telle the trouth of his queft from the one to the other / A fyr Pellinore fayd quene Gweneuer ye were gretely to blame that ye faued not this ladyes lyf / Madame faid Pellinore ye were gretely to blame and ye wold not faue your owne lyf & ye myȝt / but fauf your pleafir I was fo furyous in my queft that I wold not abyde / & that repenteth me & fhal the dayes of my lyf / Truly faide Merlyn ye ouȝt fore to repente it / for that lady was your own douȝter begoten on the lady of the rule / & that knyght that was dede was her loue / and fhold haue wedded her / and he was a ryght good knyght of a yonge man and wold haue preued a good man / & to this court was he comyng & his name was fir Myles of the laūdys / & a knyȝt cam behynde hym / & flewe him with a fpere & his name is Lorayne le faueage a fals knyȝt & a coward / & fhe for grete forow & dole flewe her felf with

his ſwerd / and her name was Eleyne / And by cauſe ye wold not abyde and helpe her / ye ſhalle ſee youre beſt frende faylle yow whan ye be in the gretteſt diſtreſſe that euer ye were / or ſhalle be / And that penaūce god hath ordeyned yow for that dede / that he that ye ſhalle moſt truſte to of ony man alyue / he ſhalle leue yow ther ye ſhalle be ſlayne / Me forthynketh ſaid kynge Pellinore that this ſhalle me betyde but god may fordoo wel deſteny / Thus whan the queſt was done of the whyte herte / the whiche folowed ſyr gawayne and the queſt of the brachet folowed of ſyr Tor Pellenors ſone / & the queſt of the lady that the knyghte tooke aweye / the whiche kyng Pellinre at that tyme folowed / Thenne the kyng ſtablyſſhed all his knyghtes and gaf them that were of londes not ryche / he gaf them londes / and charged hem neuer to doo outragyouſyte nor mordre / and alweyes to flee treaſon / Alſo by no meane to be cruel / but to gyue mercy vnto hym that aſketh mercy vpon payn of forfeture of their worſhip and lordſhip of kyng Arthur for euermore / and alweyes to doo ladyes / damoyſels / and gentylwymmen ſocour vpon payne of dethe / Alſo that no man take noo batails in a wrongful quarel for noo lawe ne for noo worldes goodes / Vnto this were all the knyghtes ſworne of the table round both old and yong / And euery yere were they ſworne at the hyghe feeſt of Pentecoſt

¶ Explicit the weddynge of kynge Arthur

¶ Sequitur quartus liber ¶ Capitulū Primū

Oo after theſe queſtys of Syr Gawyne / Syre Tor / and kynge Pellinore / It felle ſo that Merlyn felle in a dottage on the damoiſel that kyng Pellinore broughte to the Courte / and ſhe was one of the damoyſels of the lake that hyȝte Nyneue / But Merlyn wold lete haue her no reſt but alweyes he wold be with her / And euer ſhe maade Merlyn good chere tyl ſhe had lerned of hym al maner thynge that ſhe deſyred and he was aſſoted vpon her that he myghte not be from her / Soo on a tyme he told kynge Arthur that he ſholde not dure longe but for al his craftes he ſhold be put in the erthe quyck and

[leaf 59 verso]

ſo he told the kynge many thynges that ſhold befalle / but alle wayes he warned the kynge to kepe wel his ſwerd and the ſcaubard / for he told hym how the ſwerd and the ſcaubard ſhold be ſtolen by a woman from hym that he moſt truſted / Alſo he told kynge Arthur that he ſhold myſſe hym / yet had ye leuer than al your landes to haue me ageyne / A ſayd the kynge / ſyn ye knowe of your aduenture puruey for hit / and put awey by your craftes that myſauenture / Nay ſaid Merlyn it wylle not be / ſoo he departed from the kynge / And within a whyle the damoyſel of the lake departed / and Merlyn wente with her euermore where ſome euer ſhe wente / And oftymes merlyn wold haue had her pryuely awey by his ſubtyle craftes / thenne ſhe made hym to ſwere that he ſhold neuer do none enchauntement vpon her yf he wold haue his wylle / And ſo he ſware / ſo ſhe and Merlyn wente ouer the ſee vnto the land of Benwyck there as kynge Ban was kynge that had grete warre ageynſt kynge Claudas / and there Merlyn ſpake with kynge Bans wyf a fair lady and a good / and her name was Elayne / and there he ſawe yonge Launcelot / there the quene made grete ſorowe for the mortal werre þt kyng claudas made on her lord and on her landes / Take none heuyneſſe ſaid Merlyn / for this ſame child within this xx yere ſhall reuenge yow on kynge Claudas that all Cryſtendom ſhalle ſpeke of it And this ſame child ſhalle be the mooſt man of worſhip of the world / and his fyrſt name is galahad / that knowe I wel ſaid Merlyn / And ſyn ye haue confermed hym Launcelot / that is trouthe ſaid the quene / his fyrſt name was Galahad / O Merlyn ſaid the quene ſhalle I lyue to ſee my ſone ſuche a man of proweſſe / ye lady on my parel ye ſhal ſee hit / and lyue many wynters after / And ſoo ſone after the lady and Merlyn departed / and by the waye Merlyn ſhewed her many wondres / and cam in to Cornewaille / And alweyes Merlyn lay aboute the lady to haue her maydenhode / and ſhe was euer paſſynge wery of hym / and fayne wold haue ben delyuerd of hym / for ſhe was aferd of hym by cauſe he was a deuyls ſone / and ſhe coude not beſkyſte hym by no meane / ¶ And ſoo on a tyme it happed that Merlyn ſhewed to her in a roche where as was a greete wonder / and wroughte by

enchauntement that wente vnder a grete ſtone / So by her ſubtyle wyrchynge ſhe maade Merlyn to goo vnder that ſtone to lete her wete of the merueilles there / but ſhe wroughte ſo ther for hym that he came neuer oute for alle the craſte he coude doo / And ſo ſhe departed and leſte Merlyn /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

AND as kynge Arthur rode to Camelot / and helde ther a grete feeſt with myrthe and Ioye / ſo ſoone after he retorned vnto Cardoylle / and ther cam vnto Arthur newe tydynges that the kynge of Denmarke and the kynge of Ireland that was his broder and the kynge of the vale and the kynge of Soleyſe / and the kynge of the yle of Longtaynſe al theſe fyue kynges with a grete hooſt were entrid in to the lād of kynge Arthur and brente and ſlewe clene afore hem / both Cytees and caſtels that it was pyte to here / ¶ Allas ſayd Arthur yet had I neuer reſte one monethe ſyn I was crowned kyng of this land / Now ſhalle I neuer reſte tyl I mete with tho kynges in a fayre feld / that I make myn auowe for my true lyege peple ſhalle not be deſtroyed in my defaulte / goo with me who wille and abyde who that wylle / thenne the kynge lete wryte vnto kynge Pellenore and prayd hym in alle haſte to make hym redy with ſuche peple as he myght lyȝtlyeſt rere and hye hym after in al haſt / All the Barons were pryuely wrothe / that the kynge wold departe ſo ſodenly but the kynge by no meane wold abyde / but made wrytynge vnto them that were not there / and bad them hye after hym ſuche as were not at that tyme in the Courte / Thenne the kynge came to quene gweneuer and ſayd lady make yow redy / for ye ſhall goo with me / for I may not longe myſſe yow / ye ſhal cauſe me to be the more hardy / what auenture ſo befalle me / I wille not wete my lady to be in no ieopardy / Sire ſaid ſhe I am at your commaundement / and ſhalle be redy what tyme ſo ye be redy / So on the morne the kynge and the quene departed with ſuche felauſhip as they hadde / and came in to the Northe in to a foreſt beſyde humber and there lodged hem

¶ Whanne the word & tydynge came vnto the ſyue kynges

[leaf 60 verso]

aboue ſayd that Arthur was beſyde humber in a foreſte there was a knyght broder vnto one of the ſyue kynges that gaſe hem this counceille / ye knowe wel that ſyre Arthur hath the floure of Chyualrye of the world with hym as it is preued by the grete bataille he dyd with the xj kynges / And therfor hye vnto hym nyghte and daye tyl that we be nyghe hym / for the lenger he taryeth the bygger he is / and we euer the waiker And he is ſo couragyous of hym ſelf that he is come to the felde with lytel peple / And therfore lete vs ſet vpon hym or day and we ſhalle flee doune of his knyghtes ther ſhal none eſcape

¶ Capitulum Tercium

VN to this counceille theſe ſyue kynges aſſented / and ſo they paſſed forth with her hooſt thorow Northwalis and came vpon Arthur by nyghte and ſett vpon his hooſt as the kynge and his knyghtes were in their pauelions kynge Arthur was vnarmed / and had leid hym to reſt with hys quene Gweneuer / Sir ſaid ſyr kaynus it is not good we be vnarmed / we ſhalle haue no nede ſaid ſyre Gawayne and Syr Gryflet that laye in a lytel pauelione by the kynge /

With that they herd a grete noyſe and many cryed treſon treſon / Allas ſaid kynge Arthur we ben bitrayed / Vnto armes felawes thenne he cryed / ſo they were armed anone at al poyntes / Thenne cam ther a wounded knyghte vnto the kynge & ſaide ſyr ſaue your ſelf and my lady the quene for our hooſte is deſtroyed and moche peple of ours ſlayne / Soo anone the kynge and the quene and the thre knyghtes took her horſes & rode toward humber to paſſe ouer it / and the water was ſo rough that they were aferd to paſſe ouer / Now may ye cheſe ſayd kynge Arthur whether ye wille abyde and take the aduentur on this ſyde / for and ye be taken / they wille flee yow / It were me leuer ſayd the quene to dye in the water than to falle in your enemyes handes & there be ſlayne / And as they ſtode ſoo talkyng / ſyr kaynus ſawe the ſyue kynges comynge on horſbak by hem ſelf alone with her ſperes in her handes euen toward hem / loo ſaid ſyr kaynus yonder be the ſyue kynges / lete vs go to them and matche hem / that were foly ſayd ſire gawayne / for we are but thre and they ben ſyue that is trouthe ſaid ſyre Gryflet / No force ſaid ſyr kay I wille vndertake for two of

them / and thenne may ye thre vndertake for the other thre / and ther with al ſyr kay lete his hors renne as faſt as he myghte and ſtrake one of them thorow the ſhelde / and the body a fadom that the kynge felle to the erthe ſtark dede / That ſawe ſyr Gawayne and ranne vnto another kyng ſo hard that he ſmote hym thurgh the body / And ther with all kyng Arthur ran to another / and ſmote hym thurgh the body with a ſpere that he ſylle to the erthe dede / Thenne ſyr Gryflet ranne vnto the iiij kyng and gaf hym ſuche a falle that his neck brake / Anone ſyr kay ranne vnto the ſyfthe kynge and ſmote hym ſo hard on the helme that the ſtroke clafe the helme and the hede to the erthe / that was wel ſtryken ſayd kynge Arthur / and worſhipfully haſt thow hold thy promeſſe / therfor I ſhal honoure the / whyle that I lyue / and ther with all they ſet the quene in a barge in to humber / but alweyes quene gweneuer prayſed ſyr kay for his dedes / and ſayd what lady that ye loue / and ſhe loue yow not ageyne ſhe were gretely to blame / and amonge ladyes ſaid the Quene I ſhalle bere youre noble fame / for ye ſpak a grete word and fulfylled it worſhipfully and therwith the quene departed / Thenne the kyng and the thre knyghtes rode in to the foreſt / for there they ſuppoſed to here of them that were eſcaped / and there he fond the moſt party of his peple / and told hem all how the ſyue kynges were dede / and therfore lete vs hold vs to gyders tyll it be day / and whan their hooſt have aſpyed that their chyuetayns be ſlayn they wille make ſuche dole that they ſhalle not mowe helpe hem ſelf / and ryght ſo as the kynge ſaid / ſo it was / for whan they fonde the ſyue kynges dede / they made ſuche dole that they fell fro their horſes / Ther with all cam kyng Arthur but with a fewe peple and ſlewe on the lyfte hand and on the ryght hand that wel nyhe ther eſcaped no man / but alle were ſlayne to the nombre of xxx M / And whan the bataille was all ended the kynge kneled doune and thanked god mekely / and thenne he ſente for the quene and ſoone ſhe was come / and ſhe maade grete Ioye of the ouercomynge of that bataille

¶ Capitulum iiij

[leaf 61 verso]

THere with alle came one to kynge Arthur / and told hym that kyng Pellinore was within thre myle with a grete hooſt / and he ſaid / go vnto hym and lete hym vnderſtande how we haue ſpedde / Soo within a whyle kynge Pellinore cam with a grete hooſt / and ſalewed the peple and the kyng / and ther was grete ioye made on euery ſyde / Thenne the kyng lete ſerche how moche people of his party ther was ſlayne / And ther were founde but lytel paſt two honderd men ſlayne and viij knyȝtes of the table round in their pauelions Thenne the kynge lete rere and deuyſe in the ſame place there as the batail was done a faire abbeye and endowed it wyth grete lyuelode and lete it calle the Abbey of la beale aduenture / but whanne ſomme of them cam in to their Countreyes ther of the ſyue kynges were kynges and told hem how they were ſlayne / ther was made grete dole / And alle kynge Arthurs enemyes as the kynge of Northwales and the kynges of the North wyſte of the bataille they were paſſynge heuy / and ſoo the kynge retorned vnto Camelot in haſt / And whan he was come to Camelot / he called kynge Pellinore vnto hym & ſayd ye vnderſtand wel that we haue loſte viij knyghtes of the beſt of the table round / and by your aduys we wille cheſe viij ageyne of the beſt we may ſynde in this Courte / Syr ſaid Pellinore / I ſhal counceille yow after my conceyte the beſt / there are in your Courte ful noble knyghtes bothe of old & yonge And therfor by myn aduys ye ſhal cheſe half of the old and half of the yonge / whiche be the old ſaid kyng Arthur / Syre ſaid kynge Pellinore me ſemeth that kynge Vryence that hath wedded your ſyſter Morgan le fay and the kynge of the lake and ſyr Heruyſe de reuel a noble knyght / and ſyr galagars the iiij / this is wel deuyſed ſaid kyng Arthur and right ſoo ſhal it be / Now whiche are the four yong knyȝtes ſaid Arthur Syre ſaide Pellinore the fyrſt is ſyr Gawayne your neuewe that is as good a knyght of his tyme / as ony is in this lād And the ſecond as me ſemeth beſt is ſyre Gryflet le fyſe the dene that is a good knyght and ful deſyrous in armes / and who may ſee hym lyue he ſhal preue a good knyghte / And the thyrd as me ſemeth is wel to be one of the knyghtes of the round table ſyr kay the ſeneſcha for many tymes he hath done

[leaf 62]

ful worſhipfully / And now at your laſt bataille he dyd full honourably for to vndertake to ſlee two kynges / By my hede ſaid Arthur he is beſt worthy to be a knyght of the rounde table of ony that ye haue reherced / and he had done no more proweſſe in his lyf dayes

¶ Capitulum Quintum

NOw ſaid kynge Pellenore I ſhalle putte to yow two knyghtes / and ye ſhalle cheſe whiche is mooſt worthy / that is Syr Bagdemagus and ſyr Tor my ſone / But by cauſe Syre Tor is my ſone I may not prayſe hym / but els and he were not my ſone / I durſt ſaye that of his age ther is not in this land a better knyghte than he is nor of better condycions and lothe to doo ony wronge / and loth to take ony wronge / By my hede ſaid Arthur he is a paſſyng good knyght / as ony ye ſpak of this day that wote I wel ſaid the kyng / for I haue ſene hym preued but he ſeyth lytyll and he doth moche more / for I knowe none in al this courte & he were as wel borne on his moder ſyde as he is on your ſyde that is lyke hym of proweſſe and of myghte / And therfor I wille haue hym at this tyme and leue ſyr Bagdemagus tyll another tyme / Soo whan they were ſo choſen by the aſſente of alle the barons / Soo were there founden in her ſyeges euery knyghtes names that here are reherced / and ſo were they ſet in their ſyeges / wherof ſyr Bagdemagus was wonderly wrothe that ſyr Tor was auaunced afore hym / and therfore ſodenly he departed from the Courte and toke his ſquyer with hym / & rode longe in a foreſt tyll they came to a croſſe and there alyȝt and ſayd his prayers deuoutely / The meane whyle his ſquyer founde wryten vpon the croſſe that Bagdemagus ſhold neuer retorne vnto the Courte ageyne / tyll he had wonne a knyȝtes body of the round table body for body / lo ſyr ſaid his ſquyer / here I ſynde wrytyng of yow / therfor I rede yow retorne ageyne to the Courte / that ſhalle I neuer ſaid Bagdemagus by men ſpeke of me grete worſhip / and that I be worthy to be a knyghte of the round table / and ſoo he rode forthe / And ther by the way he founde a braūche of an holy herbe that was the ſygne of the Sancgraill / and no knyght founde ſuche tokens but he were a good lyuer / So as ſir Bagdemagus rode

[leaf 62 verso]

to ſee many aduentures / it happed hym to come to the roche / ther as the lady of the lake had put Merlyn vnder the ſtone / and there he herde hym make grete dole / wherof ſyre Bagdemagus wold haue holpen hym and wente vnto the grete ſtone / and he was ſo heuy that an C men myght not lyfte hyt vp / whan Merlyn wyſte he was there he bad leue his labour / for al was in vayne / for he myght neuer be holpen but by her that put hym ther / and ſo Bagdemagus departed and dyd many auentures and preued after a full good knyght / and came ageyne to the Courte and was made knyght of the round table / So on the morne ther felle newe tydynges and other auentures

¶ Capitulum Sextum

THenne it befelle that Arthur and many of his knyghtes rode on huntynge in to a grete foreſt / and it happed kyng Arthur / kynge Vryens and ſyr Accolon of gaulle folowed a grete herte for they thre were wel horſed / and ſoo they chaced ſo faſt that within a whyle they thre were thenne x myle from her felauſhip / And at the laſt they chaced ſo ſore that they ſlewe theyr horſes vndernethe them / thenne were they al thre on foote / and euer they ſawe the herte afore them paſſynge wery and enbuſſhed / What wille we doo ſaid kyng arthur we are hard beſtad / lete vs goo on foote ſaid kyng Vryens tyl we may mete with ſome lodgynge / Thenne were they ware of the herte that lay on a grete water banke / and a brachet bytynge on his throte and mo other houndes cam after / Thenne kynge Arthur blewe the pryſe and dyghte the herte / Thenne the kynge loked aboute the world / and ſawe afore hym in a grete water a lytel ſhip al apparailled with ſylke doune to the water / and the ſhyp cam ryghte vnto hem and lāded on the ſandes / Thenne Arthur wente to the banke & loked in / and ſawe none erthely creature therin / Sirs ſaid the kyng come thens / and lete vs ſee what is in this ſhip / Soo they wente in al thre and founde hit rychely behanged with clothe of ſylke / By thenne it was derke nyghte / and there ſodenly were aboute them an C torches ſette vpon alle the ſydes of the ſhyp bordes and it gaf grete lyghte / And ther with all there

[leaf 63]

cam out twelue fayr damoyſels and ſalewed kynge Arthur on her knees and called hym by his name / and ſayd he was ryght welcome / and ſuche chere as they had he ſhold haue of the beſt / the kynge thanked hem fayre / There with all they lad the kyng and his two felawes in to a faire chambre / and ther was a clothe leyd rychely byſene of al that longed vnto a tabel / and there were they ſerued of al wynes and metes that they coude thynke / of that the kynge had grete merueille / for he ferd neuer better in his lyf as for one ſouper / And ſo when they had ſouped at her leyſer / kyng Arthur was ledde vnto a chamber / a rycher beſene chamber ſawe he neuer none / and ſoo was kynge Vryens ſerued / and ledde in to ſuche another chābyr / and ſyr Accolon was ledde in to the thyrd chamber paſſynge rychely and wel byſene / and ſo were they layde in theire beddes eaſyly / And anone they felle on ſlepe / and ſlepte merueilloufly ſore all the nyght / And on the morowe kynge Vryens was in Camelott abed in his wyues armes Morgan le fay / And whan he awoke / he had grete merueylle / how he cam there / for on the euen afore he was two dayes Iourney frō Camelot / And whan kyng Arthur awoke he ſound hym ſelf in a derke pryſon herynge aboute hym many complayntes of woful knyghtes

¶ Capitulum Septimum

WHat are ye that ſoo complayne ſaid kynge Arthur / we ben here xx knyghtes pryſoners ſayd they / & ſome of vs haue layne here ſeuen yere and ſomme more and ſomme laſſe / for what cauſe ſayd Arthur / we ſhalle telle yow ſaid the knyghtes / this lord of this caſtel his name is ſyr Damas / & he is the falſeſt knyght that lyueth / and ful of treaſon / and a very coward as ony lyueth / and he hath a yonger broder a good knyghte of proweſſe / his name is ſyr Ontzlake / and this traytour Damas the elder broder wylle gyue hym noo parte of his lyuelode / But as ſyre Ontzlake kepeth thorow proweſſe of his handes / and ſo he kepeth from hym a ful fair maner and a ryche and therin ſyre Ontzlake dwelleth worſhipfully / and is wel biloued of al peple / & this ſyre Damas our maiſter is as euyll beloued for he is without mercy / and

[leaf 63 verso]

he is acoward / and grete werre hath ben betwyxe them bothe / but Ontzlake hath euer the better / and euer he profereth ſyre Damas to ſyghte for the lyuelode body for body / but he wylle not doo / other els to ſynde a knyghte to ſyghte for hym / Vnto that ſyr Damas hath graunted to ſynde a knyghte / but he is ſo euyll byloued and hated / that there nys neuer a knyghte wylle ſyghte for hym / And whan Damas ſawe this that ther was neuer a knyght / wold ſyghte for hym / he hath daily layn a wayte with many knyghtes with hym / and taken alle the knyghtes in this countrey to ſee and aſpye her auentures / he hath taken hem by force and broughte hem to his pryſon / and ſo he tooke vs ſeueratly as we rode on oure auentures / & many good knyȝtes haue dyed in this pryſon for hongre to the nombre of xviij knyghtes / And yf ony of vs alle that here is or hath ben wold haue foughten with his broder Ontzlake / he wold haue delyuerd vs / but for by cauſe this Damas is ſo fals and ſo ful of treaſon we wold neuer ſyghte for hym to dye for it / And we be ſoo lene for hongre that vnnethe we may ſtande on oure feete / god delyuer yow for his mercy ſayd Arthur / Anone there with alle ther cam a damoyſel vnto Arthur / and aſked hym what chere / I can not ſay ſayd he / ſir ſayd ſhe and ye wylle ſyghte for my lord ye ſhall be delyuerd oute of pryſon / and els ye eſcape neuer the lyf / Now ſayd Arthur that is hard / yet had I leuer to ſyghte with a knyght than to dye in pryſon / With this ſaid Arthur I may be delyuerd and alle theſe pryſoners I wylle doo the batail / yes ſaid the damoyſel / I am redy ſayd Arthur and I had hors and armour / ye ſhalle lacke none ſaid the damoyſel / Me ſemeth damoyſel I ſhold haue ſene yow in the Courte of Arthur / Nay ſaid the damoyſel I cam neuer there / I am the lordes doughter of this caſtel / yet was ſhe fals for ſhe was one of the damoyſels of Morgan le fay / Anone ſhe wente vnto ſyr Damas and told hym how he wold doo bataille for hym / and ſo he ſente for Arthur / And whan he cam he was wel coloured and wel made of his lymmes / that al knyȝtes that ſawe hym ſaid it were pyte that ſuche a knyghte ſhold dye in pryſon / ſoo ſyr Damas and he were agreed that he ſhold ſyghte for hym vpon this couenaūt that all other knyghtes ſhold be delyuerd

[leaf 64]

And vnto that was ſyr Damas ſworne vnto Arthur / and alſo to doo the bataille to the vttermeſt / And with that all the xx knyghtes were brought oute of the derke pryſon in to the halle and delyuerd / and ſo they all abode to ſee the bataille

¶ Capitulum Octauum

NOw torne we vnto Accolon of Gaulle that whanne he awoke / he found hym ſelf by a depe welle ſyde within half a foote in grete perylle of dethe / And there cam oute of that fontayne a pype of ſyluer / and oute of that pype ranne water all on hyhe in a ſtone of marbel / whan ſyre Accolon ſawe this / he bleſſyd hym and ſayd Iheſu ſaue my lorde kyng Arthur and kynge Vryens / for theſe damoyſels in this ſhip haue bitrayed vs / they were deuyls and noo wymmen / And yf I may eſcape this miſauenture / I ſhalle deſtroye all where I may ſynde theſe fals damoyſels that vſen enchaũtementys / ¶ Ryght with that ther cam a dwarf with a grete mouthe & a flat noſe and ſalewed ſyre Accolon and ſaid how he came from Quene Morgan le fay / and ſhe greteth yow wel / and byddeth yow be of ſtrong herte / for ye ſhal fyȝte to morne with a knyghte at the houre of pryme / And therfore ſhe hath ſente yow here Excalibur Arthurs ſwerd and the ſcaubard / and ſhe byddeth yow as ye loue her that ye doo batail to the vttermeſt without ony mercy lyke as ye had promyſed her whã ye ſpake to gyder in pryuete / And what damoyſel that bryngeth her the knyghtes hede whiche ye ſhal fyghte with al / ſhe wille make her a quene / Now I vnderſtand yow wel ſayd Accolon / I ſhalle holde that I haue promyſed her now I haue the ſwerd / whan ſawe ye my lady Quene Morgan le fay Ryghte late ſayd the dwarf / thenne Accolon tooke hym in his armes / and ſaid recommaunde me vnto my lady Quene / and telle her all ſhal be done that I haue promyſed her / and els I wille dye for hit / Now I ſuppoſe ſaid Accolon ſhe hath made alle theſe craftes and enchauntement for this bataille / ye may wel bileue it ſaid the dwarf / Ryȝt ſo there cam a knyghte and a lady with ſyxe ſquyers / and ſalewed Accolon / and prayd hym for to aryſe and come and reſte hym at his

[leaf 64 verso]

maner / and ſo Accolon mounted vpon a voyde hors / & wente with the knyghte vnto a fayre maner by a pryory / and there he had paſſynge good chere / Thenne ſir Damas ſente vnto his broder ſyr Ontzelake / and badde make hym redy by to morne at the houre of pryme / and to be in the felde to ſyghte wyth a a good knyght / for he had founden a good knyght that was redy to doo bataill at all poyntes / whan this word cam vnto ſir Ontzelake / he was paſſyng heuy / for he was wounded a lytel to fore thorow bothe his thyes with a ſpere / and made grete dole / But as he was wounded he wold haue taken the bataille on hand / Soo it happed at that tyme by the meanes of Morgan le fay Accolon was with ſyr Ontzelake lodged / and whan he herd of that bataille and how Ontzelake was woūded / he ſayd that he wold ſyghte for hym by cauſe Morgan le fey had ſente hym Excalibur and the ſhethe for to ſyȝte with the knyght on the morne / This was the cauſe ſyr Accolon toke the bataille on hand / thenne ſyre Ontzelake was paſſynge glad / and thāked ſyr Accolon with alle his herte that he wold do ſo moche for hym / & ther with al ſyr Ontzelake ſente word vnto his broder ſyre Damas / that he had a knyȝte þt for hym ſhold be redy in the felde by the houre of pryme / Soo on the morne ſyr Arthur was armed and wel horſed / and aſked ſyr Damas whan ſhalle we to the felde / ſyr ſaid ſyr Damas ye ſhalle here maſſe / and ſo Arthur herd a maſſe / And whan maſſe was done / there cam a ſquyer on a grete hors & aſked ſyr Damas yf his knyght were redy / for oure knyght is redy in the felde / Thenne ſyre Arthur mounted vpon horſbak / & there were alle the knyghtes and comyns of that countrey / & ſo by alle aduyſes ther were choſen xij good men of the countrey for to wayte vpon the two knyghtes / And ryght as Arthur was on horſbak / ther cam a damoiſel from Morgan le fey and broughte vnto ſyr Arthur a ſwerd lyke vnto Excalibur / and the ſcaubard / and ſayd vnto Arthur Morgan le fey ſendeth here your ſwerd for grete loue / and he thanked her / & wende it had ben ſo / but ſhe was fals / for the ſwerd and the ſcaubard was counterfeet & brutyll and fals

¶ Capitulum ix

[leaf 65] I

AND thenne they dreſſyd hem on bothe partyes of the felde / & lete their horſes renne ſo faſt that eyther ſmote other in the myddes of the ſhelde / with their ſperes hede / that bothe hors and man wente to the erthe / And thenne they ſterte vp bothe / and pulled oute their ſwerdys / the meane whyle that they were thus at the bataille cam the damoyſel of the lake in to the felde / that put Merlyn vnder the ſtone / & ſhe cam thydder for loue of kynge Arthur / for ſhe knewe how Morgan le fay had ſoo ordeyned / that kynge Arthur ſhold haue ben ſlayne that daye / and therfor ſhe cam to ſaue his lyf And ſo they went egrely to the bataille / and gaf many grete ſtrokes / but alweyes Arthurs ſwerd bote not lyke Accolon ſwerd / But for the moſt party euery ſtroke that Accolon gaf he wounded ſore Arthur / that it was merueylle he ſtode / And alweyes his blood ſylle from hym faſt / whan Arthur beheld the ground ſo ſore bebledde he was deſmayed / and thenne he demed treaſon that his ſwerd was chaunged / for his ſwerd boote not ſtyl as it was wonte to do / therfor he dredde hym ſo re to be dede / for euer hym ſemed that the ſwerd in Accolons hand was Excalibur / for at euery ſtroke that Accolon ſtroke he drewe blood on Arthur / Now knyghte ſaid Accolon vnto Arthur kepe the wel from me / but Arthur anſuerd not ageyne / and gaf hym ſuche a buffet on the helme that he made hym to ſtoupe nygh fallynge doune to the erthe / Thenne ſyr Accolon withdrewe hym a lytel / and cam on with Excalibur on hyghe / and ſmote ſyr Arthur ſuche a buffet that he felle nyhe to the erthe / Thenne were they wroth bothe / and gaf eche other many ſore ſtrokes / but alweyes ſyr Arthur loſt ſo moche blood that it was merueille he ſtode on his feet / but he was ſoo ful of knyghthode that knyghtly he endured the payne / And ſyr Accolon loſt not a dele of blood / therfor he waxt paſſynge lyghte / and ſyr Arthur was paſſynge feble / and wende veryly to haue dyed / but for al that he made countenaunce as though he myghte endure / and helde Accolon as ſhorte as he myght / But Accolon was ſo bolde by cauſe of Excalibur that he waxed paſſynge hardy / But alle men that beheld hym ſayd they ſawe neuer knyghte fyghte ſo wel as Arthur dyd conſyderyng the blood that he bled / Soo was all the peple ſory for

[leaf 65 verso]

hym / but the two bretheren wold not accorde / thenne alweyes they fought to gyders as fyers knyghtes / and fyre Arthur withdrewe hym a lytel for to refte hym / and fyre Accolon called hym to bataille and faid it is no tyme for me to fuffre the to refte / And therwith he cam fyerfly vpon Arthur / and fyre Arthur was wrothe for the blood that he had loft / and fmote Accolon on hyhe vpon the helme foo myȝtely that he made hym nyhe to falle to the erthe / And therwith Arthurs fwerd braft at the croffe and felle in the graffe amonge the blood and the pomel and the fure handels he helde in his handes / When fyr arthur fawe that / he was in grete fere to dye / but alweyes he helde vp his fhelde and loft no ground nor bated no chere /

¶ Capitulum x

THenne fyre Accolon beganne with wordes of treafon and fayd knyghte thow arte ouercome / and maxfte not endure and alfo thow arte wepenles / and thow haft lofte moche of thy blood / and I am ful lothe to flee the / therfor yelde the to me as recreaunt / Nay faide fyre Arthur I maye not fo / for I haue promyfed to doo the bataille to the vttermeft by the feythe of my body whyle me lafteth the lyf / and therfor I had leuer to dye with honour than to lyue with fhame / And yf it were poffyble for me to dye an C tymes I had leuer to dye fo ofte / than yelde me to the / for though I lacke wepen / I fhalle lacke no worfhip / And yf thow flee me wepenles that fhalle be thy fhame / wel fayd Accolon as for the fhame I wyl not fpare / Now kepe the from me for thow arte but a dede mā And therwith Accolon gaf hym fuche a ftroke that he felle nyghe to the erthe / and wolde haue had Arthur to haue cryed hym mercy / But fyre Arthur preffed vnto Accolon with his fheld / and gaf hym with the pomel in his hand fuche a buffet that he went thre ftrydes abak / whan the damoifel of the lake beheld arthur / how ful of proweffe his body was & the fals trefon that was wrouȝt for hym to haue had hym flayn fhe had grete pyte that fo good a knyȝt & fuche a mā of worfhip fhold fo be deftroyed / And at the next ftroke fyr Accolon ftroke hym fuche a ftroke that by the damoyfels enchauntement the fwerd Excalibur felle oute of Accolons hande to the erthe / And therwith alle Syre Arthur lyghtely lepte to hit / and gate hit

in his hand / and forthwith al he knewe that it was his ſuerd Excalibur / & ſayd thow haſt ben from me al to long / & moche dommage haſt thow done me / & ther with he aſpyed the ſcaubard hangynge by his ſyde / and ſodenly he ſterte to hym and pulled the ſcaubard from hym and threwe hit fro hym as fer as he myghte throwe hit / O knyghte ſaide Arthur this daye haſt thow done me grete dommage with this ſwerd / Now are ye come vnto your dethe / for I ſhalle not waraunt yow but ye ſhalle as wel be rewarded with this ſwerde or euer we departe as thow haſt rewarded me / for moche payne haue ye made me to endure / and moche blood haue I loſt / And therwith ſyr Arthur ruſſhed on hym with alle his myghte and pulled hym to the erthe / and thēne ruſſhed of his helme / and gaf hym ſuche a buffet on the hede that the blood cam oute at his eres / his noſe & his mouthe / Now wylle I ſlee the ſaid Arthur / Slee me ye may wel ſaid Accolon and it pleaſe yow / for ye ar the beſt knyghte that euer I fonde / and I ſee wel that god is with yow / But ſor I promyſed to do this batail ſaid Accolon to the vttermeſt and neuer to be recreaunt whyle I lyued therfore ſhal I neuer yelde me with my mouthe / but god doo with my body what he wyll / ¶ Thenne ſyr Arthur remembrid hym and thoughte he ſhold haue ſene this knyghte / Now telle me ſaid Arthur or I wylle ſlee the / of what coūtrey art thou and of what courte / Syre knyghte ſayd ſyr Accolon I am of the courte of kynge Arthur / & my name is Accolon of gaulle Thenne was Arthur more deſmayed than he was before hand For thenne he remembryd hym of his ſyſter Morgan le fay / and of the enchauntement of the ſhip / O ſyre knyghte ſayd he I pray yow telle me who gaf yow this ſwerd and by whom ye had it /

¶ Capitulum xj

THenne ſyre Accolon bethouȝte hym and ſaid wo worth this ſwerd / for by hit haue I geten my dethe / it may wel be / ſaid the kynge / Now ſyre ſaid Accolon I wil telle yow this ſwerd hath ben in my kepynge the mooſt party of this twelue moneth / And Morgan le fay kynge Vryens wyf ſente it me yeſter daye by a dwerf to this entente that I ſhold ſlee kynge Arthur her broder / For ye ſhall vnderſtand

[leaf 66 verso]

entente to flee kyng Arthur her broder / for ye fhal vnderftand kynge Arthur is the man in the world that fhe mooft hateth by caufe he is mooft of worfhip and of proweffe of ony of her blood / Alfo fhe loueth me oute of mefure as paramour / and I her ageyne / And yf fhe myghte brynge aboute to flee Arthur by her craftes / fhe wold flee her hufband kynge Vryens lyghtely / And thenne hadde fhe me deuyfed to be kyng in this land / and foo to regne / and fhe to be my quene / but that is now done faide Accolon / for I am fure of my dethe wel fayd fyre Arthur / I fele by yow ye wold haue ben kynge in this land / It had ben grete dommage to haue deftroyed your lord fayd Arthur / it is trouth faid Accolon / but now I haue told yow trouthe / wherfore I praye yow telle me of whens ye are and of what courte / O Accolon fayd kynge Arthur now I lete the wete / that I am kynge Arthur to whome thow hafte done grete dommage / Whanne Accolon herd that / he cryed on lowde fayre fwete lord haue mercy on me / for I knewe not yow / O fyr Accolon fayd kynge Arthur mercy fhalt thow haue / by caufe I fele by thy wordes at this tyme / thow knoweft not my perfone / But I vnderftand wel by thy wordes that thow haft agreed to the dethe of my perfone / and therfore thow arte a traytour / but I wyte the the laffe / for my fyfter Morgan le fay by her fals craftes made the to agree and confente to her fals luftes / but I fhalle be fore auengyd vpon her and I lyue that alle Cryftendome fhalle fpeke of it / god knoweth / I haue honoured her and worfhipped her more than alle my kynne / and more haue I trufted her than myn owne wyf and alle my kynne after /

¶ Thenne fyr Arthur called the kepars of the felde and faid Syrs cometh hyder / for here are we two knyghtes that haue foughten vnto a grete dommage vnto us both / and lyke echone of vs to haue flayne other / yf it had happed foo / And hadde ony of vs knowen other / here had ben no bataille / nor ftroke ftryken ¶ Thenne al a lowde cryed Accolon vnto alle the knyghtes and men that were thēne there gadred to gyder / and fayd to them in this manere / O lordes this noble knyghte that I haue foughten with all / the whiche me fore repenteth is the moofte man of proweffe of manhode and of

worſhip in the world / for it is hym ſelf kynge Arthur our al ther liege lord & with myſhap and with myſaūeture have I done this bataill with the kyng and lord that I am holden with all

¶ Capitulum xij

THenne alle the peple felle doune on her knees and cryed kynge Arthur mercy / mercy ſhalle ye haue ſayd Arthur / here maye ye ſee what auentures befallen oftyme of erraunte knyghtes how that I haue foughten with a knyght of myn owne vnto my grete dommage and his bothe / But ſyrs by cauſe I am ſore hurte and he bothe / and I had grete nede of a lytel reſt / ye ſhalle vnderſtande the oppynyon betwixe yow two bretheren as to the ſyre Damas / for whom I haue ben champyon and wonne the feld of this knyghte / yet wylle I Iuge by cauſe ye ſyre Damas are called an orgulous knyghte and full of vylony and not worthe of proweſſe of youre dedes / therfor I wylle that ye gyue vnto your broder alle the hole manoir with the appertenaūce vnder thys forme / that ſir Ontzelake hold the manoir of yow / and yerely to gyue yow a palfrey to ryde vpon / for that wylle become yow better to ryde on than vpon a courſer / Alſo I charge the ſyre Damas vpon payne of deth / that thow neuer deſtreſſe no knyȝtes erraunte that ryde on their aduenture / And alſo that thow reſtore theſe xx knyghtes that thow haſt longe kepte pryſoners of all their harneis that they be content for / and yf ony of hem come to my court and complayne of the / by my hede thou ſhalt dye therfore / Alſo ſyre Ontzelake as to yow by cauſe ye are named a good knyghte and ful of proweſſe and true and gentyl in all your dedes this ſhalle be youre charge I wylle gyue yow that in al goodely haſte ye come vnto me and my courte and ye ſhalle be a knyghte of myne / and yf your dedes be there after I ſhall ſo proferre yow by the grace of god that ye ſhalle in ſhorte tyme be in eaſe for to lyue as worſhipfully as your broder ſyre Damas / God thanke your largeneſſe of your goodenes & of your bounte / I ſhall be from hens forward at all tymes at your commaundement / For ſyr ſaid ſyr Ontzelake as god wold as I was hurte but late with an aduentures knyght thurgh both my thyes that greued me ſore / & els

[leaf 67 verso]

had I done this bataille with yow / god wold ſayd Arthur it had ben ſo / for thenne had not I ben hurte as I am / I ſhalle telle you the cauſe why / for I had not ben hurte as I am hadde not ben myne owne ſwerd / that was ſtolen from me by treaſon / And this bataille was ordeyned afore hand to haue ſlayne me / and ſo it was brouȝte to the purpos by fals treaſon and by fals enchauntement / Allas ſaid ſyr Ontzelake that is greete pyte that euer ſoo noble a man as ye are of your dedes and proweſſe / that ony man or woman myȝt fynde in their hertes to worche ony treaſon ageynſt yow / I ſhalle reward them ſaid Arthur in ſhort tyme by the grace of god Now telle me ſaid Arthur how fer am I from Camelot / ſyr ye are two dayes iourney ther fro / I wold fayn be at ſome place of worſhip ſaid ſyr Arthur that I myghte reſte me / Syre ſaid ſyr Ontzelake / here by is a ryche abbey of your elders foū-dacyon of Nonnes but thre myle hens / So the kynge took his leue of alle the peple / and mounted vpon horſbak / and ſir Accolon with hym / And whan they were come to the Abbaye / he lete fetche leches and ſerche his woundes and Accolons bothe / but ſyr Accolon dyed within four dayes / for he had bled ſoo moche blood that he myghte not lyue / but kyng Arthur was wel recouerd / Soo whan Accolon was dede / he lete ſende hym on a horſbere with ſyxe knyghtes vnto Camelot / and ſaid / bere hym to my ſyſter Morgan le fay / and ſay that I ſende her hym to a preſente / and telle her I haue my ſwerd Excalibur and the ſcaubard / ſoo they departed with the body

¶ Capitulum xiij

THe meane whyle Morgan le fay hadde wend kynge Arthur had been dede / ſoo on a day ſhe aſpyed kynge Vryens lay in his bedde ſlepynge / thenne ſhe called vnto her a mayden of her counceyll / & ſaid go fetche me my lordes ſwerd for I ſawe neuer better tyme to ſlee hym than now /

¶ O Madame ſayd the damoyſel / and ye ſlee my lord ye can neuer eſcape / Care not yow ſaid Morgan le fay / for now I ſee my tyme in the whiche it is beſt to doo hit / And therfor hye the faſt and fetche me the ſuerd / Theñe the damoiſel departed

fonde ſyre Vwayne ſlepynge vpon a bedde in another chamber ſoo ſhe wente vnto ſire Vwayne and awaked hym / and badde hym aryſe and wayte on my lady youre moder / for ſhe wille ſlee the kynge your fader ſlepynge in his bedde / for I goo to fetche his ſwerd / wel ſaid ſyr Vwayne go on your waye / and lete me dele / Anone the damoyſel brought Morgan the ſwerd with quakynge handes / and lyghtely took the ſwerd / & pulled it out / and wente boldely vnto the beddes ſyde / and awayted how and where ſhe myght ſle hym beſt / And as ſhe lyfte vp the ſwerd to ſmyte / ſir Vwayne lepte vnto his moder and caughte her by the hand and ſayd A ſende what wilt thow do And thow were not my moder with this ſwerd I ſhold ſmyte of thy hede / A ſayd ſyr Vwayn men ſaith that Merlyn was begoten of a deuylle / but I may ſaye an erthely deuylle bare me / O fayre ſone Vwayne haue mercy vpon me / I was tempted with a deuylle / wherfore I crye the mercy / I wylle neuer more doo ſoo and ſaue my worſhip and diſcouer me not / On this couenaunt ſaid ſyr Vwayne I wille forgyue it yow / ſoo ye wille neuer be aboute to doo ſuche dedes / Nay ſone ſaid ſhe / & that I make yow aſſuraunce /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne came tydynges vnto Morgan le fay that Accolon was dede / and his body brought vnto the chirche And how kynge Arthur had his ſwerd ageyne /

But whanne Quene Morgan wyſte that Accolon was dede / ſhe was ſoo ſorouful that nere hir herte to braſt / But by cauſe ſhe wold not it were knowen / oute ward ſhe kepte her countece naun / & maade no ſemblaunt of ſorowe / But wel ſhe wyſte and ſhe abode tyll her broder Arthur cam thyder / there ſhold no gold goo for her lyf

¶ Thenne ſhe wente vnto Quene Gweneuer / and aſked her leue to ryde in to the countreye / ye maye abyde ſayde Quene Gweneuer tyll youre brother the kynge come home / I maye not ſayde Morgan le fay / for I haue ſuche haſty tydynges / that I may not tary / wel ſaide Gueneuer ye maye departe

[leaf 68 verso]

whanne ye wille / Soo erly on the morne or hit was daye ſhe tooke her hors and rode alle that daye and mooſte parte of the nyghte / And on the morn by none ſhe cam to the ſame Abbay of Nonnes / where as lay kyng arthur / & ſhe knowyng he was there ſhe aſked where he was / And they anſuerd how he had leyd hym in his bed to ſlepe / for he had had but lytel reſte theſe thre nyghtes / Wel ſaid ſhe I charge yow that none of yow awake hym tyl I doo / and thenne ſhe alyghte of her hors / & thoughte for to ſtele awey Excalibur his ſwerd / and ſoo ſhe wente ſtreyghte vnto his chamber / And noo man durſte dyſobeye her commaundement / and there ſhe fond Arthur a ſlepe in his bedde and Excalibur in his ryght hand naked / Whan ſhe ſawe that ſhe was paſſynge heuy that ſhe myghte not come by the ſwerd withoute ſhe had awaked hym / and thenne ſhe wyſt wel ſhe had ben dede / Thenne ſhe tooke the ſcaubard and wente her wey on horſbak / whan the kynge awoke and myſſed his ſcaubard / he was wrothe / and he aſked who had ben there / and they ſaid his ſyſter quene Morgan had ben ther and had put the ſcaubard vnder her mantel and was gone / Allas ſayd Arthur falſly ye haue watched me / Syre ſayd they alle we durſte not diſobeye your ſyſters commaundement A ſaid the kynge lete fetche the beſt hors maye be founde / And byd ſyre Ontzlake arme hym in al haſt / and take another good hors and ryde with me / Soo anone the kynge and Ontzelake were wel armed / and rode after this lady / and ſoo they cam by a croſſe and found a Cowherd / and they aſked the poure man yf ther cam ony lady rydynge that way / Syre ſaid this poure man / ryght late cam a lady rydynge with a xl horſes / and to yonder foreſt ſhe rode / Thenne they ſpored theire horſes / and folowed faſt / And within a whyle Arthur had a ſyghte of Morgan le fay / thenne he chaced as faſt as he myghte / whanne ſhe aſpyed hym folowynge her / ſhe rode a gretter paas thorowe the foreſt tyl ſhe cam to a playne / And whanne ſhe ſawe ſhe myghte not eſcape ſhe rode vnto a lake ther by / & ſayd what ſoo euer come of me / my broder ſhall not haue this ſcaubard / And thenne ſhe lete throwe the ſcauberd in the depeſt of the water ſoo it ſanke / for it was heuy of gold and precious ſtones ¶ Thenne ſhe rode in to a valeye

where many grete ſtones were / And whan ſhe ſawe ſhe muſte be ouertake ſhe ſhope her ſelf hors and man by enchauntemēt vnto a grete marbyl ſtone / Anone with al cam Syr Arthur / and ſyr Ontzelake where as the kynge myght knowe his ſyſter and her men / and one knyght from another / A ſayd the kynge here may ye ſee the vengeaunce of god / & now am I ſory that this myſauenture is befalle / & thenne he loked for the ſcaubard / but it wold not be founde / ſo he retorned to the Abbeye there he came fro / So whan Arthur was gone / ſhe torned alle in to the lykeneſſe as ſhe and they were before / and ſayd ſyrs now may we goo where we wylle /

¶ Capitulum xv

THenne ſaid Morgan ſawe ye Arthur my broder / ye ſaid her knyghtes ryght wel / and that ye ſhold haue founde and we myghte haue ſtered from one ſtede / for by his armyueſtal contenaunce he wold haue cauſed vs to have fled I byleue yow ſaid Morgan / Anone after as ſhe rode ſhe met a knyght ledyng another knyȝt on his hors before hym bounde hand and foote blyndefeld to haue drouned hym in a fontayne / whan ſhe ſawe this knyȝt ſo boūde / ſhe aſked hym what wylle ye doo with that knyght / lady ſaid he I wylle drowne hym / for what cauſe ſhe aſked / for I fonde hym with my wyf and ſhe ſhalle haue the ſame dethe anone / that were pyte ſayd Morgan le fay / Now what ſaye ye knyȝt is it trouthe þt he ſaith of yow ſhe ſaid to the knyght that ſhold be drowned / nay truly madame he ſeith not ryght on me / Of whens be ye ſayd Morgan le fay and of what countre / I am of the Courte of kynge Arthur / and my name is Manaſſen coſyn vnto Accolon of gaulle / ye ſay wel ſaid ſhe / and for the loue of hym ye ſhalle be delyuerd / and ye ſhalle haue your aduerſary in the ſame caas ye be in / So Maneſſen was loſed & the other knyght bounde / And anone Maneſſen vnarmed hym and armed hym ſelf in his harneis / and ſoo mounted on horſbak / and the knyght afore hym and ſoo threwe hym in to the fontayne and drowned hym / And thenne he rode vnto Morgan ageyne / & aſked yf ſhe wold ony thyng vnto kynge Arthur / Telle hym that I reſcued the / not for the loue of hym but for the loue of Accolon / and telle hym I fere hym not whyle I can make me

[leaf 69 verso]

and them that ben with me in lykenes of ſtones / And lete hym wete I can doo more whan I ſee my tyme / And ſo ſhe departed in to the countrey of Gorre / and there was ſhe rychely receyued / and maade her caſtels and townes paſſynge ſtronge / for alweyes ſhe drad moche kynge Arthur / Whanne the kynge had wel reſted hym at the Abbey he rode vnto Camelot / and ſonde his quene and his barons ryght glad of his comynge / And whan they herd of his ſtraunge auentures as is afore reherced / they alle hadde merueille of the falſhede of Morgan le fay / many knyghtes wyſſhed her brent / thenne cam Maneſſen to courte and told the kyng of his auenture / well ſaid the kynge ſhe is a kynde ſyſter / I ſhalle ſoo be auengid on her and I lyue / that alle Cryſtendome ſhalle ſpeke of hit / So on the morne ther cam a damoiſel from Morgan to the kynge and ſhe brought with her the rycheſt mantel that euer was ſene in that Courte / for it was ſette as ful of precious ſtones as one myght ſtand by another / and there were the rycheſt ſtones that euer the kynge ſawe / And the damoyſel ſaide youre ſyſter ſendeth yow this mantel / and deſyreth that ye ſhold take this gyſte of her / And in what thyng ſhe hath offended you ſhe wille amende it at youre owne pleaſyr / whan the kyng beheld this mantel it pleaſyd hym moche / but he ſaid but lytel

¶ Capitulum xvj

WYth that came the damoyſel of the lake vnto the kyng and ſaid ſyr I muſt ſpeke with yow in pryuyte / ſay on ſaid the kynge what ye wille / Syr ſayd the damoyſel put not on yow this mantel tyl ye haue ſene more / and in no wyſe lete it not come on yow nor on no knyghte of yours tyl ye commaunde the brynger thereof to put it vpon her / wel ſaid kynge Arthur / It ſhalle be done as ye counceille me / And thenne he ſaid vnto the damoyſel that cam fro his ſiſter / damoiſel this mantel that ye haue brought me I wille ſee it vpon yow / ſyr ſhe ſaid / it wille not biſeme me to were a kynges garment / by my hede ſaid Arthur / ye ſhalle were it or it come on my bak or ony mans that here is / and ſo the kyng made it to be putt vpon her / And forth with al ſhe felle doune dede / and neuer more

[leaf 70]

ſpake word after and brente to coles / Thenne was the kyng wonderly wrothe more than he was to fore hand / and ſayd vnto kynge Vryens my ſyſter your wyf is alwey aboute to bytraye me / and wel I wote outher ye or my neuewe youre ſone is of counceille with her to haue me deſtroyed / But as for yow ſaid the kyng to kynge Vryens I deme not gretely that ye be of her counceill / For Accolon confeſſyd to me by his own mouth that ſhe wold haue deſtroyed yow as wel as me ther for I hold yow excuſed / But as for your ſone Syr Vwayn I hold hym ſuſpect / therfore I charge yow put hym oute of my courte / So ſyr Vwayne was diſcharged / And whanne Syr Gawayne wyſt that he made hym redy to go with hym / & ſaid who ſo bannyſſheth my coſyn germayn / ſhal bannyſſhe me Soo they two departed / and rode in to a grete foreſt / and ſoo they came to an Abbay of Monkes / and ther were wel lodged But whanne the kynge wyſt that ſyr Gawayne was departed from the Courte / ther was made grete ſorowe amonge alle the eſtates / Now ſayd Gaherys Gawayns broder we haue loſt two good knyghtes for the loue of one / So on the morne they herd their maſſes in the abbay / and ſo they rode forth tyl that they came to a grete foreſt / thenne was ſyr Gawayne ware in a valey by a turret xij ſayre damoyſels / and two knyghtes armed on grete horſes / and the damoyſels wente to and fro by a tree / And thenne was ſyr Gawayne ware how ther henge a whyte ſhelde on that tree / And euer as the damoyſels cam by it / they ſpytte vpon it / and ſome threwe myre vpon the ſheld /

¶ Capitulum xvij

THenne ſyr Gawayne and ſyr Vwayne wente and ſalewed them / and aſked why they dyd that deſpyte to the ſhelde / Syrs ſaiden the damoyſels / we ſhalle telle yow / There is a knyght in this coūtrey that oweth this whyte ſheld and he is a paſſyng good man of his handes / but he hateth al ladyes and gentylwymmen / and therfor we doo alle this deſpyte to the ſhelde / I ſhal ſay yow ſaid ſyr gawayne / hit byſemeth euylle a good knyghte to deſpyſe all ladyes and gentil wymmen / And parauentur though he hate yow he hath ſomme

[leaf 70 verso]

And parauenture he loueth in ſomme other places ladyes and gentylwymmen / and to be loued ageyne / and he be ſuche a mā of proweſſe as ye ſpeke of / Now what is his name / ſyr ſayd they / his name is Marhaus the kynges ſone of Irelond I knowe hym wel ſayd ſyre Vwayne / he is a paſſynge good knyght as ony is on lyue / for I ſawe hym ones preued at a Iuſtes where many knyghtes were gadered / and that tyme ther myghte no man withſtande hym / A ſayd ſyr Gawayne Damoyſels me thynketh ye are to blame / for hit is to ſuppoſe / he that henge that ſheld ther / he wille not be longe ther fro / & thenne may tho knyghtes matche hym on horſbak / and that is more your worſhip than thus / For I wille abyde no lenger to ſee a knyghtes ſheld diſhonoured / And therwith ſyre Vwayne and Gawayne departed a lytel fro them / And thenne were they ware where ſyre Marhaus cam rydynge on a grete hors ſtreyghte toward them / And whanne the xij damoyſels ſawe ſyr Marhaus they fled in to the turret as they were wylde ſo that ſomme of them felle by the wey / Thenne the one of the knyghtes of the Toure dreſſid his ſhelde and ſaid on hyghe ſyr Marhaus defende the / and ſoo they ranne to gyders that the knyȝt brake his ſpere on Marhaus / & Marhaus ſmote hym ſo hard that he brake his neck and the hors back / That ſawe the other knyght of the turret and dreſſyd hym toward Marhaus / and they mette ſo egrely to gyders that the knyght of the Turret was ſoone ſmyten doune hors and man ſtark dede /

¶ Capitulum xviij

AND thenne ſyre Marhaus rode vnto his ſhelde / and ſawe how it was defowled / and ſayd of this deſpyte I am a parte auengyd / But for her loue that gaf me this whyte ſhelde I ſhalle were the / and hange myn where thow was and ſoo he hanged it aboute his neck / Thenne he rode ſtreyght vnto ſyr Gawayn and to ſyr Vwayne / and aſked them what they dyd there / They anſuerd hym that they cam from kynge Arthurs courte for to ſee auentures / wel ſayd ſyre Marhaus here am I redy an auentures knyghte that wille fulfylle ony

[leaf 71]

aduenture that ye wylle deſyre / And ſoo departed fro them / to fetche his raunge / lete hym goo ſeid ſyr Vwayn vnto ſyre Gawayne / for he is a paſſynge good knyghte as ony is lyuynge / I wold not by my wille that ony of vs were matched
5 with hym / Nay ſaid ſir Gawayne not ſo / it were ſhame to vs were he not aſſayed were he neuer ſoo good a knyghte / wel ſaid ſyr Vwayne I wylle aſſaye hym afore yow / for I am more weyker than ye / And yf he ſmyte me doune / thenne may ye reuenge me / ſoo theſe two knyghtes cam to gyders with gre-
10 te raundon that ſyr Vwayne ſmote ſyr Marhaus that his ſpere braſte in pyeces on the ſhelde / and Syre Marhaus ſmote hym ſo ſore that hors and man he bare to the erthe / and hurte ſyre Vwayne on the lyſte ſyde / Thenne ſyr Marhaus torned his hors and rode toward Gawayne with his ſpere / and when
15 ſyr Gawayne ſawe that / he dreſſid his ſheld / and they auentryd their ſperes / and they cam to gyders with alle the myȝte of their horſes / that eyther knyght ſmote other ſo hard in myddes of theyr ſheldes / but ſyr Gawayns ſpere brak / but ſir marhaus ſpere helde / And therwith ſyre Gawayne and his hors
20 ruſſhed doune to the erthe / And lyghtly ſyre Gawayne roſe on his feet / and pulled out his ſwerd / and dreſſyd hym toward ſyr Marhaus on foote / and ſyr marhaus ſawe that / and pulled oute his ſwerd / and beganne to come to ſyr Gawayne on horſbak / Syre knyght ſaid ſyr gawayn alyȝte on foote or els
25 I wylle ſlee thy hors / gramercy ſayd ſyr Marhaus of youre gentylneſ ye teche me curtoſye / for hit is not for one knyȝt to be on foote / and the other on horsbak / & therwith ſyr Marhaus ſette his ſpere ageyne a tree and alyghte and tayed his hors to a tree / and dreſſid his ſhelde / and eyther cam vnto o-
30 ther egerly / and ſmote to gyders with her ſwerdes that her ſheldes flewe in cantels / and they bryſed their helmes and their hauberkes and wounded eyther other / but Syre gawayne fro it paſſed ix of the clok waxed euer ſtronger and ſtronger /
for thenne hit cam to the houre of noone & thryes his myghte
35 was encreaced / Alle this aſpyed ſyr Marhaus and had grete wonder how his myghte encreaced / and ſo they wounded other paſſynge ſore / And thenne whan it was paſt noone / and whan it drewe toward euenſonge ſyre gawayns ſtrengthe febled &

[leaf 71 verso]

waxt paſſynge ſaynte that vnnethes he myght dure ony lenger / and ſyr Marhaus was thenne bygger and bygger / ſyre knyght ſaid ſyr Marhaus / I haue wel felt that ye are a paſſynge good knyghte and a merueyllous man of myghte as euer I felt ony / whyle hit laſteth / And oure quarels are not grete / and therfor it were pyte to doo yow hurte / for I fele ye are paſſynge feble / A ſaid ſyr Gawayn gentyl knyghte ye ſay the word that I ſhold ſay / And therwith they took of theire helmes / and eyther kyſſed other / and there they ſwore to gyders eyther to loue other as bretheren / And ſyr Marhaus prayd ſyr gawayn to lodge with hym that nyghte / And ſo they toke theyr horſes / and rode toward ſyr Marhaus hous / And as they rode by the wey / ſyr knyghte ſaid ſyr gawayne I haue merueylle that ſo valyaunt a man as ye be loue no ladyes ne damoyſels / Syre ſayd ſyr marhaus they name me wrongfully tho that gyue me that name / but wel I wote it ben the damoyſeles of the Turret that ſo name me and other ſuche as they be / Now ſhalle I telle yow for what cauſe I hate them / For they be ſorcereſſes and enchaunters many of them / & be a knyȝt neuer ſo good of his body and ful of proweſſe as man may be / they wille make hym a ſtark coward to haue the better of hym / and this is the pryncipal cauſe that I hate them & to al good ladyes and gentyl wymmen I owe my ſeruyſe as a knyght ouȝte to do / As the book reherceth in frenſſhe ther were many knyghtes that ouermatched ſyr gawayne for alle the thryes myghte that he had / Syr Launcelot de lake / ſyr Tryſtrams / ſyr Bors de ganys / ſyr Percyuale / ſyr Pellias & ſyr Marhaus / theſe ſixe knyȝtes had the better of ſir gawayn Thenne within a lytel whyle they cam to ſyr Marhaus place / whiche was in a lytel pryory / and there they alyghte and ladyes and damoyſels vnarmed them / and haſtely loked to theyr hurtes / for they were all thre hurte / and ſo they had all thre good lodgynge with ſyr Marhaus and good chere / for whan he wyſt that they were kynge Arthurs ſyſter ſones / he maade them al the chere that lay in his power / and ſo they ſoiourned there a vij nyghte / and were wel eaſyd of their woundes and at the laſt departed / Now ſaid ſyre Marhaus we wylle not departe ſoo lyȝtely / for I wylle brynge you thorow the foreſt

[leaf 72]

And rode daye by day wel a ſeuen dayes or they fond ony auenture / At the laſt they cam in to a grete foreſt that was named the countreye and foreſte of Arroy and the countrey of ſtraunge auentures / In this countrey ſayd ſyr Marhaus cam neuer knyghte ſyn it was cryſtened / but he fonde ſtraunge auentures / and ſoo they rode / and cam in to a depe valey ful of ſtones / and ther by they ſawe a fayr ſtreme of water / aboue ther by was the hede of the ſtreme a fayr fontayne / & thre damoyſels ſyttynge therby / And thenne they rode to them / and eyther ſalewed other / and the eldeſt had a garland of gold aboute her hede / and ſhe was thre ſcore wynter of age / or more and her here was whyte vnder the garland / The ſecond damoyſel was of thyrtty wynter of age with a ſerkelet of gold aboute her hede / The thyrd damoyſel was but xv yere of age / and a garland of floures aboute her hede / when theſe knyghtes had ſoo beholde them / they aſked hem the cauſe why they ſat at that fontayne / we be here ſayd the damoyſels for thys cauſe / yf we may ſee ony erraunt knyghtes to teche hem vnto ſtraunge auentures / and ye be thre knyghtes that ſeken auentures and we be thre damoyſels / and therfore eche one of yow muſt cheſe one of vs / And whan ye haue done ſoo / we wylle lede yow vnto thre hyhe wayes / and there eche of yow ſhal cheſe a wey and his damoyſel with hym / And this day twelue monethe ye muſt mete here ageyn / and god ſende yow your lyues / and there to ye muſt plyȝte your trouthe / this is wel ſaid ſayd ſyr Marhaus

¶ Capitulum xx

NOw ſhalle eueryche of vs cheſe a damoyſel / I ſhalle telle yow ſayd ſyre Vwayne I am the yongeſt and mooſt weykeſt of yow bothe / therfor I wyl haue the eldeſt damoyſel / for ſhe hath ſene moche and can beſt helpe me whan I haue nede / for I haue mooſt nede of helpe of yow bothe / Now ſaid ſyr Marhaus I wyll haue the damoyſel of thyrtty wynter age for ſhe falleth beſt to me / wel ſayd ſyre gawayne / I thanke yow for ye haue lefte me the yongeſt and the fayreſt / and ſhe is mooſt leueſt to me / Thenne euery damoyſel tooke her

[leaf 72 verso]

knyght by the raynes of his brydel / and broughte him to the thre wayes / and there was their othe made to mete at the fontayne that day twelue moneth and they were lyuynge / and foo they kyft and departed / and eueryche knyghte fette his lady behynd hym / and fyr Vwayne took the wey that lay weft And fyr Marhaus took the wey that lay fouthe / and fyr gawayne took the weye that laye northe / Now wylle we begynne at fyr gawayne that helde that wey tyll that he cam vnto a fayre manoir where dwellyd an old knyghte & a good houfholder / and there fyr Gawayn afked the knyght yf he knewe ony auentures in that countrey / I fhalle fhewe yow fomme to morne fayd the old knyghte / and that merueyllous / Soo on the morne they rode in to the foreft of aduentures tyl they cam to a launde / and ther by they fond a croffe / and as they ftode and houed / ther cam by them the fayreft knyght and the femelyeft man that euer they fawe / makynge the gretteft dole that euer man made / And thenne he was ware of fyr gawayn and falewed hym and praid god to fende hym moche worfhip / As to that faid fyr gawayn gramercy / Alfo I praye to god that he fend yow honour and worfhip / A faid the knyghte I may laye that on fyde / for forowe and fhame cometh to me after worfhip /

¶ Capitulum xxj

And ther with he paffed vnto the one fyde of the launde / And on the other fyde fawe fyr Gawayne & knyȝtes that houed ftyll and make hem redy with her fheldes and fperes ageynft that one knyght that cam by fyr gawayn /
Thenne this one knyght auentryd a grete fpere / and one of the x knyghtes encountred with hym / but this woful knyght fmote hym fo hard that he felle ouer his hors taylle / So this fame dolorous knyȝt ferued hem al / that at the left way he fmote doune hors and man / and alle he dyd with one fpere / and foo whan they were all x on fote / they wente to that one knyght / and he ftode ftone ftyll / and fuffred hem to pulle hym doune of his hors / and bound hym hande and foote / and tayed hym vnder the hors bely / and fo ledde hym with hem / O Ihefu

ſayd ſyr gawayne this is a dooleful ſyghte / to ſee the yonder knyghte ſo to be entreted / and it ſemeth by the knyght that he ſuffreth hem to bynde hym ſoo / for he maketh no reſyſtence / Noo ſaid his hooſt that is trouthe / for and he wold they al were to weyke ſoo to doo hym / Syr ſaid the damoyſel vnto ſyr Gawayn / me ſemeth hit were your worſhip to helpe that dolorous knyghte / for me thynketh he is one of the beſt knyghtes that euer I ſawe / I wold doo for hym ſayd ſyre gawayn but hit ſemeth he wylle haue no helpe / thenne ſayd the damoyſel me thynketh ye haue no luſte to helpe hym / Thus as they talked they ſawe a knyȝte on the other ſyde of the launde al armed ſauf the hede / And on the other ſyde ther cam a dwerf on horſbak all armed ſauf the hede with a grete mouthe / and a ſhorte noſe / And whan the dwerf came nyghe he ſaid where is the lady ſhold mete vs here / and ther with all ſhe came forth out of the wood / And thenne they began to ſtryue for the lady / For the knyghte ſayd he wold haue her / & the dwerf ſaid he wold haue her / Wylle we doo wel ſayd the dwerf / yonder is a knyht at the croſſe / lete vs put it bothe vpon hym / and as he demeth ſo ſhalle it be / I wylle wel ſaid the knyght / and ſo they wente all thre vnto ſyre gawayn and told hym wherfor they ſtroſe / wel ſyrs ſaid he wylle ye put the mater in my hand / ye they ſayd both / Now damoyſel ſayd ſyr gawayn ye ſhal ſtande betwixe them both / and whether ye lyſt better to go to / he ſhal haue yow / And whan ſhe was ſette bitwene them both ſhe left the knyghte and wente to the dwerf / and the dwerf took her and wente his waye ſyngynge / and the knyghte wente hys wey with grete mornyng / Thenne cam ther two knyghtes all armed and cryed on hyghe Syre gawayn / knyghte of kynge Arthurs make the redy in al haſt and Iuſte with me / ſoo they ranne to gyders that eyther felle doune / and thenne on foote they drewe their ſwerdes and dyd ful actually / the mene whyle the other knyghte wente to the damoyſel / and aſked her / why ſhe abode with that knyghte / and yf ye wold abyde with me / I wylle be your feythful knyghte and with yow wylle I be ſaid the damoyſel / for with ſyr Gawayn I may not ſynde in myn herte to be with hym / For now here was one knyȝt ſcomfyte x knyghtes / And at the laſte he was cowardly led

[leaf 73 verso]

awey / and therfore lete vs two goo whyleſt they ſyghte / and ſyre Gawayne fought with that other knyght longe / but at the laſt they accorded both / And thenne the knyght prayd ſyr gawayn to lodge with hym that nyghte / Soo as ſyre Gawayn wente with this knyghte he aſked hym what knyghte is he in this countrey that ſmote doune the ten knyghtes / for whan he had done ſo manfully he ſuffred hem to bynde hym hand and foote / and ſoo ledde hym awey / A ſayd the knyghte that is the beſt knyght I trowe in the world / and the mooſt man of proweſſe / and he hath be ſerued ſoo as he was ēne more than x tymes / and his name hyghte ſyr Pelleas / and he loueth a grete lady in this countrey and her name is Ettard / and ſo when he loued her there was cryed in this country a greete Iuſtes thre dayes / And alle the knyghtes of this countrey were there and gentylwymmen / And who that preued hym the beſt knyght ſhold haue a paſſyng good ſwerd and a Serklet of gold and the ſerklet the knyght ſhold gyue hit to the fayreſt lady that was at the Iuſtes / And this knyghte ſyre Pelleas was the beſt knyghte that was there / and there were ſyue honderd knyghtes / but there was neuer man that euer ſyre Pelleas met with al / but he ſtroke hym doune or els from his hors / And euery day of thre dayes he ſtrake doune twenty knyghtes / therfore they gaf hym the pryſe / & forthe with all he wente there as the lady Ettard was / and gaf her the ſerklet / & ſaid openly / ſhe was the fayreſt lady that ther was / & that wold he preue vpon ony knyghte that wold ſay nay / ¶ Ca xxij

And ſoo he choſe her for his ſouerayne lady / & neuer to loue other but her / but ſhe was ſo proude that ſhe had ſcorne ef hym and ſayd that ſhe wold neuer loue hym thouȝ he wold dye for her / wherfor al ladyes and gentylwymmen hadde ſcorne of her that ſhe was ſo proude / for there were fayrer than ſhe / & ther was none that was ther but & ſir Pelleas wold haue proferd hem loue they wold haue loued hym for his noble proweſſe / & ſo this knyȝt promyſed the lady ettard to folowe her in to this coūtrey / & neuer to leue her tyl ſhe loued hym / & thus he is here the mooſt party nyghe her and lodged by a pryory / and euery weke ſhe ſendeth knyghtes to ſyȝte with hym / And whan he hath put hem to the wers than wylle

he ſuffre hem wylfully to take hym pryſoner by cauſe he wold haue a ſyghte of this lady / And alweyes ſhe doth hym grete deſpyte / for ſome tyme ſhe maketh her knyghtes to taye hym to his hors taylle and ſome to bynd hym vnder the hors bely
5 Thus in the mooſt ſhamefulleſt wyſe that ſhe can thynke he is broughte to her / And alle ſhe doth hyt for to cauſe hym to leue this countreye and to leue his louynge / But all this can not make hym to leue / for and he wold haue ſoughte on foote he myghte haue had the better of the ten knyghtes as wel on
10 foote as on horſbak / Allas ſayd ſyr gawayn it is grete pyte of hym / And after this nyghte I wylle ſeke hym to morowe in this foreſt to doo hym alle the helpe I can / So on the morne ſyr gawayne tooke his leue of his hooſt ſyre Carados and rode in to the foreſt / And at the laſt he mette with ſyr Pelle-
15 as makyng grete moone oute of meſure / ſo eche of hem ſalewed other / and aſked hym why he made ſuche ſorowe / And as it is aboue reherced / ſyre Pelleas told ſyre Gawayne / but alweyes I ſuffre her knyghtes to fare ſoo with me as ye ſawe yeſterdaye in truſte at the laſt to wynne her loue / for ſhe knoweth
20 wel alle her knyghtes ſhold not lyghtely wynne me / and me lyſte to ſyghte with them to the vttermeſt / Wherfore and I loued her not ſo ſore I hadde leuer dye an honderd tymes / and I myght dye ſoo ofte rather than I wold ſuffre that deſpyte / but I truſte ſhe wylle haue pyte vpon me at the laſte /
25 for loue cauſeth many a good knyght to ſuffre to haue his entent / but allas I am vnfortunate / And ther with he maade ſoo grete dole & ſorowe that vnnethe he myghte holde hym on horſback ¶ Now ſayd ſyre gawayne leue your mornynge and I ſhalle promyſe yow by the feythe of my body
30 to doo alle that lyeth in my power to gete yow the loue of your lady / and ther to I wylle plyte yow my treuthe / A ſayd ſyr Pelleas of what Courte are ye telle me I praye yow my good frend / And thenne ſyr gawayne ſayd I am of the courte of kynge Arthur / and his ſuſters ſone / and kynge Lott
35 of Orkeney was my ſader / and my name is ſyre Gawayne / And thenne he ſayd my name is Syre Pelleas borne in the Iles / and of many Iles I am lord / and neuer haue I loued lady nor damoyſel tyl now in an vnhappy tyme / and ſyr

knyghte ſyn ye are ſoo nyghe coſyn vnto kynge Arthur and a kynges ſone / therfor bytraye me not but helpe me / for I may neuer come by her but by ſomme good knyghte / for ſhe is in a ſtronge caſtel here faſt by within this four myle / and ouer all this countrey ſhe is lady of / And ſo I may neuer come to her 5 preſence / but as I ſuffre her knyghtes to take me / and but yf I dyd ſo that I myghte haue a ſyghte of her I had ben dede long or this tyme / and yet fayre word had I neuer of her / but whā I am brought to fore her ſhe rebuketh me in the ſowleſt maner / And thenne they take my hors and harneis and putten 10 me oute of the yates / and ſhe wylle not ſuffre me to ete nor drynke / and alweyes I offre me to be her pryſoner / but that ſhe wylle not ſuffre me / for I wold deſyre no more what paynes ſo euer I had / ſoo that I myȝte haue a ſyghte of her dayly / wel ſayd ſyr gawayne / Al this ſhalle I amende and ye 15 wylle do as I ſhal deuyſe / I wylle haue your hors and your armour / and ſo wylle I ryde vnto her caſtel and telle her that I haue ſlayne yow / and ſoo ſhal I come withynne her to cauſe her to cheryſſhe me / And thenne ſhalle I do my true parte that ye ſhalle not faylle to haue the loue of her 20

¶ Capitulum xxiij

And there with ſyr Gawayne plyghte his trouthe vnto ſyr Pelleas to be true and feythful vnto hym / ſoo eche one plyghte their trouthe to other / and ſoo they chaunged horſes and harneis / and ſire Gawayn departed / and came to the caſtel where as ſtoode the pauelions of this lady withoute 25 the yate / And as ſoone as Ettard had aſpyed ſyr Gawayn ſhe fledde in toward the caſtel / ſyr Gawayn ſpak on hyghe / and badde her abyde / for he was not ſyre Pelleas / I am another knyghte that haue ſlayne ſyr Pelleas / doo of youre helme ſaid the lady Ettard that I maye ſee your vyſage / And 30 ſoo whan ſhe ſawe that it was not ſyr Pelleas / ſhe made hym alyghte / and ledde hym vnto her caſtel / and aſked hym feythfully / whether he had ſlayne ſyr Pelleas / and he ſayd her ye / and told her his name was ſyre gawayn of the courte of kynge Arthur and his ſyſter ſone / Truly ſayd ſhe that is grete 35 pyte for he was a paſſynge good knyghte of his body / but

of al men on lyue I hated hym mooſt / for I coude neuer be quyte of hym / And for ye haue ſlayne hym / I ſhalle be your woman and to doo ony thynge that myghte pleaſe yow / Soo ſhe made ſyr Gawayne good chere / Thenne ſyr gawayn ſayd
5 that he loued a lady / and by no meane ſhe wold loue hym / She is to blame ſayd Ettard and ſhe wylle not loue yow / for ye that be ſoo wel borne a man and ſuche a man of proweſſe / there is no lady in the world to good for yow / wylle ye ſayd ſyre Gawayne promyſe me to doo alle that ye maye
10 by the feythe of youre body to gete me the loue of my lady / ye ſyre ſayd ſhe / and that I promyſe yow by the feythe of my body / Now ſayd ſyre Gawayne it is your ſelf that I loue ſo wel / therfore I praye yow hold your promyſe / I maye not cheſe ſayd the lady Ettard / but yf I ſhold be forſworne / and
15 ſoo ſhe graunted hym to fulfylle alle his deſyre /

¶ Soo it was thenne in the moneth of May that ſhe and ſyre Gawayn wente oute of the caſtel and ſouped in a pauelione / and there was made a bedde / and there ſyre gawayne and the lady Ettard wente to bedde to gyders / and in another pauel-
20 ione ſhe layd her damoyſels / and in the thyrd pauelione ſhe leyd parte of her knyghtes / for thenne ſhe had no drede of ſyr Pelleas / And there ſyre gawayn lay with her in that pauelione two dayes and two nyghtes / And on the thyrd day in the mornyng erly ſyr Pelleas armed hym / for he hadde neuer
25 ſlepte ſyn ſyr Gawayn departed from hym / for ſyr Gawayne had promyſed hym by the feythe of hys body to come to hym vnto his pauelione by that pryory within the ſpace of a daye and a nyghte ¶ Thenne ſyre Pelleas mounted vpon horſbak / and cam to the pauelions that ſtode without
30 the caſtel / and fonde in the fyrſt pauelione thre knyghtes in thre beddes / and thre ſquyers lyggynge at theire feet / thenne wente he to the ſeconde pauelione & fond four gentyl wymmen lyenge in four beddes / & thenne he yede to the thyrd pauelion & fond ſyr gawayn lyggyng in bedde with his lady Ettard
35 & eyther clyppyng other in armes / and whan he ſawe that his herte wel nyghe braſt for ſorou / & ſaid Allas that euer a knyȝt ſhold be founde ſo fals / and thēne he took his hors & myȝt not abyde no lenger for pure ſorowe / And whanne he hadde ryden

[leaf 75 verso]

nyghe half a myle he torned ageyne and thoughte to flee hem bothe / And whanne he fawe hem bothe foo lye flepynge faſte / vnnethe he myght holde hym on horſbak for forowe / and fayd then to hym ſelf / though this knyght be neuer foo fals I wyl neuer flee hym flepynge / For I wylle neuer deſtroye the hy- 5 gh ordre of knyghthode / and therwith he departed ageyne

And or he hadde ryden half a myle he retorned ageyne / and thoughte thenne to flee hem bothe / makynge the gretteſt forou that euer man made / And whanne he came to the pauelions / he tayed his hors vnto a tree / and pulled oute his ſwerd na- 10 ked in his hand / and wente to them there as they lay / and yet he thought it were ſhame to flee them flepynge / and layd the naked ſwerd ouerthwart bothe their throtes / and foo to- oke his hors and rode his awaye

¶ And whanne ſyre Pelleas came to his pauelions he told 15 his knyghtes and his ſquyers how he had ſped / and ſayd thus to them for your true and good ſeruyſe ye haue done me I ſhall gyue you alle my goodes / for I wylle goo vnto my bedde and neuer aryſe vntyl I am dede / And whan that I am dede / I charge yow that ye take the herte oute of my body 20 and bere it her betwyxe two ſyluer dyſſhes / and telle her how I ſawe her lye with the fals knyght Syr Gawayne / Ryght foo ſyr Pelleas vnarmed hym ſelfe and wente vnto his bedde makynge merueyllous dole and forowe /

¶ Thenne ſyre Gawayne and Ettard awoke of her flepe / & 25 fonde the naked ſwerd ouerthwart theire throtes / thenne ſhe knewe wel it was ſyr Pelleas ſwerd / Allas ſayd ſhe to ſir Gawayne ye haue bitrayed me and ſyr Pelleas bothe / for ye told me ye had flayne hym / and now I knowe wel it is not foo he is on lyue / And yf ſyre Pelleas had ben as vncurteis 30 to yow as ye haue ben to hym ye hadde bene a dede knyghte / but ye haue deceyued me and bytrayd me falſly / that al la- dyes and damoyſels may beware by yow and me / And ther with ſyr gawayn made hym redy / and wente in to the foreſt / Soo it happed thenne that the damoyſel of the lake Nymue 35 mette with a knyghte of ſyr Pelleas that wente on his foote in the foreſt makyng grete dole / and ſhe aſked hym the cauſe And foo the woful knyghte told her how his mayſter and

lorde was bitrayed thurgh a knyghte and a lady / and how he wyll neuer aryſe oute of his bed tyl he be dede / Brynge me to hym ſayd ſhe anone / and I wyl waraunt his lyf he ſhal not dye for loue / and ſhe that hath cauſed hym ſo to loue / ſhe ſhalle be in as euyl plyte as he is or it be long to / for it is no Ioy of ſuche a prowde lady that wylle haue no mercy of ſuche a valyaunt knyght / anone that knyȝte broughte her vnto hym And whan ſhe ſawe hym lye in his bedde / ſhe thoughte ſhe ſawe neuer ſo lykely a knyght / and ther with ſhe threwe an enchauntement vpon hym / and he felle on ſlepe / And ther whyle ſhe rode vnto the lady Ettard / and charged no man to awake hym tyl ſhe came ageyne / Soo within two houres ſhe broughte the lady Ettard thydder / and both ladyes ſonde hym on ſlepe / loo ſayd the damoyſel of the lake ye oughte to be aſhamed for to murdre ſuche a knyght / And therwith ſhe threwe ſuche an enchauntement vpon her that ſhe loued hym ſore / that wel nyghe ſhe was oute of her mynde / O lord Iheſu ſaide the lady Ettard / how is it befallen vnto me / that I loue now hym that I haue mooſt hated of ony man alyue / that is the ryght wys Iugement of god ſayd the damoyſel / And thenne anone ſyr Pelleas awaked and loked vpon Ettard / And whan he ſawe her / he knewe her / & thēne he hated her more than ony woman alyue / and ſaid awey traitreſſe come neuer in my ſyȝt And whan ſhe herd hym ſay ſo / ſhe wepte and made grete ſorou oute of meſure

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

SYre knyghht Pelleas ſayd the damoyſel of the lake / take your hors / and come forthe with me oute of this countrey / and ye ſhal loue a lady that ſhal loue yow / I wylle wel ſaid ſyr Pelleas / for this lady Ettard hath done me grete deſpyte and ſhame / and there he told her the begynnynge and endynge / And how he had purpoſed neuer to haue aryſen tyll that he hadde ben dede / And now ſuche grace god hath ſente me / that I hate her as moche as euer I loued her thanked be our lord Iheſus / Thanke me ſayde the damoyſel of the lake

[leaf 76 verso]

anone ſyre Pellas armed hym and tooke his hors and commaunded his men to brynge after his pauelions and his ſtuffe where the damoyſel of the lake wold aſſigne / ſoo the lady Ettard dyed for ſorowe / and the damoyſel of the lake reioyſed ſyr Pellas and loued to gyders durynge their lyf dayes

¶ Capitulum xxv

NOw torne we vnto ſyr Marhaus that rode with the damoyſel of xxx wynter of age ſouthard / and ſoo they cam in to a depe foreſt / and by fortune they were nyȝted / and rode longe in a depe way / and at the laſt they came vnto the courtelage / and there they aſked herborow / but the mā of the courtelage wold not lodge them for no treatyce that they coude treate / but thus moche the good man ſayd / and ye will take the aduenture of youre lodgyng / I ſhal brynge you there ye ſhalle be lodged / what auenture is that that I ſhal haue / for my lodgynge ſayd ſyr Marhaus / ye ſhalle wete whan ye come there ſayd the good man / ſyr what auenture ſo it be bryng me thyder I pray the ſayd ſyr Marhaus / for I am wery / my damoyſel and my hors / So the good man wente and opened the gate / and within an houre he broughte hym vnto a fayre caſtel / and thenne the poure man called the porter / and anon he was lete in to the caſtel / & ſoo he told the lord how he brouȝt hym a knyght erraunt and a damoyſel that wold be lodged with hym / lete hym in ſaid the lord / it may happen he ſhalle repente that they toke their lodgyng here / So ſyr Marhaus was lete in with torche lyghte / and there was a goodely ſyghte of yonge men that welcomed hym / And thenne his hors was ledde in to the ſtable / and he and the damoyſel were broughte in to the halle / and there ſtode a myghty duke and many goodely men about hym / thēne this lord aſked hym what he hyghte / and fro whens he cam / and with whome he dwelt / ſyre he ſaid I am a knyghte of kynge Nrthurs and knyght of the table round / and my name is ſyre Marhaus / and borne I am in Irland / And thenne ſayd the duke to hym / that me ſore repenteth / the cauſe is this / for I loue not thy lord / nor

none of thy felawes of the table round / And therfor eafe thy felf this nyghte as wel as thow mayft / for as to morne I & my fixe fonnes fhal matche with yow / Is ther no remedy but that I muft haue a doo with yow and your vj fones at ones
5 fayd fyr Marhaus / No fayd the duke for this caufe I maade myn auowe / for fyr gawayne flewe my feuen fonnes in a recounter / therfore I made myn auowe / there fhold neuer knyȝt of kynge Arthurs court lodge with me or come there as I myght haue adoo with hym / but that I wold haue a reuengyng
10 of my fonnes dethe / what is your name faid fyr Marhaus I requyre yow telle me and it pleafe yow / wete thow wel I am the duke of fouth marchys / A fayd fir Marhaus I haue herd faye that ye haue ben longe tyme a grete foo vnto my lord arthur and to his knyghtes / that fhalle ye fele to morne faid the
15 duke / Shalle I haue adoo with yow fayd fyr Marhaus / ye fayd the duke / therof fhalt thow not chefe / and therfore take yow to your chambre and ye fhalle haue all that to yow longeth / So fyr Marhaus departed and was led to a chamber / and his damoyfel was led vnto her chamber / And on the morn
20 the duke fente vnto fyre Marhaus and bad make hym redy / And fo fyr Marhaus arofe and armed hym / and thenne ther was a maffe fonge afore hym and brake his faft / and fo moūted on horfback in the courte of the caftel there they fhold doo the batail / So ther was the duke al redy on horfbak clene ar-
25 med and his fyxe fonnes by hym / and eueryche had a fpere in his hand / and foo they encountred where as the duke and his two fones brak theyr fperes vpon hym / but fir Marhaus helde vp his fpere and touched none of them /

¶ Capitulum xxvj

THenne cam the foure fones by couple / and two of them
30 brake their fperes / and foo dyd the other two / And alle this whyle fyre marhaus touched hem not / Thenne fir marhaus . ranne to the duke / and fmote hym with his fpere that hors and man felle to the erthe / And fo he ferued his fones / And thenne fyr Marhaus alyghte doune and bad the duke

[leaf 77 verso]

yelde hym or els he wold ſlee hym / And thenne ſome of his ſones recouerd / and wold haue ſet vpon ſyr Marhaus / thenne ſyr Marhaus ſayd to the duke ſeace thy ſones or els I will doo the vttermeſt to yow all / Thenne the duke ſawe he myghte not eſcape the deth he cryed to his ſones and charged them to yelde them to ſyr Marhaus / And they kneled al doune / and put the pomels of theire ſwerdes to the knyght / and ſoo he receyued them / And thenne they halp vp their fader / and ſoo by their comynal aſſente promyſed to ſyr Marhaus neuer to be foes vnto kynge Arthur / and therupon at whytſontyde after to come he and his ſones and putte them in the kynges grace Thenne ſyr Marhaus departed and within two dayes his damoyſel brought hym where as was a grete tornement that the lady de Vawſe had cryed / And who that dyd beſt ſhold haue a ryche ſerklet of gold worthe a thouſand beſauntes / And there ſyr Marhaus dyd ſo nobly that he was renomed / & had ſomtyme doune fourty knyghtes / and ſoo the ſerklet of gold was rewarded hym / Thenne he departed fro them with grete worſhip / And ſoo within ſeuen nyghtes his damoyſel brought hym to an erles place / his name was the erle Fergus / that after was ſyre Tryſtrams knyghte / and this Erle was but a yonge man / and late come in to his landes / and there was a gyant faſt by hym that hyȝte Taulurd / and he had another broder in Cornewaille that hyghte Taulas that ſyr Tryſtram ſlewe whanne he was oute of hys mynde / So this Erle maade his complaynte vnto ſyre Marhaus that there was a gyaunt by hym that deſtroyed al his londes / & how he durſt nowhere ryde nor goo for hym / Syr ſayd the knyghte whether vſeth he to ſyghte on horſbak or on foote / nay ſayd the erle there maye no hors bere hym / Wel ſaid ſyr marhaus thenne wille I ſyghte with hym on foote / Soo on the morne ſyr Marhaus prayd the erle that one of his men myghte brynge hym where as the gyaūt was / and ſo he was / for he ſawe hym ſytte vnder a tree of hoolly / and many clubbes of Iron and gyſarms about hym Soo thys knyghte dreſſid hym to the gyant puttyng his ſheld afore hym / and the gyant toke an Iron clubbe in his hande / & at the fyrſte ſtroke he claſe ſyre Marhaus ſhelde in ij pyeces / And there he was in grete peryl / for the gyant was a wyly

[leaf 78]

ſyghter / but atte laſt ſyr Marhaus ſmote of his ryght arme aboue the elbowe / thēne the gyant fledde and the knyght after hym / and ſoo he drofe hym in to a water / but the gyant was ſoo hyghe that he myghte not wade after hym / And thenne ſir Marhaus made the erle Fergus man to fetche hym ſtones / & with tho ſtones the knyghte gaf the gyaunt many ſore knockes / tyl at the laſt he made hym falle doune in to the water / & ſo was he there dede / thēne ſyr Marhaus wēte vnto the gyants caſtel / and there he delyuerd xxiiij ladyes and twelue knyȝtes oute of the gyants pryſon / and there he had grete rycheſſe withoute nombre / ſoo that the dayes of his lyſ he was neuer poure man / thenne he retorned to the erle Fergus / the whiche thanked hym gretely / and wold haue gyuen hym half his lādes but he wold none take / Soo ſyr Marhaus dwellyd with the erle nyghe half a yere / for he was ſore bryſed with the gyaunt / and at the laſte he took his leue / And as he rode by the way / he mette with ſyr gawayne and ſyr Vwayne / and ſo by aduenture he mette with foure knyghtes of Arthurs courte / the fyrſt was ſyr Sagramore deſyrus / ſyr Ozanna / ſyr Dodynas le ſaueage / and ſyre felot of lyſtynoyſe / and there ſyr Marhaus with one ſpere ſmote doune theſe foure knyghtes / and hurte them ſore / Soo he departed to mete at his day afore ſette

¶ Capitulum xxvij

NOw tourne we vnto ſyr Vwāyne that rode weſtwarde with his damoyſel of thre ſcore wynter of age / and ſhe broughte hym there as was a turnement nyghe the marche of walys / and at that tornement ſyre Vwayne ſmote doune xxx knyghtes / therfore was gyuen hym the pryſe / and that was a gerfaukon / and a whyte ſtede trapped with clothe of gold / Soo thenne ſyr Vwayn dyd many ſtraunge auentures by the meanes of the old damoyſel / and ſo ſhe broughte hym to a lady that was called the lady of the roche / the which was moche curtois / So there were in the countrey two knyȝtes that were bretheren / and they were called two peryllous knyghtes / the one knyghte hyght ſyre Edward of the reed caſtel / &

[leaf 78 verso]

the other ſyr Hue of the reed caſtel / And theſe two bretheren had diſheryted the lady of the roche of a Baronry of landes by their extorſion / And as this knyȝt was lodged with this lady ſhe made her compleynt to hym of theſe two knyghtes / Madame ſayd ſyr Vwayne / they are to blame / for they doo a- 5 geynſt the hyghe ordre of knyghthode & the othe that they made / And yf hit lyke yow I wille ſpeke with hem by cauſe I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs / and I wylle entrete them with fayreneſſe / And yf they wylle not I ſhalle doo bataille with them and in the deffenſe of youre ryghte / gramercy ſayd 10 the lady / and there as I maye not acquyte yow / god ſhalle / Soo on the morne the two knyghtes were ſente for / that they ſhold come thyder to ſpeke with the lady of the roche / and wete ye wel they fayled not / for they cam with an C hors / But whan this lady ſawe them in this maner ſoo bygge / ſhe wold 15 not ſuffre ſyr Vwayne to goo oute to them vpon no ſurete ne for no fayr langage / but ſhe made hym ſpeke with them ouer a toure / but ſynally theſe two bretheren wold not be entreated and anſuerd that they wold kepe that they had / wel ſaid ſyr Vwayne / thenne wylle I ſyghte with one of yow / and pre- 20 ue that ye doo this lady wronge / that wille we not ſaid they For and we doo bataille we two wyl ſyghte with one knyȝt at ones / and therfore yf ye wille ſyghte ſoo we wille be redy at what houre ye wille aſſigne / And yf ye wynne vs in bataille the lady ſhal haue her landes ageyne / ye ſay wel ſayd ſir 25 Vwayne / therfor make yow redy ſo that ye be here to morne in the defence of the ladyes ryght

¶ Capitulum xxviij

SO was there ſykerneſſe made on both partyes that no treaſon ſhold be wrought on neyther partye / ſoo thenne the knyghtes departed and made hem redy / and that nyghte 30 ſyr Vwayn had grete chere / And on the morne he aroſe erly and herd maſſe and brake his faſt / and ſoo he rode vnto the playn withoute the gates where houed the two bretheren abydynge hym / Soo they rode to gyders paſſynge ſore that ſyre Edward and ſyr Hue brake their ſperes vpon ſyr Vwayne 35

[leaf 79]

And ſyr Vwayne ſmote ſyre Edward that he felle ouer his hors and yet his ſpere braſt not / And thenne he ſpored his hors and came vpon ſyr Hue and ouerthrewe hym / but they ſoone recouerd and dreſſid their ſheldes and drewe their ſuer-
5 des and bad ſyre Vwayne alyghte and doo his bataill to the vttermeſt / Thenne ſyr Vwayn deuoyded his hors ſodenly / & put his ſhelde afore hym and drewe his ſwerde / and ſoo they dreſſyd to gyders and eyther gaf other ſuche ſtrokes / & there theſe two bretheren wounded ſyr Vwayne paſſyng greuouſly
10 that the lady of the roche wende he ſhold haue dyed / And thus they fought to gyders ſyue houres as men raged oute of reaſon / And at the laſte ſyr Vwayne ſmote ſyre Edward vpon the helme ſuche a ſtroke that his ſwerd kerued vnto his canelbone / and thenne ſyr Hue abated his courage / but ſyr Vwa-
15 yn preſſed faſt to haue ſlayne hym / That ſawe ſyr Hue he kneled doune and yelde hym to ſyr Vwayne and he of his gentilneſſe receyued his ſwerd and took hym by the hand & went in to the caſtel to gyders / thenne the lady of the roche was paſſyng glad and the other broder made grete ſorowe for his bro-
20 ders dethe / thenne the lady was reſtored of al her landes / and ſyr Hue was commaunded to be at the Courte of kynge Arthur at the next feeſt of penthecoſt / So ſir Vwayn dwelt with the lady nyghe half a yere / for it was longe or he myghte be hole of his grete hurtes / and ſoo whan it drewe nygh the terme
25 day that ſyr gawayn ſyr Marhaus and ſyre Vwayne ſhold mete at the croſſe way / thenne euery knyght drewe hym thyder to holde his promyſe that they had made / & ſyr Marhaus and ſyr Vwayne broughte their damoyſels with them / but ſir Gawayn had loſt his damoyſel as it is afore reherced

Capitulum xxix

30 RYght ſoo at the twelue monethes ende they mette alle thre knyghtes at the fontayne and their damoiſels but the damoyſel that ſyr gawayn had coude ſaye but lytel worſhip of hym / ſoo they departed from the damoyſels and roode

[leaf 79 verso]

thurgh a grete foreſt / and there they mette with a meſſager that cam fro kynge Arthur that ſoughte them wel nyhe a xij moneth thorou oute al Englond / walys and Scotland / and charged yf euer he myght ſynde ſyre Gawayn and ſyre Vwayn to brynge hem to the courte ageyne / And thenne were they al gladde / and ſoo prayd they ſyre Marhaus to ryde with hem to the kynges courte / And ſoo within twelue dayes they cam to Camelot / and the kynge was paſſyng glad of their comynge and ſoo was alle the Courte / thenne the kyng made hem to ſwere vpon a book to telle hym alle theire aduentures that had befalle hem that twelue monethe and ſoo they dyd / And there was ſir Marhaus wel knowen / for ther were knyghtes that he had matched afore tyme / and he was named one of the beſt knyghtes lyuyng / Ageyne the feeſt of pentecoſt cam the damoyſel of the lake and broughte with hir ſyr Pelleas / and at that hyhe feeſt there was grete Iuſtynge of knyghtes / and of al knyghtes that were at that Iuſtes / ſyr Pelleas had the pryſe / and ſyr Marhaus was named the next / but ſyr Pelleas was ſoo ſtronge / there myght but fewe knyghtes ſytte hym a buffet with a ſpere / And at that next feeſt ſir pelleas and ſyr marhaus were made knyghtes of the table roūd For there were two ſeges voyde / for two knyghtes were ſlayn that twelue moneth / and grete ioye had kynge Arthur of ſire Pelleas and of ſire Marhaus / but Pelleas loued neuer after ſire Gawayne but as he ſpared hym for the loue of kyng arthur / But oftymes at Iuſtes and turnementes ſire Pelleas quyte ſire Gawayn / for ſo it reherceth in the book of Frenſſhe / Soo ſire Tryſtram many dayes after faughte with ſire Marhaus in an yland / and there they dyd a grete bataylle / but at the laſt ſire Tryſtram ſlewe hym / ſoo ſire Tryſtram was woūded that vnnethe he myght recouer and lay at a nonnery halfe a yere / and ſire Pelleas was a worſhipful knyghte / & was one of the four that encheued the ſancgreal / and the damoyſel of the lake made by her meanes that neuer he had adoo with ſire launcelot de lake / for where ſire launcelot was at ony Iuſtes / or ony tornement / ſhe wold not ſuffre hym be there that daye / but yf it were on the ſyde of ſire launcelot /

[leaf 80]

¶ Explicit liber quartus

¶ Incipit liber quintus

THanne kyng Arthur had after longe werre rested / and helde a Ryal feeste and table rounde with his alyes of kynges / prynces / and noble knyghtes all of the round table / there came in to his halle he syttynge in his throne Ryal xij aūcyen men / berynge eche of them a braunche of Olyue in token that they cam as Embassatours and messagers fro the Emperour Lucyus / whiche was called at that tyme / Dictatour or procurour of the publyke wele of Rome / whiche sayde messagers after their entryng & comyng in to the presence of kynge Arthur dyd to hym theyr obeyssaūce in makyng to hym reuerence said to hym in this wyse / The hyghe & myghty Emperour Lucyus sendeth to the kyng of Bretayne gretyng / cōmaūdyng the to knouleche hym for thy lord / and to sende hym the truage due of this Royamme vnto thempyre / whiche thy fader and other to fore thy precessours haue paid as is of record / And thou as rebelle not knowynge hym as thy souerayne withholdest and reteynest contrary to the statutes and decrees maade by the noble and worthy Iulius Cezar conquerour of this Royame / and syrst Emperour of Rome / and yf thou refuse his demaunde and commaundement / knowe thou for certayne that he shal make stronge werre ageynst the / thy Royames & londes / and shall chastyse the and thy subgettys / that it shal be ensamble perpetuel vnto alle kynges and prynces / for to denye their truage vnto that noble empyre whiche domyneth vpon the vnyuersal world / Thenne whan they had shewed theffecte of their message / the kyng commaunded them to withdrawe them And said he shold take auyce of counceylle and gyue to them an ansuere / Thenne somme of the yonge knyghtes heryng this their message wold haue ronne on them to haue slayne them sayenge that it was a rebuke to alle the knyghtes there beyng present to suffre them to saye so to the kynge / And anone the

[leaf 80 verso]

kynge commaunded that none of them vpon payne of dethe to myſſaye them ne doo them ony harme / and commaūded a knyghte to brynge them to their lodgynge / and ſee that they haue alle that is neceſſary and requyſyte for them / with the beſt chere / and that noo deyntee be ſpared / For the Romayns ben grete lordes / and though theyr meſſage pleaſe me not ne my court yet I muſt remembre myn honour / ¶ After this the kyng lete calle alle his lordes and knyghtes of the round table to counceyl vpon this mater / and deſyred them to ſaye theire aduys / thenne ſyr Cador of Cornewaile ſpacke ſyrſte and ſayd Syre this meſſage lyketh me wel / for we haue many dayes reſted vs and haue ben ydle / and now I hope ye ſhalle make ſharp warre on the Romayns where I doubte not we ſhal gete honour / I byleue wel ſayd Arthur that this mater pleaſeth the wel / but theſe anſuers may not be anſuerd / for the demaunde greueth me ſore / For truly I wyl neuer paye truage to Rome / wherfore I pray yow to counceylle me / I haue vnderſtande that Bellinus and Brenius kynges of Bretayne haue had thempyre in their handes many dayes / And alſo Conſtantyn the ſone of Heleyne / whiche is an open euydence that we owe noo trybute to Rome / but of ryght we that ben deſcended of them haue ryght to clayme the tytle of thempyre /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

THenne anſuerd kynge Anguyſſhe of Scotland / Syr ye oughte of ryght to be aboue al other kynges / for vnto yow is none lyke ne pareylle in Cryſtendome / of knyȝthode ne of dygnyte / & I counceylleyou neuer to obey the Romayns / for whan they regned on vs / they deſtreſſyd oure elders / and putte this land to grete extorcions & taylles / wherfore I make here myn auowe to auenge me on them / and for to ſtrengthe youre quarel I ſhal furnyſſhe xy M good men of warre and wage them on my coſtes / whiche ſhal awayte on yow with my ſelf whan it ſhal pleaſe yow / and the kyng of lytel Bretayne graunted hym to the ſame xxx M / wherfor kynge Arthur thanked them / And thenne euery man

agreed to make warre / and to ayde after their power / that is to wete the lord of weſtwalis promyſed to brynge xxx M men And ſyr Vwayne / ſyre Ider his ſone with their coſyns promyſed to brynge xxx M / thenne ſyre launcelot with alle other promyſed in lyke wyſe euery man a grete multytude / ¶ And whan kynge Arthur vnderſtood theire courages and good wylles / he thanked them hertely / and after lete calle thembaſſatours to here theire anſuere / And in preſence of alle his lordes and knyghtes he ſayd to them in thys wyſe / I wylle that ye retorne vnto your lord and procurour of the comyn wele for the Romayns / and ſaye ye to hym Of his demaunde and commaundement I ſette nothyng / And that I knowe of no truage ne trybute that I owe to hym / ne to none erthely prynce / Cryſten ne hethen / but I pretende to haue and occupye the ſoueraynte of thempyre / wherin I am entytled by the ryght of my predeceſſours ſomtyme kynges of this lond / and ſaye to hym that I am delybered and fully concluded to goo wyth myn armye with ſtrengthe and power vnto Rome by the grace of god to take poſſeſſion in thempyre / and ſubdue them that ben rebelle / wherfore I commaunde hym and alle them of Rome that incontynent they make to me their homage or to knouleche me for their Emperour and gouernour vpon payne that ſhal enſiewe / And thenne he commaunded his treſorer to gyue to them grete and large yeſtes / and to paye alle theyr diſpencys / and aſſygned ſyre Cador to conueye them oute of the land / and ſoo they took theire leue and departed / and tooke theyr ſhyppynge at Sandwyche / and paſſed forthe by flaundrys / Almayn / the montayns / and all ytalye vntyl they cam vnto Lucius / And after the reuerence made / they made relacyon of their anſuer lyke as ye to fore haue herd / whan themperour Lucyus had wel vnderſtonde theyre credence / he was ſore meued as he had ben al araged / & ſayd / I had ſuppoſed that Arthur wold haue obeyed to my commaundement / and haue ſerued yow hym ſelf / as hym wel byſemed or ony other kyng to doo / O ſyre ſayd one of the ſenatours late be ſuche vayn wordes / for we late yow wete that I and my felawes were ful ſore aferd to beholde his countenaunce / I fere me ye haue made a rodde for your ſelf / for he entendeth to be lord of this empyre

[leaf 81 verso]

whiche ſore is to be doubted yf he come / for he is al another mā than ye wene / and holdeth the moſt noble courte of the world alle other kynges ne prynces maye not compare vnto his noble mayntene / On newe yeres daye we ſawe hym in his eſtate whiche was the ryalleſt that euer we ſawe / for he was ſerued at his table with ix kynges / and the nobleſt felauſhip of other prynces lordes and knyghtes that ben in the world / and euery knyghte approued and lyke a lord and holdeth table roūd And in his perſone the mooſt manly man that lyueth / and is lyke to conquere alle the world / for vnto his courage it is to lytel / wherfore I aduyſe yow to kepe wel youre marches and ſtraytes in the montayns / For certaynly he is a lord to be doubted / Wel ſayd Lucius bifore Eeſter I ſuppoſe to paſſe the moūtayns and ſoo forth in to fraunce / and there byreue hym his londes with Ianeweyes and other myghty warryours of Tuſkane and lombardye / And I ſhall ſende for them all that ben ſubgettys and alyed to thēpyre of Rome to come to myn ayde / and forthwith ſente old wyſe knyghtes vnto theſe countrayes folowynge / fyrſte to ambage and arrage / to Alyſaundrye / to ynde . to hermonye / where as the ryuer of Eufrates renneth in to Aſye / to Auffryke / and Europe the large / to ertayne and Elamye to Arabye / Egypte and to damaſke / to damyete and Cayer / to Capadoce / to tarce / Turkye / pounce / and pampoylle / to Surrye and gallacye / And alle theſe were ſubgette to Rome and many moo / as Grece / Cypres / Macydone Calabre / Cateland / portyngale with many thouſandes of ſpaynardys / Thus alle theſe kynges / dukes / and admyrals aſſembled aboute Rome with xvj kynges attones with grete multytude of peple / whan themperour vnderſtood their comyng / he made redy his Romayns / and alle the people bytwene hym & Flaundres ¶ Alſo he hadde goten wyth hym fyſty Geaunts whiche had ben engendred of fendys And they were ordeyned to garde his perſone / and to breke the frounte of the bataylle of kynge Arthur /

And thus departed fro Rome and came doune the montayns for to deſtroye the londes that Arthur had conquerd and cam vnto Coleyne / and byſeged a Caſtel there by / and wanne it ſoone and ſtuffed hit with two honderd ſaraſyns or Infydeles

and after deſtroyed many fayr countrees / whiche Arthur had wonne of kyng Claudas / And thus Lucius cam with alle his hooſt whiche were diſperplyd lx myle in brede / and commaunded them to mete with hym in Burgoyne / for he purpo-
5 ſed to deſtroye the Royame of lytyl Bretayne /

Capitulo tercio

NOw leue we of Lucius the emperour and ſpeke we of kynge Arthur / that commaunded alle them of his retenue to be redy atte vtas of hyllary for to holde a parlement at yorke / And at that parlement was concluded to areſte alle
10 the nauye of the lond and to be redy within xv dayes at ſandwyche / and there he ſhewed to his armye how he purpoſed to conquere thempyre whiche he ought to haue of ryght / And there he ordeyned two gouernours of his Royame that is to ſay Syre Bawdewyn of Bretayne for to counceille to the beſt and
15 ſyr Conſtantyn ſone to ſyre Cador of Cornewaylle / whiche after the dethe of Arthur was kyng of this Royamme / And in the preſence of alle his lordes he reſyned the rule of the royame and Gweneuer his quene to them / wherfore ſyre launcelot was wrothe / for he lefte ſyre Tryſtram with kynge marke for
20 the loue of beal Iſoulde / Thenne the quene Gweneuer made grete ſorowe for the departynge of her lord and other / and ſwouned in ſuche wyſe that the ladyes bare her in to her chambre Thus the kyng with his grete armye departed leuyng the quene and Royamme in the gouernaunce of ſyre Bawduyn and
25 Conſtantyn / And whan he was on his hors / he ſayd with an hyhe voys yf I dye in this iourney I wyl that ſyre Conſtantyn be myn heyer and kyng crowned of this royame as next of my blood / And after departed and entred in to the ſee atte Sandwyche with alle his armye with a greete multitude of
30 ſhyppes / galeyes / Cogges / and dromoundes / ſayllynge on the ſee /

[leaf 82 verso]

¶ Capitulum iiij

AND as the kyng laye in his caban in the ſhyp / he fyll in a ſlomerynge and dremed a merueyllous dreme / hym ſemed that a dredeful dragon dyd drowne moche of his peple / and he cam fleynge oute of the weſt / and his hede was enameled with aſure / and his ſholders ſhone as gold / his bely lyke maylles of a merueyllous hewe / his taylle ful of tatters / his feet ful of fyne ſable / & his clawes lyke fyne gold And an hydous flamme of fyre flewe oute of his mouthe / lyke as the londe and water had flammed all of fyre / After hym ſemed there came oute of thoryent / a grymly bore al blak in a clowde / and his pawes as bygge as a poſt / he was rugged lokynge roughly / he was the fouleſt beeſt that euer man ſawe / he rored and romed ſoo hydouſly that it were merueill to here / Thenne the dredeful dragon auaunced hym and cam in the wynde lyke a fawcon gyuynge grete ſtrokes on the bore / and the bore hytte hym ageyne with his gryſly tuſkes / that his breſt was al blody / and that the hote blood made alle the ſee reed of his blood /

Thenne the dragon flewe awey al on an heyȝte / and come doune with ſuche a ſwough and ſmote the bore on the rydge whiche was x foote large fro the hede to the taylle / and ſmote the bore all to powdre bothe fleſſhe and bonys / that it flutteryd al abrode on the ſee / And therwith the kynge awoke anone / and was ſore abaſſhed of this dreme / And ſente anone for a wyſe philoſopher / commaundynge to telle hym the ſygnyfycacion of his dreme / Syre ſayd the philoſopher / the dragon that thow dremedeſt of / betokeneth thyn owne perſone that ſaylleſt here / & the colours of his wynges ben thy Royames that thow haſte wonne / And his taylle whiche is al to tatterd ſygnefyeth the noble knyghtes of the round table ¶ And the bore that the dragon ſlough comyng fro the clowdes / betokeneth ſome tyraunt that tormenteth the peple / or else thow arte lyke to fyghte with ſomme Geaunt thy ſelf / beynge horryble and abhomynable whoos pere ye ſawe neuer in your dayes / wherfore

of this dredeful dreme doubte the no thynge / but as a Conquerour come forth thy ſelf / Thenne after this ſoone they had ſyghte of londe and ſaylled tyl they arryued atte Barflete in Flaundres / and whanne they were there he fond many of his grete lordes redy / as they had ben commaunded to awayte vpon hym

¶ Capitulum v

THenne came to hym an huſbond man of the countrey / and told hym how there was in the countre of Conſtantyn beſyde Bretayne a grete gyaunt whiche hadde ſlayne murthered and deuoured moche peple of the countreye and had ben ſuſteyned ſeuen yere with the children of the comyns of that land / in ſoo moche that alle the children ben alle ſlayne and deſtroyed / and now late he hath taken the ducheſſe of Bretayne as ſhe rode by with her meyne / and hath ledde her to his lodgynge whiche is in a montayne for to rauyſſhe and lye by her to her lyues ende / and many people folowed her moo than v C / but alle they myghte not reſcowe her / but they lefte her ſhrykyng and cryenge lamentably / wherfore I ſuppoſe that he hath ſlayn her in fulfyllynge his fowle luſt of lechery / She was wyf vnto thy Coſyn ſyre Howel / whome we calle ful nyhe of thy blood / Now as thow a ryghtful kynge haue pyte on this lady / and reuenge vs al as thow arte a noble conquerour / ¶ Alas ſayd kynge Arthur / this is a grete meſchyef / I had leuer than the beſt Royame that I haue / that I hadde ben a forlonge way to fore hym for to haue reſcowed that lady / ¶ Now felawe ſayd kynge Arthur canſt thou brynge me there as thys gyaunt haunteth / ye ſyre ſayd the good man / loo yonder where as thow ſeeſt tho two grete fyres / there ſhalt thou fynde hym / and more treſour than I ſuppoſe is in al Fraunce / whanne the kynge hadde vnderſtanden this pyteous caas / he retorned in to his tente / ¶ Thenne he callyd to hym ſyre kaye and ſyre Bedewere / & commaunded them ſecretely to make redy hors and harneis for hym ſelf and them tweyne / For after euenſonge he wold ryde on pylgremage with them two only vnto ſaynt Mychels

[leaf 83 verso]

mounte / And thenne anone he maad hym redy / and armed hym at alle poyntes / and tooke his hors and his ſheld / And ſoo they thre departed thens and rode forthe as faſte as euer they myȝt tyl that they cam to the forlond of that mount And there they alyghted / and the kynge commaunded them to tarye there / for he wold hym ſelf goo vp in to that mounte And ſoo he aſcended up in to that hylle tyl he came to a grete fyre / and there he fonde a careful wydowe wryngynge her handes and makyng grete ſorowe ſyttynge by a graue newe made / And thenne kynge Arthur ſalewed her / and demaunded of her wherfore ſhe made ſuche lamentacion / to whome ſhe anſuerd and ſayd Syre knyghte ſpeke ſofte / for yonder is a deuyll yf he here the ſpeke / he wylle come and deſtroye the / I hold the vnhappy what doſt thow here in this mountayne / For yf ye were ſuche fyſty as ye be / ye were not able to make reſyſtence ageynſt this deuyl / here lyeth a ducheſſe deede the whiche was the fayreſt of alle the world wyf to ſyre Howel / duc of Bretayne / he hath murthred her in forcynge her / and has ſlytte her vnto the nauyl / ¶ Dame ſayd the kynge / I came fro the noble Conqueroure kynge Arthur for to treate with that tyraunt for his lyege peple / Fy on ſuche treatys ſayd ſhe / he ſetteth not by the kynge ne by no man els / But and yf thou haue broughte Arthurs wyf dame Gweneuer / he ſhalle be gladder than thow haddeſt gyuen to hym half fraunce / Beware approche hym not to nygh / for he hath vaynquyſſhed xv kynges / and hath maade hym a cote ful of precious ſtones enbrowdred with theyre berdes / whiche they ſente hym to haue his loue for ſauacion of theyr peple at this laſte Cryſtemaſſe / And yf thow wylt / ſpeke with hym at yonder grete fyre at ſouper / wel ſayd Arthur I wyll accomplyſſhe my meſſage for al your ferdful wordes / and wente forth by the creaſt of that hylle / and ſawe where he ſatte atte ſouper gnawynge on a lymme of a man / bekynge his brode lymmes by the fyre and brecheles / and thre fayr damoyſels tornynge thre broches wheron were broched twelue yonge children late borne lyke yonge byrdes ¶ Whanne kynge Arthur beheld that pyteous ſyȝte / he had grete compaſſion on them ſo that his hert

bledde for ſorowe / and hayled hym ſayeng in this wyſe he that alle the world weldeth gyue the ſhorte lyf & ſhameful dethe / And the deuyl haue thy ſoule / why haſt thow murthred theſe yonge Innocent children / and murthred this ducheſſe / Therefore aryſe and dreſſe the thow gloton / For this day ſhall thou dye of my hand / Thenne the gloton anone ſtarte vp and tooke a grete clubbe in his hand / and ſmote at the kynge that his coronal fylle to the erthe / and the kynge hytte hym ageyn that he carf his bely and cutte of his genytours / that his guttes & his entraylles fylle doune to the ground / thenne the gyaunt threwe awey his clubbe / and caught the kynge in his armes that he cruſſhyd his rybbes / Thenne the thre maydens knelyd doune and callyd to Cryſt for helpe and comforte of Arthur And thenne Arthur weltred and wrong / that he was other whyle vnder and another tyme aboue / And ſo weltryng and walowynge they rolled doune the hylle / tyl they came to the ſee marke / and euer as they ſoo weltred / Arthur ſmote hym with his daggar / and it fortuned they came to the place / where as the two knyghtes were and kepte Arthurs hors / thenne when they ſawe the kynge faſt in the gyaunts armes / they came and loſed hym / And thenne the kynge commaunded ſyr kaye to ſmyte of the gyaunts hede / and to ſette it vpon a truncheon of a ſpere / and bere it to ſyre howel / and telle hym that his enemy was ſlayne / and after late this hede be bounden to a barbycan that alle the peple may ſee and behold hit / and go ye two up to the montayn / and fetche me my ſheld / my ſuerd and the clubbe of yron / And as for the treſour take ye it / for ye ſhalle fynde there good oute of nombre / So I haue the kertyl and the clubbe I deſyre no more / This was the fyerſt gyaunt that euer I mette with / ſauf one in the mount of Arabe / whiche I ouercame / but this was gretter and fyerſer / Thenne the knyghtes fette the clubbe and the kyrtyl / and ſome of the treſour they took to them ſelf / and retorned ageyne to the hoſt And anone this was knowen thurgh alle the countrey / wher for the peple came and thanked the kynge / And he ſayd ageyne yeue the thanke to god / and departe the goodes among yow / And after that kynge Arthur ſayd and commaunded his Coſyn howel that he ſhold ordeyne for a chirche to be bylded

[leaf 84 verso]

on the ſame hylle in the worſhip of ſaynte Mychel / ¶ And on the morne the kynge remeuyd with his grete bataylle / and came in to Champayne and in a valeye / and there they pyght their tentys / and the kynge beynge ſet at his dyner / ther cam in two meſſagers / of whome that one was Marchal of fraūce and ſayd to the kyng that themperour was entryd in to fraunce / and had deſtroyed a grete parte and was in Burgoyn and had deſtroyed and made grete ſlaughter of peple & brente townes and borowes / wherfor yf thou come not haſtely / they muſt yelde vp their bodyes and goodes /

¶ Capitulum ſextum

THenne the kynge dyd doo calle ſyre Gawayne / ſyre Borce / ſyr Lyonel and ſyre Bedewere / and commaunded them to goo ſtrayte to ſyre Lucius / and ſaye ye to hym that haſtely he remeue oute of my land / And yf he wil not / bydde hym make hym redy to bataylle and not diſtreſſe the poure peple / Thenne anone theſe noble knyghtes dreſſyd them to horſbak / And whanne they came to the grene wood / they ſawe many pauelions ſette in a medowe of ſylke of dyuerſe colours beſyde a ryuer / And themperours pauelione was in the myddle with an egle diſplayed aboue / To the whiche tente our knyghtes rode toward / and ordeyned ſyr Gawayn and ſyre Bors to doo the meſſage / And lefte in a buſſhement ſyre Lyonel / and ſyre Bedwere / And thenne ſyre Gawayn and ſyr Borce dyd their meſſage / and commaunded Lucius in Arthurs name to auoyde his lond / or ſhortly to adreſſe hym to bataylle / To whome Lucius anſuerde and ſayd ye ſhalle retorne to your lord and ſaye ye to hym that I ſhall ſubdue hym and alle his londes / Thenne ſyre Gawayn was wrothe and ſayde I hadde leuer than alle Fraunce ſyghte ageynſt the / and ſoo hadde I ſaide ſyr Borce leuer than alle Bretayne or burgoyne ¶ Thenne a knyght named ſyre Gaynus nyghe coſyn to the Emperour ſayde / loo how theſe Bretons ben ful of pryde and booſt / and they bragge as though they bare up alle the worlde / Thenne ſyre Gawayne was ſore greued

with thefe wordes / and pulled oute his fwerd and fmote of his hede / And therwith torned theyr horfes and rode ouer waters and thurgh woodes tyl they came to theyre buffhement / where as fyr Lyonel and fyr Bedeuer were houyng / The romayns folowed faft after on horfbak and on foote ouer a chāpayn vnto a wood / thenne fyre Boors torned his hors / and fawe a knyghte come faft on / whome he fmote thurgh the body with a fpere that he fylle dede doune to the erthe / thenne cam Callyburne one of the ftrengeft of pauye and fmote doun many of Arthurs knyghtes / And whan fyr Bors fawe hym do foo moche harme he adreffyd toward hym & fmote hym thurȝ the breft that he fylle doune dede to the erthe / Thenne fyr Feldenak thought to reuenge the dethe of gaynus vpon fyre Gawayn / but fyre gawayn was ware therof and fmote hym on the hede / whiche ftroke ftynted not tyl it came to his brefte / And thenne he retorned and came to his felawes in the buffhement / And there was a recountre / for the buffhement brake on the Romayns / and flewe and hewe doune the Romayns and forced the Romayns to flee and retorne / whome the noble knyghtes chaced vnto theyr tentes / Thenne the Romayns gadred more peple / and alfo foote men cam on / and ther was a newe bataille and foo moche peple that fyr Bors and fyr Berel were taken / but whan fyre gawayn fawe that / he tooke with hym fyre Idrus the good knyght and fayd he wold neuer fee kynge Arthur but yf he refcued them / and pulled out galatyn his good fwerd / and folowed them that ledde tho ij knyghtes awaye / and he fmote hym that lad fyre Bors / and took fyr Bors fro hym and delyuerd hym to his felawes / And fyre Idrus in lyke wyfe refcowed fyre Berel / thenne beganne the bataill to be grete that oure knyȝtes were in grete Ieopardy / wherfore fyre Gawayn fente to kyng Arthur for focour and that he hye hym for I am fore wounded / and that oure pryfoners may paye good oute of nombre / And the meffager came to the kyng and told hym his meffage / And anon the kynge dyd doo affemble his armye / but anone or he departed the pryfoners were comen / and fyre gawayn and his felawes gate the felde and put the Romayns to flyght / and after retorned and came with their felaufhip in fuche wyfe / that

[leaf 85 verso]

no man of worſhip was loſte of them / ſauf that ſyr Gawayn was ſore hurte / Thenne the kynge dyd do ranſake his woundes and comforted hym / And thus was the begynnynge of the fyrſt iourney of the brytons and Romayns / and ther were ſlayne of the Romayns moo than ten thouſand / and grete ioye and myrthe was made that nyghte in the hooſt of kynge Arthur / And on the morne he ſente alle the pryſoners in to parys vnder the garde of ſyre launcelot with many knyghtes & of ſyr Cador

¶ Capitulum vij

NOw torne we to the Emperour of Rome whiche aſpyed that theſe pryſoners ſhold be ſente to Parys / and anone he ſente to leye in a buſſhement certayne knyghtes and prynces with ſyxty thouſand men for to reſcowe his knyghtes and lordes that were pryſoners / And ſo on the morne as Launcelot and ſyre Cador chyuetayns and gouernours of all them that conueyed the pryſoners as they ſholde paſſe thurgh a wode ſyr Laūcelot ſente certayne knyghtes teſpye yf ony were in the woodes to lette them / And whanne the ſaid knyghtes cam in to the wood / anone they aſpyed and ſawe the grete enbuſſhement / and retorned and told ſyr Laūcelot that ther lay in a wayte for them thre ſcore thouſand Romayns / And thenne ſyr Launcelot with ſuche knyghtes as he hadde and men of warre to the nombre of x M put them in araye and met wyth them and foughte with them manly / and ſlewe and dretenchid many of the Romayns / and ſlewe many knyghtes & admyrals of the party of the Romayns and ſaraſyns / ther was ſlayne the kynge of lylye and thre grete lordes Aladuke / herawde and heryngdale / but ſyr Launcelot fought ſoo nobly that no man myght endure a ſtroke of his hande / but where he came he ſhewed his proweſſe and myght / for he ſlewe doune ryght on euery ſyde / And the Romayns and ſaraſyns fledde from hym as the ſheep fro the wulf or fro the lyon / and putt them alle that abode alyue to flyght / And ſo longe they fouȝte that tydynges came to kynge Arthur / And anone he graythed hym and came to the bataille / and ſawe his knyghtes how they had

[leaf 86]

vaynquyſſhed the bataylle / he enbraced them knyght by knyȝte in his armes and ſaid ye be worthy to welde all your honour and worſhip / there was neuer kynge ſauf my ſelf that had ſo noble knyghtes / Syre ſayd Cador there was none of vs fail-
5 led other / but of the proweſſe and manhode of ſyre Launcelot were more than wonder to telle / and alſo of his coſyns whiche dyd that daye many noble feates of werre / And alſo ſyre Cador tolde who of his knyghtes were ſlayne / as ſyr beriel & other ſyr Morys and ſyr Maurel two good knyghtes / then-
10 ne the kynge wepte and dryed his eyen with a keuerchyef / & ſayd your courage had nere hand deſtroyed yow / For though ye had retorned ageyne / ye had loſt no worſhip / For I calle hit ſoly / knyghtes to abyde whan they be ouermatched / Nay ſayd Launcelot and the other / For ones ſhamed maye neuer
15 be recouerd

¶ Capitulum viij

NOw leue we kynge Arthur and his noble knyghtes whiche had wonne the felde / and had brought theyre pryſoners to parys / and ſpeke we of a ſenatour whiche eſcaped fro the bataille / and came to Lucius themperour & ſayd to
20 hym / Syre emperour I aduyſe the for to withdrawe the / what doſt thow here / thow ſhalt wynne noo thynge in theſe marches but grete ſtrokes oute of al meſure / For this day one of Arthurs knyghtes was worth in the batayll an honderd of ours Fy on the ſayd Lucius thow ſpekeſt cowardly / for thy wor-
25 des greue me more than alle the loſſe that I had this day / and anone he ſende forth a kynge whiche hyghte ſyr leomye with a grete armye / and badde hym hye hym faſt to fore / and he wold folowe haſtely after / kynge Arthur was warned pryuely / & ſente his peple to Seſſoyne / and toke vp the townes & caſtels
30 fro the Romayns / Thenne the kyng commaunded ſyr Cador to take the rereward / & to take with hym certayne knyghtes of the round table / and ſyre Launcelot / ſyre Bors / ſyr kay / ſyre Marrok with ſyre Marhaus ſhalle awayte on our perſone / Thus the kynge Arthur diſperplyd his hooſt in dyuerſe par-
35 tyes / to thende that his enemyes ſhold not eſcape / whanne the

[leaf 86 verso]

Emperour was entryd in to the vale of Seſſoyne / he myghte
ſee where kynge Arthur was enbatailled and his baner dyſ-
played / and he was byſette round aboute with his enemyes /
that nedes he muſt fyghte or yelde hym / for he myght not flee /
But ſayd openly vnto the Romayns / ſyrs I admoneſte you 5
that this day ye fyghte and acquyte yow as men / and remem-
bre how Rome domyneth and is chyef and hede ouer alle the
erthe and vnyuerſal world / and ſuffre not theſe bretons thys
day to abyde ageynſte vs / & ther with he dyd commaunde hys
trōpettes to blowe the blody ſownes in ſuche wyſe that the gro- 10
und trembled and dyndled / Thenne the batails approuched
and ſhoue and ſhowted on bothe ſydes and grete ſtrokes were
ſmyten on bothe ſydes / many men ouerthrowen / hurte / & ſlayn
and grete valyaunces / proweſſes and appertyces of werre we-
re that day ſhewed / whiche were ouer long to recounte the no- 15
ble feates of euery man / For they ſhold conteyne an hole vo-
lume / But in eſpecyal kynge Arthur rode in the bataille ex-
hortynge his knyghtes to doo wel / and hym ſelf dyd as no-
bly with his handes as was poſſyble a man to doo / he drewe
oute Excalibur his ſwerd / and awayted euer where as the ro- 20
mayns were thyckeſt and mooſt greued his peple / and anone
he adreſſyd hym on that parte and hewe and ſlewe doune ryȝt
and reſcued his peple / and he ſlewe a grete gyaunt named ga-
lapas / whiche was a man of an huge quantyte and heyghte
he ſhorted hym and ſmote of bothe his legges by the knees / ſa- 25
yenge Now arte thow better of a ſyſe to dele with / than thou
were / and after ſmote of his hede / there ſyre gawayn foughte
nobly and ſlewe thre admyrales in that bataill / And ſo dyd
alle the knyghtes of the round table / Thus the bataill bitwe-
ne kynge Arthur and Lucius themperour endured longe / Lu- 30
cius had on his ſyde many ſaraſyns / whiche were ſlayn / and
thus the bataille was grete / and oftſydes that one party was
at a fordele and anone at an afterdele / whiche endured ſo longe
tyl at the laſt kyng Arthur aſpyed / where Lucius themperour
fought / and dyd wonder with his owne handes / And anon he 35
rode to hym / And eyther ſmote other ſyerſly / and atte laſt Lu-
cyus ſmote Arthur thwart the vyſage / and gaf hym a large
wound / And whanne kyng Arthur felte hym ſelf hurte / anon

[leaf 87]

he ſmote hym ageyne with Excalibur that it cleſte his hede fro the ſomette of his hede / and ſtynted not tyl it cam to his breſte And thenne themperour ſylle doune dede / and there ended his lyf / And whan it was knowen that themperour was ſlayne anone alle the Romayns with all their hooſt put them to flyght / and kynge Arthur with alle his knyghtes folowed the chaas / and ſlewe doune ryght alle them that they myghte atteyne / And thus was the vyctory gyuen to kynge Arthur & the tryumphe / and there were ſlayne on the party of Lucius moo than an hondred thouſand / And after kyng Arthur dyd doo ranſake the dede bodyes / and dyd doo burye them that were ſlayne of his retenue euery man accordynge to theſtate & degree that he was of / And them that were hurte he lete the ſurgyens doo ſerche their hurtes and woundes / and commaunded to ſpare no ſalues ne medecynes tyl they were hole /

Thenne the kyng rode ſtrayte to the place where themperour lucius lay dede / and with hym he fond ſlayne the Sowdan of Surrey / the kynge of Egypte and of Ethyope / whiche were two noble kynges with xvij other kynges of dyuerſe regyons / and alſo ſyxty ſenatours of Rome al noble men / whome the kynge dyd do bawme and gomme with many good gommes aromatyk / and after dyd do cere them in ſyxty fold of cered clothe of Sendale / and leyd them in cheſtys of leed / by cauſe they ſhold not chauffe ne ſauoure / and vpon alle theſe bodyes their ſheldes with theire armes and baners were ſette / to thende they ſhold be knowen of what country they were / and after he fonde thre Senatours whiche were on lyue to whome he ſayd / for to ſaue your lyues I wylle that ye take theſe dede bodyes / and carye them with yow vnto grete Rome / and preſente them to the poteſtate on my behalue ſhewynge hym my letters / and telle them that I in my perſone ſhal haſtely be atte Rome / And I ſuppoſe the Romayns ſhalle beware how they ſhal demaunde ony trybute of me / And I commaunde yow to ſaye whan ye ſhal come to Rome to the poteſtate and all the counceylle and Senate / that I ſende to them theſe dede bodyes for the trybute that they haue demaunded / And yf they be not content with theſe / I ſhal paye more at my comynge / for other trybute owe I none / ne none other wylle I paye / And me

[leaf 87 verso]

thynketh this ſuffyſeth for Bretayne / Irlond and al Almayne with germanye / And ferthermore I charge yow to ſaye to them / that I commaunde them vpon payne of theyre hedes neuer to demaunde trybute ne taxe of me ne of my londes
Thenne with this charge and commaundement the thre Senatours afore ſayd departed with alle the ſayd dede bodyes leynge the body of Lucius in a carre couerd with tharmes of the Empyre al alone / And after alwey two bodyes of kynges in a charyot / and thenne the bodyes of Senatours after them and ſoo wente toward Rome / and ſhewed theyr legacyon & meſſage to the poteſtate and Senate / recountyng the bataylle done in Fraunce / and how the feld was loſt and moche people & Innumerable ſlayne / wherfore they aduyſed them in no wyſe to meue no more warre ageynſte that noble conqueroure Arthur / For his myght and proweſſe is moſt to be doubted ſeen the noble kynges and grete multytude of knyghtes of the round table / to whome none erthely prynce may compare /

¶ Capitulo nono

NOw torne we vnto kynge Arthur and his noble knyghtes whiche after the grete bataylle acheued ageynſte the Romayns / entryd in to Lorayne braban and Flaundres and ſythen retorned in to hault Almayn / and ſo ouer the mōtayns in to lombardye / and after in to Tuſkane / wherin was a Cyte / whiche in no wyſe wold yelde them ſelf ne obeye / wherfore kynge Arthur biſeged it / and lay longe aboute hit / and gaf many aſſaultes to the Cyte / And they within deffended them valyauntly / Thenne on a tyme the kynge called ſyr florence a knyght / and ſayd to hym they lacked vytaylle / and not ferre from hens ben grete foreſtes and woodes / wherin ben many of myn enemyes with moche beſtyayl / I wyl that thou make the redy and goo thyder in foreyeng / and take with the ſyr Gawayn my neuew / Syre wyſſhard / ſyre Clegys / Syre Cleremond and the Captayn of Cardef with other / & brynge with yow alle the beeſtes that ye there can gete / And anone theſe knyghtes made them redy / and rode ouer holtys & hyllys thurgh foreſtes and woodes / tyl they cam in to a fayr medow

[leaf 88]

ful of fayre floures and graſſe / And there they reſted them & theyr horſes alle that nyghte / And in the ſpryngynge of the day in the next morne / ſyre Gawayn took his hors and ſtale away from his felauſhip to ſeke ſome aduentures / And anon he was ware of a man armed walkynge his hors eaſyly by a wodes ſyde / and his ſheld laced to his ſholdre ſyttynge on a ſtronge courſer withoute ony man ſauyng to a page berynge a myghty ſpere . The knyght bare in his ſheld thre gryffons of gold in ſable charbuncle the chyef of ſyluer / whan ſyre Gawayn aſpyed this gay knyght / he fewtryd his ſpere and rode ſtrayt to hym / and demaūded of hym from whens that he was that other anſuerd and ſayd he was of Tuſcane / and demaunded of ſyre gawayn / what profryſt thow proude knyghte the ſo boldly / here geteſt thou no praye / thou mayſt proue whā thou wylt / for thou ſhalt be my pryſoner or thou departe /

¶ Thenne ſayd gawayn / thou auaunteſt the gretely and ſpekeſt proude wordes / I coūceylle the for alle thy boost that thou make the redy / and take thy gere to the / to fore gretter grame falle to the

¶ Capitulum x

THenne they took theyr ſperes and ranne eche at other with alle the myghte they had / and ſmote eche other thurgh their ſheldes in to theyr ſholders / wherfore anone they pulled oute their ſwerdes / and ſmote grete ſtrokes that the fyre ſprange oute of their helmes / Thenne ſyre gawayne was al abaſhed and with galatyn his good ſwerd he ſmote thurgh ſhelde and thycke hauberke made of thyck maylles and al to ruſſhed and brake the precious ſtones / and made hym a large wounde / that men myghte ſee bothe lyuer and long / Thenne groned that knyght / and adreſſyd hym to ſyr Gawayn / & with an awke ſtroke gaf hym a grete wound and kytte a vayne / whiche greued gawayn ſore / and he bledde ſore / ¶ Thenne the knyghte ſayd to ſyre Gawayn / bynde thy wounde or thy blee chaunge / for thou bybledeſt al thy hors and thy fayre armes / For alle the Barbours of Bretayne ſhal not conne ſtaunche thy blood / For who ſomeuer is hurte with this blade he ſhalle

[leaf 88 verso]

neuer be ſtaunched of bledynge / Thenne anſuerd gawayn hit greueth me but lytyl / thy grete wordes ſhalle not feare me ne laſſe my courage / but thow ſhalt ſuffre tene and ſorow or we departe / but telle me in haſt who maye ſtaunche my bledynge / That may I doo ſayd the knyght yf I wylle / And ſo wyll I yf thou wylt ſocoure and ayde me that I maye be cryſtned and byleue on god / And therof I requyre the of thy manhode / and it ſhalle be grete meryte for thy ſoule I graunte ſaid Gawayne ſo god helpe me taccomplyſſhe alle thy deſyre / But ſyrſt telle me what thou ſoughteſt here thus allone / and of what londe and legeaunce thou arte of / Syre he ſayd my name is Pryamus / and a grete prynce is my fader / and he hath ben rebelle vnto Rome and ouer ryden many of theyr londes / My fader is lyneally deſcended of Alyſaunder and of hector by ryght lygne / And duke Ioſue and Machabeus were of oure lygnage / I am ryght enherytour of Alyſaunder and auffryke and alle the oute yles / yet wyl I byleue on thy lord that thow byleueſt on / And for thy laboure I ſhalle yeue the treſour ynough / I was ſoo elate and hauteyn in my hert that I thought no man my pere ne to me ſemblable / I was ſente in to this werre with ſeuen ſcore knyghtes / and now I haue encountred with the whiche haſt gyuen to me of ſyghtyng my ſylle / wherfore ſyr knyghte I pray the to telle me what thow arte / I am no knyght ſayd gawayn / I haue ben brought vp in the garderobe with the noble kynge Arthur many yeres for to take hede to his armour and his other araye / and to poynte his paltockes that longen to hym ſelf / At yole laſt he made me yoman and gaf to me hors and harneys and an honderd pound in money / And yf fortune be my frend / I doubte not / but to be wel auaunced and holpen by my lyege lord / A ſayd Pryamus / yf his knauys be ſo kene and ſyers / his knyȝtes ben paſſynge good / Now for the kynges loue of heuen whether thou be a knaue or a knyghte telle thou me thy name / By god ſayd ſyre Gawayn / Now wyl I ſaye the ſothe / my name is ſyre gawayn and knowen I am in his courte and in his chambre / and one of the knyghtes of the round table / he dubbed me a duke with owne hand / Therfore grutche not yf this grace is to me fortuned / hit is the goodneſſe of god

that lente to me my ſtrengthe / Now am I better pleaſyd ſayd Pryamus than thou haddeſt gyuen to me al the prouynce and parys the ryche / I had leuer to haue ben torn with wylde horſes / than ony varlet had wonne ſuche loos / or ony page or pryker ſhold haue had prys on me / But now ſyre knyghte I warne the / that here by is a duke of Lorayne with his armye and the nobleſt men of Dolphyne and lordes of lombardye / with the garneſon of godard / and ſaraſyns of Southland ynombred lx M of good men of armes / wherfor but yf we hye vs hens / it wylle harme vs bothe / for we ben ſore hurte / neuer lyke to recouer / but take hede to my page that he no horne blowe / For yf he doo ther ben houynge faſt by an C knyȝtes awaytynge on my perſone / and yf they take the / ther ſhall no raunſon of gold ne ſyluer acquyte the / Thenne ſyre gawayne rode ouer a water for to ſaue hym / And the knyghte folowed hym / and ſoo rode forthe tyl they came to his felawes / whiche were in the medowe / where they had ben al the nyghte Anone as ſyre wychard was ware of ſyre gawayn and ſawe that he was hurte / he ranne to hym ſoroufully wepynge / and demaunded of hym who had ſoo hurte hym / and gawayn told how he had foughten with that man / and eche of them hadde hurte other / and how he had ſalues to hele them / but I can telle yow other tydynges / that ſoone we ſhal haue adoo with many enemyes / Thenne ſyre pryamus and ſyre gawayn alyghted / and lete theire horſes graſe in the medowe and vnarmed them / And thenne the blood ranne freſſhly fro theyre woundes / And pryamus toke fro his page a vyolle ful of the four waters that came oute of paradys / and with certayne baume enoynted theyr woundes / and weſſhe them with that water / & within an houre after / they were both as hole as euer they were / And thenne with a trompet were they alle aſſembled to counceylle / And there pryamus told vnto them / what lordes and knyghtes had ſworne to reſcowe hym / and that without faill they ſhold be aſſailled with many thouſandes / wherfor he counceilled them to withdrawe them / Thenne ſyre gawayn ſayd it were grete ſhame to them to auoyde withoute ony ſtrokes / Wherfore I aduyſe to take oure armes and to make vs redy to mete with theſe ſaraſyns and myſbyleuyng men / and wyth

[leaf 89 verso]

the helpe of god we ſhal ouerthrowe them and haue a fayre day on them / And ſyre Florens ſhall abyde ſtyll in thys felde to kepe the ſtale as a noble knyghte / and we ſhal not forſake yonder felawes / Now ſayd Pyramus ſeaſſe your wordes / for I warne yow ye ſhal ſynde in yonder woodes many peryllous knyghtes / they wylle put forthe beeſtes to calle yow on / they be out of nombre / and ye are not paſt vij C whiche ben ouer fewe to ſyght with ſoo many / Neuertheles ſayd ſyr gawayn we ſhal ones encountre them / and ſee what they can do and the beſte ſhalle haue the vyctory

¶ Capitulo xj

THenne ſyre Florence callyd to hym ſyre florydas with an honderd knyghtes and droofe forth the herde of beſtes / Thenne folowed hym vij honderd men of armes / and ſyr Feraunt of ſpayne on a fayr ſtede came ſpryngynge oute of the woodes / and came to ſyre Florence and axyd hym why he fledde / Thenne ſyre Florence took his ſpere / and rode ageynſte hym / and ſmote hym in the forhede and brake his necke bone / Thenne all thother were meued / and thought to auenge the dethe of ſyr Feraunt / and ſmote in emonge them / and there was grete ſyghte and many ſlayne and leyd doune to grounde / and ſyr Florence with his C knyghtes alwey kepte the ſtale and foughte manly / ¶ Thenne whan Pryamus the good knyght perceyued the grede ſyght / he wente to ſyre Gawayn / and badde hym that he ſhold goo and ſocoure his felauſhip / whiche were ſore byſtad with their enemyes / Syr greue yow not ſayd ſyre Gawayn / For theyr gree ſhall be theirs I ſhall not ones meue my hors to them ward / but yf I ſee mo than ther ben / For they ben ſtronge ynough to matche them / & with that he ſawe an erle called ſyre Ethelwold and the duk of duchemen cam lepyng out of a wood with many thouſādes & pryamus knyȝtes / & cam ſtrayte vn to the bataylle / thēne ſir gawayn comforted his knyghtes / and bad them not to be abaſſhed / for al ſhal be ours / thēne they began to wallope & mette with their enemyes / there were mē ſlayn & ouerthrowen on euery

ſyde / Thenne threſtyd in amonge them the knyghtes of the table round / and ſmote doune to the erthe alle them that wythſtode them / in ſoo moche that they made them to recuyelle & flee / By god ſayd ſyre Gawayn this gladeth my herte / for now ben they laſſe in nombre by xx M / Thenne entryd in to the bataylle Iubaunce a geaunt / and fought and flewe doune ryght and diſtreſſyd many of our knyghtes / emonge whome was flayne ſyre Gherard a knyght of walys / Thenne oure knyghtes toke herte to them / and flewe many ſaraſyns / And thenne came in ſyr Priamus with his penon / and rode with the knyghtes of the round table / and fought ſo manfully that many of their enemyes loſt theyr lyues / And ther ſyr Pryamus flewe the Marquys of Moyſes land / and ſyre gawayn with his felawes ſo quytte hem that they had the feld / but in that ſtoure was ſyr Cheſtelayne a chyld and ward of ſyre Gawayne flayne / wherfore was moche ſorou made / and his deth wes ſoone auengyd / Thus was the bataille ended and many lordes of lombardye and ſaraſyns left dede in the feld /

¶ Thenne ſyre florence and ſyre Gawayne herberowed ſurely theyr peple / and token grete plente of beſtyal of gold & ſyluer and grete treſour and rycheſſe and retorned vnto kyng Arthur whiche lay ſtyl at the ſyege / And whanne they came to the kynge / they preſented theyr pryſoners and recounted theyre aduentures / and how they had vaynquyſſhed theyre enemyes

¶ Capitulum xij

NOw thanked be god ſayd the noble kynge Arthur / But what maner man is he that ſtandeth by hym ſelf hym ſemed no pryſoner / Syre ſayd Gawayne this is a good man of armes / he hath matched me / but he is yolden vnto god and to me for to bycome Cryſten . had not he haue be we ſhold neuer haue rotorned / wherfor I pray yow that he may be baptyſed / for ther lyueth not a nobler man ne better knyght of his handes / thenne the kyng lete hym anon be cryſtned / and dyd doo calle hym his fyrſte name Pryamus / and made hym a duke and knyghte of the table round ¶ And thenne anon the kynge lete do crye aſſaulte to the cyte / and there was rerynge of laddres brekyng of wallys and the dyche fylled /

[leaf 90 verso]

that men with lytel payne myȝt entre in to the cyte / thēne cam out a ducheſſe / & Claryſyn the counteſſe with many ladyes & damoyſels / and knelyng bifore kynge Arthur requyred hym for the loue of god to receyue the cyte / & not to take it by aſſaulte for thenne ſhold many gyltles be ſlayne / thēne the kyng aualyd his vyſer with a meke & noble coūtenaūce / & ſaid madame ther ſhal none of my ſubgettys myſdoo you ne your maydens / ne to none that to yow longen / but the duke ſhal abyde my Iugement / thenne anone the kyng commaunded to leue the aſſault / & anon the dukes oldeſt ſone brought out the keyes / & knelyng delyuerd them to the kyng / & byſouȝt hym of grace / & the kyng ſeaſed the toun by aſſent of his lordes / & toke the duc & ſent hym to douer there for to abyde pryſoner terme of his lyf & aſſigned certayn rentes for the dower of the ducheſſe & for her children / Thenne he made lordes to rule tho londes & lawes as a lord ought to do in his owne countrey / & after he took his iourney toward Rome / & ſent ſir Florys & ſyr florydas to fore with v C men of armes / & they cam to the cyte of vrbyne & leid there a buſſhement there as them ſemed moſt beſt for them / & rode to fore the toune / where anon yſſued oute moche peple & ſkarmuſſhed with the fore rydars / thēne brake out the buſſhement & wan the brydge & after the toun / & ſet vpon the wallis the kynges baner / thēne cam the kynge vpon an hille & ſawe the Cyte & his baner on the wallys / by whiche he knewe that the Cyte was wonne / & anone he ſente & commaunded that none of his lyege men ſhold defoule ne lygge by no lady / wyf / ne maide / & whan he cam in to the cyte / he paſſid to the caſtel / and comforted them that were in ſorou / & ordeyned ther a captayn a knyȝt of his own coūtrey / & whan they of Melane herd that thylk cyte was wōne / they ſent to kyng Arthur grete ſōmes of money / & beſouȝt hym as their lord to haue pyte of them / promyſyng to be his ſubgettys for euer / & yelde to hym homage & fealte for the lādes of pleſaūce & pauye / peterſaynt & the port of tremble / & to gyue hym yerly a melyon of gold al his lyf tyme / thēne he rydeth in to Tuſkane & wynneth tounes & caſtels & waſted al in his way that to hym wil not obeye / & ſo to ſpolute & viterbe & fro thens he rode in to the vale of vycecoūte emong the vynes And fro thens he ſente to the ſenatours to wete / whether they

wold knowe hym for theyr lord / But ſoone after on a ſaterday came vnto kynge Arthur alle the ſenatours that were left on lyue / and the nobleſt Cardynals that thenne dwellyd in Rome / And prayd hym of pees / and profered hym ful large
5 And byſought hym as gouernour to gyue lycence for vj wekes for to aſſemble alle the Romayns / And thenne to crowne hym Emperour with creme as it bylongeth to ſo hyhe aſtate / I aſſente ſayd the kynge lyke as ye haue deuyſed / and at cryſtemas there to be crowned / and to holde my round table with
10 my knyghtes as me lyketh / And thenne the ſenatours maade redy for his Intronyſacyon / And at the day appoynted as the Romaunce telleth he came in to Rome / and was crouned emperour by the popes hand with all the ryalte that coude be made / And ſudgerned there a tyme / and eſtablyſſhed all his lon-
15 des from Rome in to Fraunce / and gaf londes and royammes vnto his ſeruauntes and knyghtes to eueryche after his deſert in ſuche wyſe that none complayned ryche ne poure / & he gaſe to ſyre Pryamus the duchye of Lorayne / and he thanked hym and ſayd he wold ſerue hym the dayes of his lyf / and after
20 made dukes and erles / and made euery man ryche / Thenne after this alle his knyghtes and lordes aſſembled them afore hym / and ſayd bleſſyd be god your warre is ſynyſſhed and your conqueſt acheued / in ſoo moche that we knowe none ſoo grete ne myghty that dar make warre ageynſt yow / wherfore
25 we byſeche you to retorne homeward / and gyue vs lycence to goo home to our wyues / fro whome we haue ben longe / and to reſte vs / for your Iourney is ſynyſſhed with honour & woſhip / Thenne ſayd the kyng / ye ſaye trouthe / and for to tempte god it is no wyſedome / And therfore make you redy and
30 retorne we in to Englond / Thenne there was truſſyng of harneis and bagage and grete caryage / And after lycence gyuen he retorned and commaunded that noo man in payne of dethe ſhold not robbe ne take vytaylle / ne other thynge by the way but that he ſhold paye therfore / And thus he came ouer the ſee
35 and londed at ſandwyche / ageynſte whome Quene Gweneuer his wyf came and mette hym / and he was nobly receyued of alle his comyns in euery cyte and burgh / and grete yeſtes preſented to hym at his home comyng to welcome hym with /

[leaf 91 verso]

¶ Thus endeth the fyfthe booke of the conquefte that kynge Arthur badde ageynfte Lucius the Emperoure of Rome / and here foloweth the fyxth book whiche is of fyr Launcelot du lake

¶ Capitulum primum

SOone after that kyng Arthur was come / fro rome in to Englond / thenne alle the knyghtes of the table round reforted vnto the kyng / & made many Iuftes & turnementes / & fome there were that were but knyȝtes whiche encreaced fo in armes and worfhip that they paffed alle their felawes in proweffe and noble dedes / and that was wel preued on many But in efpecyal it was preued on fyre launcelot du lake / for in al turnementys and Iuftes and dedes of armes both for lyf and deth he paffed al other knyȝtes / and at no tyme he was neuer ouercome / but yf it were by trefon or enchauntement / fo fyr Launcelot encreaced foo merueylloufly in worfhip / and in honour / therfor is he the fyrft knyȝt that the frenffhe book maketh mencyon of after kynge Arthur came fro rome / wherfore quene gweneuer had hym in grete fauour aboue al other knyghtes . and in certayne he loued the quene ageyne aboue al other ladyes damoyfels of his lyf / And for her he dyd many dedes of armes and faued her from the fyer thorou his noble chyualry / Thus fyre launcelot refted hym longe with play & game / And thenne he thought hym felf to preue hym felf in ftraunge auentures / thenne he badde his neuewe fyre Lyonel for to make hym redy / for we two wylle feke aduentures / So they mounted on their horfes armed at al ryghtes / and rode in to a depe foreft & foo in to a depe playne / ¶ And thenne the weder was hote about noone / and fyre launcelot had grete luft to flepe / Thenne fyr lyonel afpyed a grete Appyl tree that ftode by an hedge / & faid broder yonder is a fayre fhadowe / there maye we refte vs on oure horfes / hit is wel faide faire broder faid fyr launcelot / for this viij yere I was not fo flepy as I am now / and fo they there alyghted & tayed their horfes vnto fondry trees / and fo fyr launcelot layd hym doune vnder an appyl tree / and his helme he layd vnder his hede / And Syre

lyonel waked whyle he ſlepte / Soo ſyre launcelot was a ſlepe paſſynge faſt / And in the mene whyle there came thre knyghtes rydynge as faſte fleynge as euer they myghte ryde
And there folowed hem thre but one knyghte / And whanne ſyr lyonel ſawe hym / hym thought he ſawe neuer ſoo grete a knyghte nor ſoo wel farynge a man neyther ſoo wel apparailled vnto al ryghtes / Soo within a whyle this ſtrong knyȝt had ouertaken one of theſe knyghtes / and there he ſmote hym to the cold erth that he lay ſtyll / And than he rode vnto the ſecond knyght / and ſmote hym ſoo that man and hors felle doune / And thenne ſtreyghte to the thyrdde knyghte he rode and ſmote hym behynde his hors ars a ſpere length / And thenne he alyghte doune arayned his hors on the brydel & bonde alle the thre knyghtes faſt with the raynes of their owne brydels / Whan ſyr lyonel ſawe hym doo thus / he thought to aſſay hym / & made hym redy & ſtylly / and pryuely he took his hors & thoughte not for to awake ſyr launcelot / And whan he was mounted vpon his hors / he ouertoke this ſtrong knyght / & bad hym torne / and the other ſmote ſyr lyonel ſo hard that hors & man he bare to the erthe / & ſo he alyght doun & bound hym faſt and threwe hym ouerthwart his owne hors / and ſoo he ſerued hem al foure / & rode with hem awey to his owne caſtel / And whan he came there he garte vnarme them & bete hem with thornys al naked / & after put hem in a depe pryſon where were many mo knyghtes that made grete doloure

¶ Capitulum ſecundum /

WHan ſyre Ector de marys wyſt that ſyre laūcelot was paſt out of the court to ſeke aduentures he was wroth with hym ſelf / & made hym redy to ſeke ſyre laūcelot / & as he had ryden long in a grete foreſt he mette with a man was lyke a foſter / Fayre felaw ſaid ſyre Ector knoweſt thou in thys countrey ony aduentures that ben here nyghe hand / Syr ſayd the foſter / this countrey knowe I wel . and here by within thys myle / is a ſtronge manoir and wel dyked / & by that manoir on the lyfte hand there is a faire fourde for horſes to drynke of / and ouer that fourde there groweth a fayr tree / and theron hangen many fayre ſheldes that welded ſomtyme good knyghtes / & atte hoole of the tree hangeth a bacyn of coper & latoen /

[leaf 92 verso]

and ſtryke vpon that bacyn with the but of thy ſpere thryes / And ſoone after thou ſhalt here newe tydynges / And ellys haſt thou the fayreſt grace that many a yere had euer knyght that paſſed thorou this foreſt / gramercy ſayd ſyre Ector / and departed / and came to the tree and ſawe many fayre ſheldes And amonge them he ſawe his broders ſheld ſyr Lyonel and many moo that he knewe that were his felawes of the round table / the whiche greued his herte / and promyſed to reuenge his broder / Thenne anone ſyr Ector bete on the bacyn as he were wood / and thenne he gaf his hors drynke at the fourde / & ther came a knyghte behynd hym / and bad hym come oute of the water and make hym redy / and ſyre Ector anone torned hym ſhortly and in fewter caſt his ſpere and ſmote the other knyghte a grete buffet that his hors torned twyes aboute / This was wel done ſaid the ſtrong knyȝt / & knyȝtly thou haſt ſtryken me / And therwith he ruſſhed his hors on ſyre Ector / and cleyȝte hym vnder his ryght arme & bare hym clene out of the ſadel / and rode with hym awey in to his owne halle / & threwe hym doune in myddes of the floore / the name of thys knyghte was ſyre Turquyne / than he ſaid vnto ſyre Ector for thou haſt done this day more vnto me than ony knyghte dyd theſe xij yeres / Now wille I graunte the thy lyf ſo thou wilt be ſworn to be my pryſoner all thy lyf dayes / Nay ſaid ſir Ector / that wylle I neuer promyſe the / but that I will do myne auauntage / That me repenteth ſayd ſyre Turquyne / and thenne he garte to vnarme hym and bete hym with thornys all naked / and ſythen putte hym doune in a depe dungeon where he knewe many of his felawes / But whan ſyre Ector ſawe ſyr lyonel thenne made he grete ſorowe / Allas broder ſayd ſir Ector / where is my broder ſyre Launcelot / Fayre broder I lefte hym on ſlepe whan that I from hym yode vnder an appel tree and what is become of hym I can not telle yow / Allas ſaid the knyghtes / but ſyre launcelot helpe vs we may neuer be delyuerd / for we knowe now noo knyght that is able to matche oure mayſter Turquyn

¶ Capitulum tercium

NOw leue we thefe knyghtes pryfoners and fpeke we of fyre Launcelott du lake that lyeth vnder the Appyl Tree flepynge / euen aboute the noone there come by hym foure quenes of grete eftate / And for the hete fhold not nyhe hem there rode foure knyghtes aboute hem / and bare a clothe of grene fylke on foure fperes betwixe them and the fonne / And the quenes rode on foure whyte mules

¶ Thus as they rode they herde by them a grete hors grymly neye / thenne were they ware of a flepynge knyghte that laye alle armed vnder an appyl tree / anone as thefe quenes loked on his face / they knewe it was fyre launcelot / Thenne they byganne for to ftryue for that knyghte / euerychone fayd they wold haue hym to her loue / ¶ We fhalle not ftryue fayd Morgan le fay that was kynge Arthurs fyfter / I fhalle putte an enchauntement vpon hym / that he fhalle not awake in fyxe owres / And thenne I wylle lede hym awey vnto my caftel / And whanne he is furely within my hold / I fhalle take the enchauntement from hym / And thenne lete hym chefe whyche of vs he wylle haue vnto peramour / ¶ Soo thys enchauntement was cafte vpon fyre Launcelot / And thenne they leyd hym vpon his fhelde / and bare hym foo an horfback betwixt two knyghtes / and brought hym vnto the caftel charyot / and there they leyd hym in a chambyr cold / and att nyghte they fente vnto hym a fayre damoyfel with his fouper redy dyght By that the enchauntement was paft / And whan fhe came fhe falewed hym / and afked hym what chere / I can not faye fayre damoyfel faid fyre Launcelot / for I wote not how I cam in to this caftel / but it be by an enchauntement / Syre fayd fhe ye muft make good chere / And yf ye be fuche a knyȝte as it is fayd ye ben / I fhalle telle you more to morne by pryme of the daye / Gramercy fayre damoyfel fayd fyre Launcelot of youre good wyl I requyre yow / And foo fhe departed / And there he laye alle that nyght withoute comforte of ony body

¶ And on the morne erly came thefe foure quenes paffyngly wel byfene / Alle they byddyng hym good morne / and he them ageyne / ¶ Syre knyghte the foure quenes fayd thow muft vnderftande thou arte our pryfoner / and we here knowe the wel that thou arte fyre Launcelot du laake / kynge Bans

[leaf 93 verso]

ſone / And by cauſe we vnderſtande your worthynes that thou arte the nobleſt knyght lyuyng / And as we knowe wel ther can no lady haue thy loue but one / and that is quene Gweneuer / and now thow ſhalt loſe her for euer and ſhe the / and therfore the behoueth now to cheſe one of vs four / I am the quene Morgan le fay quene of the land of Gorre / and here is the quene of Northgalys and the quene of Eeſtland / and the quene of the oute yles / ¶ Now cheſe one of vs whiche thou wylt haue to thy peramour / for thou mayſt not cheſe or els in thys pryſon to dye / This is an hard caaas ſayd ſyre Launcelot that eyther I muſte dye or els cheſe one of yow / yet had I leuer to dye in this pryſon with worſhip than to haue one of you to my peramour maugre my hede / And therfore ye be anſuerd I wylle none of yow for ye be fals enchauntreſſes / And as for my lady dame Gweneuer / were I at my lyberte as I was / I wold preue hit on you or on yours / that ſhe is the trueſt lady vnto her lord lyuyng / Wel ſayd the quenes / is this your anſuer that ye wylle reffuſe vs / ye on my lyf ſayd ſyr laūcelot / reffuſed ye ben of me / Soo they departed and leſte hym there alone that made grete ſorowe

¶ Capitulum quartum

RYght ſo at the noone came the damoyſel vnto hym with his dyner / and aſked hym what chere / truly ſayre damoyſel ſayd ſyre Launcelot in my lyf dayes neuer ſo ylle / ſir ſhe ſayd that me repenteſt / but and ye wylle be reulyd by me / I ſhal help you out of this diſtreſſe / and ye ſhal haue no ſhame nor vylony ſoo that ye hold me a promyſe / fayre damoyſel I wil graunte yow / and ſore I am of theſe quenes ſorcereſſes aferd / for they haue deſtroyed many a good knyght / ſyre ſayd ſhe that is ſothe and for the renome and bounte that they here of you / they wold haue your loue / and ſir they ſayne / your name is ſyre Launcelot du laake the floure of knyghtes / & they be paſſynge wrothe with yow that ye haue reffuſed hem / But ſyre and ye wold promyſe me to helpe my fader on tewſdaye next comynge / that hath made a turnement betwixe hym and

[leaf 94]

the kynge of Northgalys / for the laſt teweſdaye paſt my fader loſt the felde thorugh thre knyghtes of Arthurs courte / And ye wyll be there on teweſday next comyng / and helpe my fader to morne or pryme by the grace of god I ſhalle delyuer yow clene / Fayre mayden ſayd ſyr launcelot telle me what is your faders name / and thenne ſhal I gyue you an anſuer / Syre knyghte ſhe ſayd / my fader is kyng Bagdemagus that was foule rebuked at the laſt turnement / I knowe your fader wel ſaid ſyre launcelot for a noble kyng and a good knyghte / And by the feythe of my body ye ſhalle haue my body redy to doo your fader and you ſeruyſe at that day / Syre ſhe ſayd gramercy / and to morne awayte ye be redy by tymes and I ſhal be ſhe that ſhal delyuer you / and take you your armoure and your hors ſhelde and ſpere / And here by within this x myle is an Abbey of whyte monkes / there I praye you that ye me abyde / and thyder ſhal I brynge my fader vnto you / alle thys ſhal be done ſaide ſyre Launcelot as I am true knyghte / and ſoo ſhe departed and came on the morne erly / and found hym redy / thenne ſhe brought hym oute of twelue lockes & brouȝt hym vnto his armour / & whan he was clene armed / ſhe brought hym vntyl his owne hors / and lyghtely he ſadeled hym and toke a grete ſpere in his hand / and ſoo rode forth / and ſayd fayre damoyſel I ſhal not faile you by the grace of god / And ſoo he rode in to a grete foreſt all that day / and neuer coude ſynde no hyghe waye / and ſoo the nyght felle on hym / and thenne was he ware in a ſlade of a pauelione of reed ſendel / By my feythe ſayd ſyre launcelot in that pauelione wil I lodge alle this nyghte / and ſoo there he alyghte doune and tayed his hors to the pauelione / and there he vnarmed hym / and there he fond a bedde / and layd hym theryn / and felle on ſlepe ſadly

¶ Capitulum v

THenne within an houre there came the knyghte to whome the pauelione ought / And he wende that his lemā had layne in that bedde / and ſoo he laid hym doune beſyde ſyr Launcelot / and toke hym in his armes and beganne to kyſſe

[leaf 94 verso]

hym / And whanne ſyre launcelot felte a rough berd kyſſyng hym / he ſtarte oute of the bedde lyghtely / and the other knyȝt after hym / and eyther of hem gate their ſwerdes in theire handes / and oute at the pauelione dore wente the knyghte of the pauelione / and ſyre launcelot folowed hym / and ther by a lytyl ſlake ſyr launcelot wounded hym ſore nyghe vnto the deth And thenne he yelded hym vnto ſyre launcelot / and ſo he graũted hym ſo that he wold telle hym why he came in to the bedde Syre ſayd the knyght the pauelione is myn owne / and there thys nyght I had aſſygned my lady to haue ſlepte with me And now I am lykely to dye of this wounde / that me repenteth ſayd Launcelot of youre hurte / but I was adrad of treſon / for I was late begyled / and therfore come on your way in to your pauelione and take your reſt / And as I ſuppoſe I ſhalle ſtaunche your blood / and ſoo they wente bothe in to the pauelione / And anone ſyre launcelot ſtaunched his blood /

There with al came the knyghtes lady / that was a paſſynge fayre lady / And whanne ſhe aſpyed that her lord Belleus was ſore wounded ſhe cryed oute on ſyre launcelot / and made grete dole oute of meſure / Pees my lady and my loue ſaid Belleus / for this knyght is a goood man and a knyght aduenturous / and there he told her all the cauſe how he was woũded / And whan that I yolde me vnto hym / he lefte me goodely and hath ſtaunched my blood / Syre ſayd the lady I requyre the telle me what knyght ye be / and what is youre name / Fayr lady he ſayd / my name is ſyre launcelot du lake / ſoo me thought euer by your ſpeche ſayd the lady / for I haue ſene yow ofte or this / and I knowe you better than ye wene /

¶ But now and ye wold promyſe me of your curtoſy for the harmes that ye haue done to me and to my lord Belleus that whanne he cometh vnto Arthurs courte for to cauſe hym to be made knyghte of the roũd table / for he is a paſſyng good man of armes and a myghty lord of landes of many oute yles /

¶ Fayre lady ſaid ſyr launcelot lete hym come vnto the courte the next hyhe feeſt / and loke that ye come with hym / and I ſhal doo my power / and ye preue you doughty of your handes that ye ſhalle haue your deſyre ¶ So thus within a whyle as they thus talked the nyghte paſſed / and the daye ſhone / and

[leaf 95]

thenne ſyre launcelot armed hym / and took his hors / and they taught hym to the Abbaye and thyder he rode within the ſpace of two owrys

¶ Capitulum ſextum /

AND ſoone as ſyre launcelott came withyn the Abbeye yarde / the doughter of kynge Bagdemagus herd a grete hors goo on the pauyment / And ſhe thenne aroos and yede vnto a wyndowe / and there ſhe ſawe ſyr launcelot / and anone ſhe made men faſt to take his hors from hym / & lete lede hym in to a ſtabyl / and hym ſelf was ledde in to a fayre chamber / and vnarmed hym / and the lady ſente hym a longe goune / & anone ſhe came her ſelf / And thēne ſhe made launcelot paſſyng good chere / and ſhe ſayd he was the knyȝt in the world was mooſt welcome to her / Thenne in al haſte ſhe ſente for her fader Bagdemagus that was within xij myle of that Abbay and afore euen he came with a fayre felauſhip of knyghtes wyth hym / And whanne the kynge was alyghte of his hors he yode ſtreyte vnto ſyr launcelots chamber / and there he fond hys doughter / and thenne the kyng enbraced ſyr Launcelot in hys armes / and eyther made other good chere / Anone ſyre launcelot made his complaynt vnto the kynge how he was bytrayed And how his broder ſyre lyonel was departed from hym / he nyſt not where / and how his doughter had delyuerd hym out of pryſon / therfor whyle I lyue I ſhal doo her ſeruyſe and al her kynred / Thenne am I ſure of youre helpe ſayd the kynge on teweſday next comynge / ye ſyr ſayd ſyr launcelot / I ſhalle not faylle yow / for ſoo I haue promyſed my lady your doughter / But ſyre what knyghtes be they of my lord Arthurs that were with the kynge of Northgalys / and the kyng ſayd it was ſyre madore de laporte / and ſyr Mordred and ſyr gahalaytyne that al ſur fared my knyghtes / for ageynſt hem thre I nor my knyghtes myghte bere no ſtrengthe / Syre ſayde ſyre launcelot as I here ſay that the turnement ſhal be here within this thre myle of this abbay / ye ſhal ſende vnto me thre knyghtes of yours ſuche as ye truſt and loke that the thre knyghtes haue al whyte ſheldes & I alſo & no paynture on the ſheldes / & and we four will come out of a lytel wood in myddes of both

[leaf 95 verso]

partyes / and we ſhalle falle in the frounte of oure enemyes & greue hem that we may / And thus ſhal I not be knowen what knyght I am / Soo they took their reſt that nyght / and thys was on the ſonday / and ſoo the kyng departed / and ſente vnto ſyre launcelot thre knyghtes with the four whyte ſheldes And on the teweſday they lodged hem in a lytyl leued wood beſyde there the turnement ſhold be / And there were ſcaffoldis and holes that lordes and ladyes myghte beholde and to gyue the pryſe / Thenne came in to the feld the kyng of Northgalys with eyght ſcore helmes / And thenne the thre knyghtes of Arthur ſtode by them ſelf / ¶ Thenne cam in to the feld kyng Bagdemagus with four ſcore of helmys / And thenne they fewtryd their ſperys / and cam to gyders with a grete daſſhe / & there were ſlayn of knyghtes at the firſt recountre xij of kyng Bagdemagus parte / and ſyx of the kyng of Northgalys party / and kyng Bagdemagus party was ferre ſette a back /

¶ Capitulum ſeptimum

WYth that came ſyr Launcelot du lake and he threſte in with his ſpere in the thyckeſt of the prees / and there he ſmote doune with one ſpere ſyue knyghtes / and of foure of hem he brake their backes / And in that throng he ſmote doune the kynge of Northgalys / and brake his thye in that falle / Alle thys doyng of ſyre Launcelot ſawe the thre knyghtes of Arthurs / Yonder is a ſhrewde geſt ſayd ſyre Madore de la port therfore haue here ones at hym / ſoo they encountred / and ſyre Launcelot bare hym doune hors and man / ſoo that his ſholder wente oute of lyth / Now befalleth it to me to Iuſte ſayd Mordred / for ſyr Mador hath afore falle / Syre Launcelot was ware of hym / and gate a grete ſpere in his hand / and mette hym and ſyr Mordred brake a ſpere vpon hym / and ſyre launcelot gaf hym ſuche a buffet that the arſſon of his ſadel brake / & ſoo he flewe ouer his hors taylle that his helme butte in to the erthe a foote and more that nyhe his neck was broken / & there he lay longe in a ſwoune / ¶ Thenne came in ſyr Gahalantyne with a grete ſpere / and Launcelot ageynſt hym with al theyre ſtrength that they myȝt dryue that both her ſperes to braſt euen

[leaf 96]

to their handes / and thenne they flang out with their ſwerdes and gaf many a grym ſtroke / Thenne was ſyr launcelot wroth oute of meſure / and theñe he ſmote ſyr galahantyne on the helme that his noſe braſte oute on blood and eerys and mouthe bothe / and ther with his hede henge lowe / And therwith his hors ranne awey with hym / and he felle doune to the erthe / Anone there with al ſyre launcelot gate a greete ſpere in hys hand / And or euer that grete ſpere brake / he bare doune to the erthe xvj knyghtes ſome hors and man / and ſome the man & not the hors / & there was none but that he hyt ſurely he bare none armes that day / And thenne he gate another grete ſpere & ſmote doune twelue knyghtes / and the mooſt party of hem neuer throſe after / And thēne the knyȝtes of the kyng of northgalys wold Iuſte nomore / And there the gree was was gyuen to kynge Bagdemagus / So eyther party departed vnto his owne place / and ſyr launcelot rode forth with kynge Bagdemagus vnto his caſtel / and there he had paſſynge good chere both with the kyng and with his doughter / and they profred hym grete yeſtes / And on the morne he took his leue / and told the kynge that he wold goo and ſeke his broder ſyre Lyonel that wente from hym whan that he ſlepte / ſo he toke his hors / and betaught hem alle to god / And there he ſayd vnto the kynges doughter yf ye haue nede ony tyme of my ſeruyſe I praye you lete me have knouleche / and I ſhal not faylle you as I am true knyght / and ſo ſyr launcelot departed / and by aduenture he came in to the ſame foreſt / there he was take ſlepyng / And in the myddes of an hyhe way he mette a damoyſel rydyng on a whyte palfroy / and there eyther ſalewed other / Fayre damoyſel ſaid ſyre launcelot knowe ye in this countray ony aduentures / ſyre knyghte ſayd that damoyſel / here are aduentures nere hand / and thou durſt preue hem / why ſhold I not preue aduentures ſaid ſyre launcelot for that cauſe come I hyder / Wel ſayd ſhe thou ſemeſt wel to be a good knyght / And yf thou dare mete with a good knyght / I ſhal brynge the where is the beſt knyght / and the myghtyeſt that euer thou fond / ſo thou wylt telle me what is thy name / and what knyght thou arte / damoyſel as for to telle the my name I take no grete force / Truly my name is ſyre laūcelot du lake / ſyre thou byſemyſt

[leaf 96 verso]

wel / here ben aduentures by that fallen for the / for here by duelleth a knyght that wylle not be ouermatched for no man I knowe but ye ouermatche hym / & his name is ſyre Turquyne And as I vnderſtand he hath in his pryſon of Arthurs courte good knyghtes thre ſcore and foure / that he hath wonne with his owne handes / But whan ye haue done that Iourney ye ſhal promyſe me as ye are a true knyght for to go with me and to helpe me / and other damoyſels that are distreſſid dayly with a fals knyghte / All your entente damoyſel and deſyre I wylle fulfylle / ſoo ye wyl brynge me vnto this knyghte Now fayre knyght come on your waye / and ſoo ſhe broughte hym vnto the fourde and the tre where henge the bacyn / So ſir launcelot lete his hors drynke / and ſythen he bete on the bacyn with the butte of his ſpere ſo hard with al his myȝt tyl the bottom felle oute / and longe he dyd ſoo but he ſawe noo thynge Thenne he rode endlong the gates of that manoyre nyghe half an houre / And thenne was he ware of a grete knyȝt that droſe an hors afore hym / and ouerthwarte the hors there lay an armed knyght bounden / And euer as they came nere and nere / ſyre launcelot thouȝt he ſhold knowe hym / Thenne ſir launcelot was ware that hit was ſyre gaherys Gawayns broder a knyghte of the table round / Now fayre damoyſel ſayd ſir launcelot / I ſee yonder cometh a knyght faſt bounden that is a felawe of myne / and broder he is vnto ſyr gawayne / And att the ſyrſt begynnyng I promyſe yow by the leue of god to reſcowe that knyght / But yf his mayſter ſytte better in the ſadel I ſhal delyuer alle the pryſoners that he hath oute of daunger / for I am ſure he hath two bretheren of myne pryſoners with hym / By that tyme that eyther had ſene other / they grypped theyr ſperes vnto them / Now fayre knyghte ſayd ſyr launcelot / put that wounded knyghte of the hors / and lete hym reſte a whyle / and lete vs two preue oure ſtrengthes / For as it is enformed me thou doeſt and haſt done grete deſpyte and ſhame vnto knyghtes of the round table / and therfor now defende the / And thow be of the table round ſayd Turquyne I deſye the and alle thy felauſhip / that is ouermoche ſayd / ſayd ſyre launcelot

¶ Capitulum viij

AND thēne they put theyr ſperes in the reſtys / & cam to gyders with her horſes as faſt as they myght renne / And eyther ſmote other in myddes of theyre ſheldes that bothe theyre horſe backes braſte vnder them / and the knyghtes were bothe aſtonyed / and as ſoone as they myghte auoyde theyre horſes / they took theire ſheldes afore them / and drewe oute her ſwerdes / and came to gyder egerly / and eyther gaf other many ſtronge ſtrokes / for there myght neyder ſheldes nor harneis hold theyr ſtrokes / And ſoo within a whyle they hadde bothe grymly woundes / and bledde paſſynge greuouſly / Thus they ferd two houres or mo traſyng and raſyng eyther other where they myght hytte ony bare place / Thenne at the laſt they were bretheles bothe / and ſtode lenyng on theyre ſwerdes / Now felawe ſayd ſyr Turquyne hold thy hand a whyle / and telle me what I ſhal aſke the / Say on thenne Turquyne ſayd thou arte the byggeſt man that euer I mette with al / and the beſte brethed / and lyke on knyȝt that I hate aboue al other knyghtes / ſo be hit that thou be not he I wyl lyghtly accorde with the / & for thy loue I wil delyuer al the pryſoners that I haue that is thre ſcore and foure / ſoo thou wylt telle me thy name / And thou and I we wyl be felawes to gyders and neuer to fayle the whyle that I lyue / it is wel ſayd / ſayd ſyr launcelot / but ſythen hit is ſoo that I may haue thy frendſhip what knyght is he that thou ſoo hateſt aboue al other / Feythfully ſayd ſyr Turquyne his name is ſyre launcelot du lake / for he ſlewe my broder ſyr Caradus at the dolorous toure that was one of the beſt knyghtes on lyue / And therfore hym I excepte of al knyghtes / for may I ones mete with hym / the one of vs ſhal make an ende of other I make myn auowe / And for ſir launcelots ſake I haue ſlayne an C good knyghtes / and as many I haue maymed al vtterly that they myght neuer after helpe them ſelf / and many haue dyed in pryſon / and yet haue I thre ſcore and foure / and al ſhal be delyuerd ſo thou wilt telle me thy name / ſo be it that thou be not ſyre launcelot /

¶ Now ſee I wel ſayd ſyre launcelot that ſuche a man I myghte be I myght haue peas / and ſuche a man I myghte be

[leaf 97 verso]

that ther ſhold be warre mortal betwyxte vs / and now ſyre knyghte at thy requeſt I wyl that thou wete and knowe that I am Launcelot du lake kynge Bans ſone of Benwyck / & very knyghte of the table round / And now I defye the and doe thy beſt / A ſayd Turquyne / launcelot / thou arte vnto me mooſt welcome that euer was knyghte / for we ſhalle neuer departe tyl the one of vs be dede / Thenne they hurtled to gyders as two wilde bulles roſſhynge and laſſhyng with their ſheldes and ſwerdes that ſomtyme they felle bothe ouer theyr noſes / Thus they foughte ſtylle two houres and more / and neuer wolde haue reſte / and ſyre Turquyn gaf ſyre laūcelot many woundes / that alle the ground there as they foughte was al beſpeckled with blood

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne at the laſt ſyr Turquyn waxed faynte / and gaf ſomwhat a bak / and bare his ſhelde lowe for weryneſſe / That aſpyed ſyre Launcelot / and lepte upon hym ſyerſly and gate hym by the Bauowre of his helmet / and plucked hym doune on his knees / And anone he racyd of his helme / and ſmote his neck in ſondyr / And whanne ſyre laūcelot had done this / he yode vnto the damoyſel and ſayd / damoyſel I am redy to goo with yow where ye wylle haue me / but I haue no hors / Fayre ſyre ſayd ſhe / take this wounded knyghtes hors and ſende hym in to this manoyr and commaunde hym to delyuer alle the pryſoners / Soo ſyr launcelot wente vnto Gaheryes and praid hym not to be agreued for to leue hym his hors Nay fayr lord ſaid Gaheryes I wyll that ye take my hors atte your owne commaundement / for ye houe bothe ſaued me and my hors / & this day I ſaye ye are the beſt knyghte in the worlde For ye haue ſlayne this daye in my ſyghte the myȝteſt man & the beſt knyghte excepte yow that euer I ſawe / & fore ſyre ſaid Gaheryes I pray you telle me your name / Syre my name is ſyr launcelot du lake that ouȝte to helpe you of ryghte for kyng arthurs ſake / & in eſpecial for my lord ſir gawayns ſake your owne dere broder / & whan that ye come within yonder manayr / I am ſure ye ſhal ſynde ther many knyȝtes of the round table / for I haue ſene many of their ſheldes that I knowe

on yonder tree / there is kayes ſhelde / & ſir braundeles ſheld / and ſyr Marhaus ſheld and ſyre Galyndes ſhelde and ſyre Bryan de lyſtnoyſe ſheld and ſyr Alydukes ſheld with many mo that I am not now auyſed of / and alſo my two brethe-
5 ren ſheldes ſyre Ector de marys and ſyr Lyonel / wherfore I pray yow grete them al from me / and ſay that I bydde them take ſuche ſtuffe there as they ſynd / and that in ony wyſe my bretheren goo vnto the courte and abyde me there tyl that I come / for by the feeſt of pentecoſt I caſt me to be there / for as at
10 this tyme I muſt ryde with this damoyſel for to ſaue my promyſe / and ſoo he departed from Gaheryſe / & Gaheryſe yede in to the manore / and ther he fond a yoman porter kepyng ther many keyes / Anone with al ſyre gaheryſe threwe the porter vnto the ground / and toke the keyes from hym / and haſtely he ope-
15 ned the pryſon dore / and there he lete oute all the pryſoners / and euery man loſed other of their boundes / And whan they ſawe ſyre Gaheryſe / alle they thanked hym / for they wend that he was wounded / Not ſoo ſayd Gaheryſe / hit wos launcelot that ſlewe hym worſhipfully with his owne handes / I ſawe
20 it with myn owne eyen / and he greteth you al wel / and prayeth you to haſte you to the courte / And as vnto ſyr Lyonel and Ector de marys he prayeth yow to abyde hym at the court That ſhalle we not doo ſays his bretheren / we wyll ſynde hym and we may lyue / So ſhal I ſayd ſyr kay ſynde hym or I
25 come at the courte as I am true knyghte / Thenne alle the knyghtes ſought the hous there as the armour was / and thenne they armed hem / and euery knyght fonde his owne hors / & al thet euer longed vnto hym / And whan this was done ther cam a ſofter with foure horſes lade with fatte veneſon / A none
30 ſyr kay ſayd / here is good mete for vs for one meale / for we had not many a day no good repaſt / And ſo that veneſon was roſted baken and ſoden / and ſo after ſouper ſomme abode there al that nyghte / But ſyre Lyonel and Ector de marys and ſyre kay rode after ſyre launcelot to ſynde hym yf they
35 myghte

¶ Capitulum Decimum

[leaf 98* verso]

NOw torne we vnto ſyre laucelot that rode with the damoyſel in a fayre hyghe waye / ſyr ſayd the damoyſel / here by this way haunteth a knyght that deſtreſſyd al ladyes and gentylwymmen / And at the leeſt he robbeth them or lyeth by them / what ſaid ſir launcelot is he a theef & a knyght & a rauyſſher of wymmen / he doth ſhame vnto the ordre of knyghthode / and contrary vnto his othe / hit is pyte that he lyueth / But ſayr damoyſel ye ſhal ryde on afore your ſelf / and I wylle kepe my ſelf in couerte / And yf that he trouble yow or diſtreſſe yow / I ſhalle be your reſcowe and lerne hym to be ruled as a knyghte / Soo the mayde rode on by the way a ſoft ambelynge paas / And within a whyle cam oute that knyght on horſbak oute of the woode / and his page with hym / & there he put the damoyſel from her hors / and thenne ſhe cryed / With that came launcelot as faſt as he myghte tyl he came to that knyght / ſayenge / O thou fals knyght and traytour vnto knyghthode / who dyd lerne the to dyſtreſſe ladyes and gentylwymmen / whanne the knyghte ſawe ſyre launcelot thus rebukynge hym / he anſuerd not / but drewe his ſwerd and rode vnto ſyre launcelot / and ſyre laūcelot threwe his ſpere fro hym / and drewe oute his ſwerd / and ſtrake hym ſuche a buffet on the helmet that he clafe his hede and neck vnto the throte Now haſt thou thy payement that long thou haſt deſerued / that is trouthe ſayd the damoyſel / For lyke as ſyr Turquyne watched to deſtroye knyghtes / ſoo dyde this knyght attende to deſtroye and dyſtreſſe ladyes damoyſels and gentylwymmen / & his name was ſyre Perys de foreyſt ſaueage / Now damoyſel ſayde ſyre launcelot wylle ye ony more ſeruyſe of me / Nay ſyre ſhe ſayd at this tyme / but almyghty Iheſu perſerue you where ſomeuer ye ryde or goo / for the curteyſt knyghte thou arte and mekeſt vnto all ladyes and gentylwymmen that now lyueth / But one thyng ſyre knyghte me thynketh ye lacke / ye that are a knyghte wyueles that ye wyl not loue ſome mayden or gentylwoman / for I coude neuer here ſay that euer ye loued ony of no maner degree and that is grete pyte / but hit is noyſed that ye loue quene Gueneuer / and that ſhe hath ordeyned by enchauntement that ye ſhal neuer loue none other / but her / ne none other damoyſel ne lady ſhall reioyſe you / wherfor

many in this land of hyghe eſtate and lowe make grete ſorowe / ¶ Fayre damoyſel ſayd ſyr launcelot I maye not warne peple to ſpeke of me what it pleaſeth hem / But for to be a wedded man / I thynke hit not / for thenne I muſt couche with her / and leue armes and turnementys / batayls / and aduentures / And as for to ſay for to take my pleſaunce with peramours that wylle I refuſe in pryncypal for drede of god / For knyghtes that ben auenturous or lecherous ſhal not be happy ne fortunate vnto the werrys / for outher they ſhalle be ouercome with a ſymplyer knyghte than they be hem ſelf / Outher els they ſhal by vnhap and her curſydnes flee better men than they ben hem ſelf / And ſoo who that vſeth peramours ſhalle be vnhappy / and all thyng is vnhappy that is aboute hem / And ſoo ſyre Launcelot and ſhe departed / And thenne he rode in a depe foreſt two dayes and more / and had ſtrayte lodgynge / Soo on the thyrdde day he rode ouer a longe brydge / and there ſtarte vpon hym ſodenly a paſſynge foule chorle / and he ſmote his hors on the noſe that he torned aboute / & aſked hym why he rode ouer that brydge withoute his lycence / why ſhold I not ryde this way ſayd ſyr launcelot / I may not ryde beſyde / thou ſhall not cheſe ſayd the chorle and laſſhyd at hym with a grete clubbe ſhod with yron / Thenne ſyre laūcelot drewe his ſuerd and put the ſtroke abak / and claſe his hede vnto the pappys / At the ende of the brydge was a fayre village / & al the people men and wymmen cryed on ſyre launcelot / and ſayd A wers dede dydeſt thou neuer for thy ſelf / for thou haſt ſlayn the chyef porter of oure caſtel / ſyr laūcelot lete them ſay what they wold And ſtreyghte he wente in to the caſtel / And whanne he cam in to the caſtel he alyghte / and teyed his hors to a rynge on the walle / And there he ſawe a fayre grene courte / and thyder he dreſſyd hym / For there hym thought was a fayre place to ſyghte in / Soo he loked aboute / and ſawe moche peple in dores and wyndowes that ſayd fayr knyghte thou arte vnhappy

¶ Capitulum xj

[leaf 99 verso]

¶ Capitulum xij

ANone with al cam there vpon hym two grete gyaunts wel armed al ſauf the hedes with two horryble clubbes in theyr handes / Syre Launcelot put his ſheld afore hym and put the ſtroke aweye of the one gyaunt / and with his ſwerd he clafe his hede a ſondre / Whan his felaw ſawe that / he ran awey as he were wood / for fere of the horryble ſtrokes / & laūcelot after hym with al his myȝt & ſmote hym on the ſholder / and clafe hym to the nauel / Thenne ſyre launcelot went in to the halle / and there came afore hym thre ſcore ladyes and damoyſels / and all kneled vnto hym / and thanked god & hym of their delyueraunce . For ſyre ſayd they / the mooſte party of vs haue ben here this ſeuen yere their pryſoners / and we haue worched al maner of ſylke werkes for oure mete / and we are al grete gentylwymmen borne / and bleſſyd be the tyme knyȝte that euer thou be borne / For thou haſt done the mooſt worſhip that euer dyd knyght in this world / that wyl we bere recorde and we al pray you to telle vs your name / that we maye telle our frendes who delyuerd vs oute of pryſon / Fayre damoyſel he ſayd / my name is ſyre launcelot du lake / A ſyre ſayde they al / wel mayſt thou be he / for els ſaue your ſelf / as we demed / there myghte neuer knyght haue the better of theſe two gyaunts / for many fayre knyghtes haue aſſayed hit / and here haue ended / and many tymes haue we wyſſhed after yow / and theſe two gyaunts dredde neuer knyghte but you / Now maye ye ſaye ſayd ſyr launcelot vnto youre frendes how & who hath delyuerd you / and grete them al from me / and yf that I come in ony of your marches / ſhewe me ſuche chere as ye haue cauſe and what treſour that there in this caſtel is I gyue it you for a reward for your greuaunce / And the lorde that is owner of this caſtel I wold he receyued it as is ryght / Fayre ſyre ſaide they / the name of this caſtel is Tyntygayl / & a duke oughte it ſomtyme that had wedded fair Igrayn / & after wedded her Vtherpendragon / & gate on her Arthur / wel ſaide ſir launcelot I vnderſtande to whome this caſtel longeth / and ſoo he departed from them / and bytaughte hem vnto god ¶ And thenne he mounted vpon his hors & rode in to many ſtraunge & wyld

countreyes and thorou many waters and valeyes and euyl was he lodged / And at the laſte by fortune hym happend ageynſt a nyghte to come to a fayr courtelage / & therin he fond an old gentylwoman that lodged hym with good wyl / and there he had good chere for hym and his hors / And whan tyme was his ooſt brought hym in to a fayre garet ouer the gate to his bedde / There ſyre Launcelot vnarmed hym & ſette hys harneys by hym / and wente to bed / and anone he felle on ſlepe / So ſoone after ther cam one on horſback / & knocked at the gate in grete haſte / and whan ſyr launcelot herd this / he aroſe vp and loked oute at the wyndowe / & ſawe by the mone lyghte thre knyghtes cam rydyng after that one man / and al thre laſſhed on hym at ones with ſwerdes / & that one knyȝt tourned on hem knyȝtly ageyne / and deffended hym / Truly ſaide ſyre launcelot yonder one knyȝte ſhal I helpe / for it were ſhame for me to ſee thre knyȝtes on one / And yf he be ſlayne I am partener of his deth / & ther with he took his harneis / and went out at a wyndowe by a ſhete doune to the four knyȝtes / & thenne ſyr launcelot ſayd on hyghe / torne you knyghtes vnto me and leue your ſyghtyng with that knyght / And thenne they alle thre lefte ſyr kay / and torned vnto ſyr launcelot / and there beganne grete bataylle / for they alyghte al thre / and ſtrake many grete ſtrokes at ſyr launcelot / and aſſayled hym on euery ſyde / Thenne ſyre kay dreſſid hym for to haue holpen ſyre Launcelot / nay ſyre ſayd he I wylle none of your helpe / therfor as ye wylle haue my helpe / lete me alone with hem / Syre kay for the pleaſyre of the knyghte ſuffred hym for to doo hys wylle / and ſoo ſtode on ſyde / And thenne anon within vj ſtrokes / ſyre launcelot had ſtryken hem to the erthe

¶ And thenne they al thre cryed ſyre knyghte we yelde vs vnto you as man of myght makeles / As to that ſaid ſyr laūcelot I will not take your yeldyng vnto me / But ſo that ye wylle yelde you vnto ſyr kay the Seneſchal on that couenaunt I wyl ſaue your lyues and els not / ¶ Fayre knyghte ſayd they that were lothe to doo / For as for ſyr kay / we chaced hym hyder / and had ouercome hym had not ye ben / therfor to yelde vs vnto hym it were no reſon / wel as to that ſaid laūcelot / auyſe you wel / for ye may cheſe whether ye wyll

[leaf 100 verso]

dye or lyue / for and ye be yolden it ſhal be vnto ſyr kay /
¶ Fayre knyght thenne they ſayd in ſauynge of oure lyues we wylle doo as thou commaundys vs / Thenne ſhal ye ſayd ſyre launcelot on whytſonday nexte comyng go vnto the courte of kynge Arthur / and there ſhal ye yelde you vnto quene Gueneuer / and put you al thre in her grace and mercy / and ſaye that ſir kay ſente you thyder to be her pryſoners / Syre they ſaid it ſhalle be done by the feythe of oure bodyes / and we ben lyuynge / and there they ſwore euery knyghte vpon his ſwerd / And ſo ſir launcelot ſuffred hem ſoo to departe / And thenne ſir launcelot knocked at the yate with the pomel of his ſwerd / and with that came his ooſt / and in they entred ſir kay and he Syre ſayd his hooſt I wende ye had ben in youre bedde / ſo I was / ſayd ſire launcelot / But I aroſe and lepte oute atte my wyndowe for to helpe an old felawe of myne / And ſo whanne they came nyghe the lyghte / ſir kay knewe wel / that it was ſir launcelot / and ther with he kneled doune and thanked hym of al his kyndeneſſe that he had holpen hym twyes from the deth Syre he ſayd I haue no thynge done but that me ought for to doo / and ye are welcome / and here ſhal ye repoſe yow and take your reſt / Soo whan ſir kay was vnarmed / he aſked after mete / ſoo there was mete fette hym / and he ete ſtrongly / And whan he hadde ſouped they went to theyr beddes and were lodged to gyders in one bedde / On the morne ſir launcelot aroſe erly / and lefte ſyre kay ſlepynge / and ſir launcelot toke ſire kayes armour and his ſhelde and armed hym / and ſo he wente to the ſtable / and toke his hors and toke his leue of his ooſt / and ſoo he departed / Thenne ſoone after aroſe ſyr kay and myſſed ſir launcelot / And thenne he aſpyed that he had his armoure and his hors / Now by my ſeythe I knowe wel that he wylle greue ſome of the courte of kynge Arthur . For on hym knyghtes wylle be bolde / and deme that it is I / and that wyll begyle them / And by cauſe of his armoure and ſhelde I am ſure I ſhal ryde in pees / And thenne ſoone after departed ſir kay & thanked his hooſt

¶ Capitulum xij

NOw torne we vnto ſyre launcelot that had ryden long in a grete foreſt / and at the laſt he came in to a lowe co-
untray ful of fayre Ryuers and medowes / And a-
fore hym he ſawe a longe brydge / and thre pauelions ſtode ther
5 on of ſylke and ſendel of dyuers hewe / And withoute the pa-
uelions henge thre whyte ſheldes on truncheons of ſperys / &
grete longe ſperys ſtode vpryght by the pauelions / and at eue-
ry pauelions dore ſtode thre freſſhe ſquyers / and ſoo ſyre laun-
celot paſſed by them and ſpake no worde / whan he was paſte
10 the thre knyghtes ſayden hym that hit was the proud kay / he
weneth no knyght ſoo good as he / and the contrary is ofty-
me preued / By my feythe ſayd one of the knyghtes / his na-
me was ſyre gaunter / I wylle ryde after hym / & aſſaye hym /
for alle his pryde / and ye may beholde how that I ſpede / Soo
15 this knyght ſyre Gaunter armed hym / and henge his ſhelde
vpon his ſholder / and mounted vpon a grete hors / and gate
his ſpere in his hand / and wallopt after ſyre launcelot / and
whanne he came nyghe hym / he cryed Abyde thou proude kny-
ght ſyr kay / for thou ſhalt not paſſe quyte / Soo ſyr launcelot
20 torned hym / and eyther feutryd their ſperes / and came to gy-
ders with alle theyr myghtes / and ſyre Gaunters ſpere brake
but ſyre launcelot ſmote hym doune hors and man / and whan
ſyr gaunter was at the erthe / his bretheren ſayd echone to o-
ther yonder knyght is not ſyre kay / for he is bygger than he /
25 I dare laye my heed ſayd ſyre Gylmere yonder knyghte hath
ſlayne ſyr kay and hath taken his hors and his harneis / whe-
ther it be ſoo or no ſayd ſyr Raynold the thyrd broder / lete vs
now goo mounte vpon oure horſes and reſcowe our broder ſir
Gaunter vpon payne of dethe / we alle ſhal haue werke ynouȝ
30 to matche that knyght / for euer me ſemeth by his perſone it is
ſyre Launcelot / or ſyr Tryſtram / or ſyr Pelleas the good kny-
ght / Thenne anon they toke theyr horſes and ouertook ſyr la-
uncelot / and ſyre gylmere put forth his ſpere / and ranne to ſir
launcelot / and ſyre launcelot ſmote hym doune that he lay in a
35 ſwoune / Syre knyght ſayd ſyr Raynold thou arte a ſtrong
man / and as I ſuppoſe thou haſt ſlayne my two bretheren /
for the whiche raſyth my herte ſore ageynſt the / And yf I my-
ght with my worſhip I wold not haue a doo with yow but

[leaf 101 verso]

nedes I muſt take parte as they doo / And therfor knyghte he ſayd / kepe thy ſelf / And ſoo they hurtled to gyders with alle theyr myghtes / and al to ſheuered bothe theyre ſperes / And thenne they drewe her ſwerdes and laſſhyd to gyder egerly / Anone there with aroos ſyre Gaũter / and came vnto his bro- 5 der ſyre gylmere / and bad hym aryſe and helpe we oure broder ſyr Raynold that yonder merueylloufly matched yonder good knyght / There with alle they lepte on theyr horſes & hurtled vnto ſyre launcelot / ¶ And whanne he ſawe them come / he ſmote a ſore ſtroke vnto ſyr Raynold that he felle of his hors 10 to the ground / And thenne he ſtroke to the other two bretheren / and at two ſtrokes he ſtrake them doune to the erthe / With that ſir Raynold beganne to ſtarte vp with his heede al blody / and came ſtreyte vnto ſyre launcelot / Now late be ſayd ſir launcelot / I was not ferre from the whan thou were maade 15 knyght ſir Raynold / and alſo I knowe thou arte a good knyght / and lothe I were to ſlee the / Gramercy ſayd ſyr raynold as for your goodnes / And I dare ſaye as for me and my bretheren we wyl not be lothe to yelde vs vnto you / with that we knewe your name / for wel we knowe ye are not ſire 20 kay / As for that be it as it be maye / for ye ſhal yelde yow vnto dame gweneuer / and loke that ye be with her on whytſonday and yelde you vnto her as pryſoners / and ſaye that ſyre kay ſente yow vnto her / thenne they ſwore hit ſhold be done / and ſo paſſed forthe ſire launcelot / *a*nd echone of the bretheren halpe 25 other as wel as they myght

¶ Capitulum xiij

SOo ſir launcelot rode in to a depe foreſt / and ther by in a ſlade / he ſawe four knyghtes houyng vnder an oke / and they were of Arthurs courte / one was ſir Sagramour le deſyrus and Ector de marys / and ſir Gawayn and ſir Vwa- 30 yne / Anone as theſe four knyghtes had aſpyed ſir Launcelot they wend by his armes it hadde ben ſir kay / Now by my feythe ſayd ſir Sagramour / I wylle preue ſir kayes myghte / & gate his ſpere in his hand / and came toward ſir launcelot Ther with ſir launcelot was ware and knewe hym wel / and 35

[leaf 102]

ſeutryd his ſpere ageynſt hym / and ſmote ſyre Sagramore ſo ſore that hors and man felle bothe to the erthe / Lo my felaus ſayd he yonder ye may ſee what a buffet he hath / that knyȝt is moche bygger than euer was ſyre kay / Now ſhal ye ſee what I may doo to hym / Soo ſyr Ector gate his ſpere in his hand and wallopte toward ſyre Laūcelot / and ſyre Launcelot ſmote hym thorou the ſhelde & ſholder that man and hors went to the erthe / and euer his ſpere held / By my feythe ſayd ſir Vwayne yonder is a ſtrong knyghte / and I am ſure he hath ſlayne ſyr kay / And I ſee by his grete ſtrengthe it wyll be hard to matche hym / And there with al ſyre Vwayne gate his ſpere in his hand and rode toward ſyre Launcelot / and ſyr launcelot knewe hym wel / and ſoo he mette hym on the playne / & gafe hym ſuche a buffette that he was aſtonyed / that longe he wyſt not where he was / Now ſee I wel ſayd ſyre gawayne I muſt encoūtre with that knyȝt / Thenne he dreſſid he his ſheld and gate a good ſpere in his hand / and ſyre launcelot knewe hym wel / and thenne they lete renne theyr horſes with all theyr myghtes / and eyther knyght ſmote other in myddes of the ſhelde / But ſyre gawayns ſpere to braſt / and ſyre launcelot charged ſo ſore vpon hym that his hors reuerſed vp ſo doune And moche ſorowe had ſyre gawayn to auoyde his hors / and ſo ſyre launcelot paſſed on a paas and ſmyled and ſaid god gyue hym ioye that this ſpere made / for there came neuer a better in my hand / Thenne the four knyghtes wente echone to other and comforted eche other / what ſaye ye by this geſt ſayd ſyre Gawayne / that one ſpere hath feld vs al foure / we commaunde hym vnto the deuyl they ſayd al / for he is a man of grete myght / ye may wel ſaye it / ſayd ſyre gawayne / that he is a man of myght / for I dare lay my hede it is ſyre Launcelot I knowe it by his rydyng / Lete hym goo ſayd ſyre Gawayn for whan we come to the courte than ſhal we wete / and thenne had they moche ſorowe to gete theyr horſes ageyne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

Now leue we there & ſpeke of ſyr Launcelot that rode a grete whyle in a depe foreſt where he ſaw a black brachet

[leaf 102 verso]

ſekyng in maner as it had ben in the feaute of an hurt dere / And ther with he rode after the brachet and he ſawe lye on the ground a large feaute of blood / And thenne ſyre launcelot rode after / And euer the Brachet loked behynd her / and ſoo ſhe wente thorou a grete mareyſe / and euer ſyre launcelot folo- 5 wed / And thenne was he ware of an old manoyr / and thyder ranne the brachet / and ſoo ouer the brydge / Soo ſyre launcelot rode ouer that brydge that was old and feble / and whan he cam in myddes of a grete halle ther he ſawe lye a dede knyght that was a ſemely man / and that brachet lycked his wo- 10 undes / and there with al came oute a lady wepyng & wryngyng her handes / And thenne ſhe ſayd / O knyghte to moche ſorowe haſt thou broughte me / Why ſaye ye ſoo ſayd ſyre launcelot / I dyd neuer this knyghte no harme / for hyther by feaute of blood this Brachet broughte me / And therfor fayre la- 15 dy be not diſpleaſed with me / for I am ful ſore agreued of your greuaunce / Truly ſyre ſhe ſayd I trowe hit be not ye that hath ſlayne my huſband / for he that dyd that dede is ſore wounded / & he is neuer lyckly to recouer / that ſhal I enſure hym / What was your huſbandes name ſayd ſyre laūcelot / Syre ſayd 20 ſhe / his name was called ſyre Gylbert the baſtard one of the beſt knyghtes of the world / and he that hath ſlayne hym I knowe not his name / Now god ſende you better comforte ſayd ſyre launcelot / and ſoo he departed and wente in to the foreſt ageyne / and there he met with a damoyſel / the whiche kne- 25 we hym wel / and ſhe ſayd on loude wel be ye fond my lord And now I requyre the on thy knyghthode helpe my brother that is ſore wounded / and neuer ſtynteth bledyng / for this day he fought with ſyre gylbert the baſtard & ſlewe hym in playn bataylle / and there was my broder ſore wounded / and there is 30 a lady a ſorcereſſe that duelleth in a caſtel here beſyde / and this day ſhe told me / my broders woundes ſhold neuer be hole tyl I coud ſynde a knyght that wold go in to the chappel peryllous / & ther he ſhold ſynde a ſwerd and a blody clothe that the wounded knyght was lapped in / and a pyece of that clothe & ſwerd 35 ſhold hele my broders woundes ſo that his woundes were ſerched with the ſwerde and the clothe / This is a merueyllous thynge ſayd ſyre launcelot / but what is your broders name /

[leaf 103]

Syre ſhe ſayd / his name was ſyre Melyot de logurs / that me repenteth ſaid ſyre launcelott / for he is a felawe of the table round / and to his helpe I wylle doo my power / Thenne ſyre ſayd ſhe / folowe euen this hyhe waye / and it wyl brynge you vnto the chappel peryllous / And here I ſhalle abyde tyl god ſend you here ageyne / and but you ſpede I knowe no knyȝte lyuynge that may encheue that aduenture

¶ Capitulum xv

RYyght ſoo ſyr Launcelot departed / And whan he cam vnto the chappel peryllous / he alyghte doune / and teyed his hors vnto a lytyl gate / and as ſoone as he was with in the chirche yard / he ſawe on the frount of the chappel many ſayre ryche ſheldes torned vp ſo doune / and many of the ſheldes ſyre launcelot had ſene knyghtes bere byfore hand / wyth that he ſawe by hym there ſtande a xxx greete knyghtes more by a yarde than ony man that euer he had ſene / and all tho greued and gnaſted at ſyre launcelot / And whan he ſawe theyr countenaunce he dred hym ſore / and ſoo putte his ſhelde afore hym / and toke his ſwerd redy in his hand redy vnto bataylle / and they were al armed in black harneis redy with her ſheldes and her ſwerdes drawen / And whan ſyr Launcelot wold haue gone thorou oute them / they ſcateryd on euery ſyde of hym / and gaf hym the way / and ther with he waxed al bold / and entred in to the chappel / and thenne he ſawe no lyght / but a dymme lamp brennynge / and thenne was he ware of a corps hylled with a clothe of ſylke / Thenne ſyre Launcelot ſtouped doune / and cutte a pyece awey of that clothe / and thenne it ferd vnder hym as the erthe had quaked a lytel / there with al he feryd / And thenne he ſawe a fayre ſwerd lye by the dede knyghte / and that he gate in his hand and hyed hym oute of the chapel / Anone as euer he was in the chappel yarde / alle the knyghtes ſpak to hym with a grymly voys / and ſayd knyghte ſyr launcelot leye that ſwerd from the or ellys thou ſhalt dye / whether that I lyue or dye ſayd ſyr launcelot with noo grete word gete ye hit ageyne / therfor fyghte for it and ye lyſt / Thenne ryght ſoo he paſſed thorou out them / and

[leaf 103 verso]

by yonde the chappel yarde ther mette hym a fayre damoyſel &
ſayd ſyr launcelot leue that ſwerd behynde the / or thou wil
dye for it / I leue it not ſayd ſyr launcelot for no treatys /
No ſayd ſhe and thou dydeſt loue that ſwerd / quene gweneuer ſhold thou neuer ſee / thenne were I a foole and I wold leue this ſwerd ſayd launcelot / Now gentyl knyghte ſayde the damoyſel / I requyre the to kyſſe me but ones / Nay ſayd ſyr launcelot that god me forbede / wel ſyr ſayd ſhe / and thou haddeſt kyſſed me / thy lyf dayes had ben done / but now allas ſhe ſaid I haue loſte al my labour / for I ordeyned this chappel for thy ſake / and for ſyre gawayne / And ones I had ſyr Gawayne within me / and at that tyme he foughte with that knyghte that lyeth there dede in yonder chappel ſyre Gylbert the baſtard . and at that tyme he ſmote the lyfte hand of of ſir Gylbert the baſtard / And ſyre Launcelot now I telle the / I haue loued the this ſeuen yere / but there may no woman haue thy loue but quene Gweneuer / But ſythen I maye not reioyce the to haue thy body on lyue I had kepte no more ioye in this world / but to haue thy body dede / Thenne wold I haue baumed hit and ſerued hit / and ſoo haue kepte it my lyfe dayes / and dayly I ſhold haue clypped the / and kyſſed the in deſpyte of Quene Gweneuer / ye ſaye wel ſayd ſyr launcelot Iheſu preſerue me from your ſubtyle craftes / And ther with al he took his hors and ſoo departed from her / And as the book ſayth whan ſyr launcelot was departed ſhe took ſuche ſorou that ſhe dyed within a fourten nyghte / and her name was Hellawes the ſorcereſſe lady of the caſtel Nygramous / Anone ſyre launcelot mette with the damoyſel ſyre Melyotis ſyſter / And whan ſhe ſawe hym ſhe clapped her handes / and wepte for ioye And thenne they rode vnto a caſtel there by where lay ſyr Melyot / And anone as ſyre launcelot ſawe hym / he knewe hym / but he was paſſynge pale as the erthe for bledyng / whan ſyre Melyot ſawe ſyre launcelot he kneled vpon his knees and cryed on hyghe / O lord ſyr launcelot helpe me / Anone ſyre launcelot lepte vnto hym and touched his woundes with ſyr Gylbertes ſwerde / And thenne he wyped his woundes with a part of the blody clothe that ſir gylbert was wrapped in / and anon an holer man in his lyf was he neuer / And thenne ther was

[leaf 104]

grete ioye bytwene hem / and they made ſyr launcelot all the chere that they myghte / and ſoo on the morne ſyre launcelot toke his leue / and badde ſyre Melyot hye hym to the courte of my lord Arthur / for it draweth nyhe to the feeſt of pentecoſte / and there by the grace of god ye ſhal ſynde me / and therwith they departed /

¶ Capitulum xvj

And ſoo ſyre Launcelot rode thorou many ſtraunge countreyes ouer marys and valeyes tyl by fortune he came to a fayre caſtel / and as he paſte beyonde the caſtel / hym thought he herde two bellys rynge. And thenne was he ware of a Faucon came fleynge ouer his hede toward an hyghe elme / and longe lunys aboute her feet / and ſhe flewe vnto the elme to take her perche / the lunys ouer caſt aboute a bough / And whanne ſhe wold haue taken her flyghte / ſhe henge by the legges faſt / and ſyre launcelot ſawe how he henge / and byheld the fayre faucon perygot / & he was ſory for her / The meane whyle came a lady oute of the caſtel and cryed on hyghe O launcelot launcelot as thou arte floure of alle knyghtes helpe me to gete my hauke / for and my hauke be loſt / my lord wyl deſtroye me / for I kepte the hauke and ſhe ſlypped from me / and yf my lord my huſband wete hit / he is ſoo haſty that he wyll ſlee me / What is your lordes name ſayd ſir Launcelot / ſir ſhe ſaid his name is ſire Phelot a knygthe that longeth vnto the the kynge of Northgalys / wel fayre lady ſyn that ye knowe my name and requyre me of knyghthode to helpe yow I wylle doo what I may to gete your hauke / and yet god knoweth I am an ylle clymber and the tree is paſſynge hyghe / and fewe bowes to helpe me with alle / And ther with ſir launcelot alyȝte and teyed his hors to the ſame tree / and prayd the lady to vnarme hym / And ſoo whan he was vnarmed / he put of alle his clothes vnto his ſherte and breche / and with myghte & force he clamme vp to the faucon / and teyed the lunys to a grete rotten boyſhe / and threwe the hauke doune and it with alle / Anone the lady gate the hauke in her hand / and there with al came oute ſyre phelot oute of the greuys ſodenly / that was her

huſband al armed / and with his naked ſwerd in his hand and ſayd O knyghte launcelot now haue I fond the as I wold and ſtode at the bole of the tree to flee hym / A lady ſayd ſyre Launcelot why haue ye bytrayed me / She hath done ſayd ſyre Phelot but as I commaunded her / and therfor ther nys none other boote but thyne houre is come that thou muſte dye / That were ſhame vnto the ſayd ſyre launcelot thou an armed knyghte to flee a naked man by treaſon / thou geteſt none other grace ſayd ſyre phelot and therefor helpe thy ſelf and thou canſt / Truly ſayde ſyre launcelot that ſhal be thy ſhame / but ſyn thou wylt doo none other / take myn harneys with the and hange my ſwerde vpon a bough that I maye gete hit / & thenne doo thy beſt to flee me and thou canſt / Nay nay ſaid ſir Phelot / for I knowe the better than thou weneſt / therfor thow geteſt no wepen and I may kepe you ther fro / Allas ſaid ſir launcelot that euer a knyghte ſhold dye wepenles / And ther with he wayted aboue hym and vnder hym / and ouer his hede he ſawe a rownſepyk a bygge bough leueles / and ther with he brake it of by the body / And thenne he came lower & awayted how his owne hors ſtode / and ſodenly he lepte on the ferther ſyde of the hors froward the knyghte / And thenne ſir phelot laſſhed at hym egerly wenynge to haue flayne hym / But ſyr Launcelot putte aweye the ſtroke with the rounſepyk / and ther with he ſmote hym on the one ſyde of the hede that he felle doune in a ſwoune to the ground / Soo thenne ſyre launcelot took his ſwerd oute of his hand and ſtroke his neck fro the body / Thenne cryed the lady / Allas why haſt thou flayne my huſband / I am not cauſer ſayd ſyre launcelot / for with falſhede ye wold haue had flayne me with treſon / and now it is fallen on you bothe / And thenne ſhe ſouned as though ſhe wold dye / And ther with al ſyre launcelot gate al his armour as wel as he myght / and put hit vpon hym for drede of more reſorte / for he dredde that the knyȝtes caſtel was ſoo nygh And ſoo as ſoone as he myght he took his hors and departed and thanked god that he had eſcaped that aduenture

¶ Capitulum xvij

SOo ſyre launcelot rode many wylde wayes thorou out mareys and many wylde wayes / And as he rode in a valey he ſawe a knyght chacynge a lady with a naked ſwerd to haue ſlayn her / And by fortune as this knyȝte ſhold haue ſlayne thys lady ſhe cryed on ſyr Launcelot and prayd hym to reſcowe her / Whan ſyre launcelot ſawe that meſchyef / he took his hors and rode bytwene them / ſayeng knyȝte fy for ſhame / why wolt thou ſlee this lady / thou doſt ſhame vnto the and alle knyghtes / what haſte thou to doo betwyx me & my wyf / ſayd the knyght / I wylle ſlee her maugre thy hede / that ſhalle ye not ſayd ſyr launcelot / for rather we two wylle haue adoo to gyders / Syre Launcelot ſayd the knyght thow doeſt not thy part / for this lady hath bytrayed me / hit is not ſo ſayd the lady / truly he ſayth wronge on me / And for by cauſe I loue and cheryſſhe my coſyn germayne / he is Ialous betwixe hym and me / And as I ſhalle anſuer to god three was neuer ſynne betwyxe vs / But ſir ſayd the lady as thou arte called the worſhipfulleſt knyghte of the world I requyre the of true knyȝthode kepe me and ſaue me / For what ſomeuer ye ſaye he wyl ſlee me / for he is withoute mercy / haue ye no doubte ſayd launcelot it ſhal not lye in his power / Syr ſayd the knyghte in your ſyghte I wyl be ruled as ye wylle haue me / And ſoo ſir launcelot rode on the one ſyde and ſhe on the other / he had not ryden but a whyle / but the knyghte badde ſir Launcelot torne hym and loke behynde hym / and ſayde ſyre yonder come men of armes after vs rydynge / And ſoo ſir launcelot torned hym and thoughte no treaſon / and there wyth was the knyghte and the lady on one ſyde / & ſodenly he ſwapped of his ladyes hede / And whan ſyr Launcelot hadde aſpyed hym what he had done / he ſayd and called hym traytour thou haſt ſhamed me for euer / and ſodenly ſir launcelot alyȝte of his hors and pulled oute hrs ſwerd to ſlee hym / and there with al he felle flat to the erthe / and grypped ſir launcelot by the thyes and cryed mercy / Fy on the ſayd ſir launcelot thow ſhameful knyght thou mayſt haue no mercy / and therfor aryſe and fyghte with me / nay ſayde the knyghte I wyl neuer aryſe tyl ye graunte me mercy / Now wyl I profer the fayr ſaid launcelot I wyl vnarme me vnto my ſherte / and I wylle

[leaf 105 verso]

haue nothyng vpon me / but my ſherte and my ſwerd and my hand / And yf thou canſt ſlee me / quyte be thou for euer / nay ſir ſaid Pedyuere that wille I neuer / wel ſaid ſir Launcelott take this lady and the hede / and bere it vpon the / and here ſhalt thou ſwere vpon my ſwerd to bere it alweyes vpon thy back and neuer to reſte tyl thou come to quene Gueneuer / Syre ſayd he that wylle I doo by the feithe of my body / Now ſaid launcelot telle me what is your name / ſir my name is Pedyuere / In a ſhameful houre were thou borne ſaid launcelot / Soo Pedyuere departed with the dede lady and the hede / and fond the quene with kynge Arthur at wyncheſtre / and there he told alle the trouthe / Syre knyȝt ſaid the quene this is an horryble dede and a ſhameful / and a grete rebuke vnto ſire launcelott But not withſtondynge his worſhip is not knowen in many dyuerſe countreyes / but this ſhalle I gyue you in penaunce make ye as good ſkyfte as ye can ye ſhal bere this lady with you on horſbak vnto the pope of Rome / and of hym receyue your penaunce for your foule dedes / and ye ſhalle neuer reſte one nyghte there as ye doo another / and ye goo to ony bedde the dede body ſhal lye with you / this othe there he made and ſoo departed / And as it telleth in the frenſſhe book / whan he cam to Rome / the pope badde hym goo ageyne vnto quene Gueneuer and in Rome was his lady beryed by the popes commaundement / And after this ſir Pedyuere felle to grete goodneſſe / & was an holy man and an heremyte

¶ Capitulum xviij

NOw torne we vnto ſir launcelot du lake that came home two dayes afore the feeſt of Pentecoſt / and the kyng and alle the courte were paſſynge fayne of his comynge / And whanne ſire Gawayne / ſir Vwayne / ſire Sagramore / ſir Ector de marys ſawe ſire Launcelot in Kayes armour / thenne they wiſt wel it was he that ſmote hem doune al with one ſpere / Thenne there was laughyng and ſmylyng amonge them / and euer now and now came alle the Knyghtes home that ſir Turquyn hadde pryſoners and they alle honoured and worſhipped ſyre launcelot / ¶ Whanne ſire Gaheryes herd them

ſpeke / he ſaid / I ſawe alle the bataille from the begynnyng to the endynge / and there he told kyng Arthur alle how it was and how ſyre Turquyn was the ſtrongeſt knyghte that euer he ſawe excepte ſyre launcelot / there were many knyghtes bare hym record nyghe thre ſcore / Thenne ſire kay told the kynge / how ſyr launcelot had reſcowed hym whan he ſhold haue ben ſlayne / and how he made the knyghtes yelde hem to me / and not to hym / And there they were al thre / and bare record / and by Iheſu ſaid ſyr kay by cauſe ſyr launcelot took my harneis and leſte me his / I rode in good pees / and no man wold haue adoo with me / ¶ Anone there with alle ther came the thre knyghtes that fought with ſyre launcelot at the longe brydge And there they yelded hem vnto ſyr kay / and ſir kay forſoke hem and ſaid he foughte neuer with hem / but I ſhall eaſe your herte ſaid ſir kay / yonder is ſyr launcelot that ouercam you whan they wyſt that / they were glad / And thenne ſyr Melyot de logrys came home / and told the kynge how ſyr launcelot had ſaued hym fro the dethe / and all his dedes were knowen how foure quenes forcereſſes had hym in pryſon / and how he was delyuerd by kynge Bagdemagus doughter / Alſo there were told alle grete dedes of armes that ſyr launcelot dyd betwixe the two kynges / that is for to ſaye the kynge of northgalys and kynge Bagdemagus Alle the trouthe ſyr Gahalantyne dyd telle / and ſyre Mador de la porte and ſyre Mordred / for they were at that ſame turnement / ¶ Thenne cam in the lady that knewe ſyr launcelot whan that he wounded ſyr Bellyus at the pauelione / And there atte requeſt of ſyr laūcelot ſyr Bellyus was made knyghte of the round table /

And ſoo at that tyme ſir launcelot had the gretteſt name of ony knyghte of the world / and moſt he was honoured of hyhe and lowe

¶ Explicit the noble tale of ſyr Launcelot du lake whiche is the vj book

¶ Here foloweth the tale of ſyr Gareth of Orkeney that was called Beaumayns by ſyr kay and is the ſeuenth book

[leaf 106 verso]

¶ Capitulum primum

Han Arthur held his round table mooſt plenour / it fortuned that he commaunded that the hyhe feeſt of Pentecoſt ſhold be holden at a cyte and a Caſtel the whiche in tho dayes was called kynke kenadonne vpon the ſondes that marched nyghe walys / ¶ Soo euer the kyng hadde a cuſtom that at the feeſt of Pentecoſt in eſpecyal afore other feeſtes in the yere he wold not goo that daye to mete vntyl he had herd or ſene of a grete merueylle / And for that cuſtome alle maner of ſtraunge aduentures came before Arthur as at that feeſt before alle other feeſtes / And ſoo ſire Gawayne a lytyl to fore none of the daye of Pentecoſt aſpyed att a wyndowe thre men vpon horſbak and a dwarf on foote / and ſoo the thre men alighte and the dwarf kepte their horſes / and one of the thre men was hyher than the other tweyne by a foote and a half Thenne ſir Gawayne wente vnto the kynge and ſayd / ſire go to your mete / for here at the hande comen ſtraunge aduentures So Arthur wente vnto his mete with many other kynges / And there were all the knyghtes of the round table only tho that were pryſoners or ſlayn at a recountre / thenne at the hyhe feeſt euermore they ſhold be fulfilled the hole nombre of an C and fyſty / for thenne was the round table fully compliſſhed Ryght ſoo cam in to the halle two men wel biſene and rychely / and vpon their ſholders there lened the goodlyeſt yong man & the faireſt that euer they al ſawe / & he was large and long and brode in the ſholders & wel vyſaged / and the fayrest and the largeſt handed that euer man ſawe / but he ferd as though he myght not goo nor bere hym ſelf / but yf he lened vpon their ſholders / Anon as Arthur ſawe hym there was made pees & rome / & ryght ſo they yede with hym vnto the hyghe deyſe without ſayeng of ony wordes / thenne this moche yong man pulled hym a bak and eaſily ſtretched vp ſtreyghte / ſayeng kynge Arthur god you bliſſe and al your fair felauſhip / and in eſpecial the felauſhip of the table rounde / And for thys cauſe I am come hyder to praye you and requyre you to gyue me thre yeſtes / and they ſhalle not be vnreſonably aſked / but that ye may worſhipfully and honorably graunte hem me / and to you

no grete hurte nor loſſe / And the fyrſt done and gyfte I wil aſke now / and the other two yeftes I wylle aſke this daye twelue moneth / where ſomeuer ye hold your hyghe feeſt / Now aſke ſayd Arthur / and ye ſhalle haue your aſkyng

¶ Now ſyre this is my petycyon for thys feeſt / that ye wylle gyue me mete and drynke ſuffycyauntly for this twelue moneth / and at that day I wylle aſke myn other two yeftes

¶ My fayr ſone ſayd Arthur aſke better I counceille the for this is but a ſymple aſkynge / for my herte geueth me to the gretely that thou arte come of men of worſhyp / and gretely my conſayte fayleth me / but thou ſhalt preue a man of ryghte grete worſhip / Syre he ſayd / ther of be as it be may I haue aſked that I wylle aſke / wel ſayd the kynge ye ſhal have mete & drynke ynouȝ / I neuer deffended þt none / nother my frende ne my foo / But what is thy name I wold wete / I can not telle you ſayd he / that is merueylle ſayd the kynge / that thou knoweſt not thy name / and thou arte the goodlyeſt yong man one that euer I ſawe / Thenne the kyng betook hym to ſir kay the ſteward / and charged hym that he ſhold gyue hym of al maner of metes and drynkes of the beſt / and alſo that he hadde al maner of ſyndynge as though he were a lordes ſone / that ſhal lytel nede ſayd ſyr kay to doo ſuche coſt vpon hym For I dare undertake he is a vylayne borne / and neuer will make man / for and he had come of gentylmen he wold haue axed of you hors and armour / but ſuche as he is ſo he aſketh And ſythen he hath no name / I ſhall yeue hym a name that ſhal be Beaumayns that is fayre handes / and in to the kechen I ſhalle brynge hym / and there he ſhal haue fatte broweys euery day þt he ſhall be as fatte by the twelue monethes ende as a porke hog / ryght ſoo the two men departed and beleſte hym to ſyr kay / that ſcorned hym and mocked hym ¶ Ca ij

THere at was ſir Gawayn wroth / & in eſpecyal ſir launcelot bad ſir kay leue his mockyng / for I dare laye my hede he ſhall preue a man of grete worſhip / lete be / ſaid ſir kay / it may not be by no reaſon / for as he is / ſo he hath aſked / Beware ſaid ſyre Launcelot / ſo ye gafe the good knyȝt Brewnor ſyre Dynadamys broder a name / and ye called hym la cote male tayle / and that tourned you to anger after-

[leaf 107 verso]

ward / As for that ſayd ſyr kay this ſhall neuer preue none ſuche / For ſyr Brewnor deſyred euer worſhip and thys deſyreth breed & drynke / & brothe vpon payne of my lyf he was foſtred vp in ſome abbay / and how ſomeuer it was they fayled mete and drynke / and ſoo hyther he is come for his ſuſtenaunce ¶ And ſoo ſyre kay badde gete hym a place and ſytte doune to mete / ſoo Beaumayns wente to the halle dore / and ſette hym doune amonge boyes and laddys / & there he ete ſadly / And thenne ſyre launcelot after mete badde hym come to his chamber / And there he ſhold haue mete and drynke ynough / And ſoo dyd ſyre Gawayne / but he reffuſed hem al / he wold doo none other / but as ſyr kay commaunded hym for no profer / But as touchynge ſyre Gawayn he hadde reſon to profer hym lodgyng mete and drynke / for that profer came of his blood / for he was nere kynne to hym than he wyſt But that as ſyre launcelot dyd was of his grete gentylnes and curtoſye ¶ Soo thus he was putte in to the kechyn and laye nyghtly as the boyes of the kechen dyd / And ſoo he endured alle that twelue moneth / and neuer diſpleaſyd man nor chylde / but alweyes he was meke & mylde / But euer whanne that he ſawe ony Iuſtynge of knyghtes / that wold he ſee and he myght / And euer ſyre launcelot wold gyue hym gold to ſpende and clothes / and ſoo dyd ſyre Gawayne / and where there were ony mayſtryes done / there atte wold he be / and there myghte none caſt barre nor ſtone to hym by two yerdys / Thenne wold ſyre kay ſaye how lyketh yow my boye of the kechyn / ſoo it paſt on tyl the feeſt of Whytſontyde / And at that tyme the kynge helde hit att Carlyon in the mooſt royalleſt wyſe that myghte be / lyke as he dyd yerly / But the Kynge wold no mete ete vpon the whyyſonday vntyl he herd ſome aduentures / Thenne cam ther a ſquyer to the Kyng / and ſaid / ſyre ye maye goo to your mete / for here cometh a damoyſel with ſomme ſtraunge aduentures / thenne was the Kynge gladde and ſette hym doune / ¶ Ryghte ſoo ther came a damoyſel in to the halle and ſalewed the Kynge and prayd hym of ſocour / for whome ſayd the Kynge what is the aduenture / ¶ Syre ſhe ſayd I haue a lady of grete worſhip and renomme / and ſhe is byſeged with a tyraunte ſo that ſhe may

not oute of her caſtel / And by cauſe here are callyd the nobleſt knyghtes of the world / I come to you to praye you of ſocour / What heteth your lady and where dwelleth ſhe / & who is he / & what is his name that hath byſeged her / ſyre kyng ſhe ſaide / as for my ladyes name that ſhall not ye knowe for me as at this tyme / but I lete you wete ſhe is a lady of grete worſhip and of grete landes / And as for the tyraunt that byſyegeth her and deſtroyeth her landes he is called the rede knyght of the reed laundes / I knowe hym not ſayd the kynge / Syre ſaid ſyre Gawayne / I knowe hym wel for he is one of the perillouſt knyghtes of the world / men ſaye that he hath ſeuen mennys ſtrengthe / and from hym I eſcaped ones ful hard / with my lyf / Fayre damoyſel ſayd the kynge there ben knyȝtes here wolde doo her power for to reſcowe your lady / but by cauſe ye wylle not telle her name nor where ſhe dwelleth / therfor none of my knyghtes that here be now ſhal goo with yow by my wylle / thenne muſt I ſpeke further ſayd the damoyſel

¶ Capitulum iij

WYth theſe wordes came before the kynge Beaumayns whyle the damoyſel was ther / & thus he ſaid ſyr Kyng god thanke you I haue ben this xij monethe in your kechyn and haue hadde my ful ſuſtenaūce and now I will aſke my two yeſtes that ben behynde / Aſke vpon my peryl ſaid the kynge / Syre this ſhal be my two gyſtes / fyrſt that ye wil graunte me to haue this aduenture of the damoyſel / for hit belongeth vnto me / thou ſhalt haue hit ſayd the kyng I graunte it the / thenne ſyr this is the other yeſt / that ye ſhal bydde Launcelot du lake to make me knyȝt for of hym I wil be made knyght and els of none / And whanne I am paſte I praye yow lete hym ryde after me and make me Knyght / whan I requyre hym / Al this ſhal be done ſayd the Kynge / Fy on the ſayde the damoyſel / ſhalle I haue none but one that is your kechyn page / thenne was ſhe wrothe and toke her hors and departed / And with that there cam one to Beaumayns and told hym his hors and armour was come for hym / and there was the dwarf come with all thyng that hym neded in the rycheſt maner / ther at al the court had moche merueill from whens cam al þt

[leaf 108 verso]

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the greece and talowe that thou gaynest in kyng Arthurs kechyn / weneſt thou ſayd ſhe that I alowe the for yonder knyȝt that thou kylleſt / Nay truly / for thou fleweſt hym vnhappely and cowardly / therfor torne ageyn bawdy kechyn page / I knowe the wel / for ſyre kay named the Beaumayns / what arte thou but a luſke and a torner of broches and a ladyl weſſher Damoyſel ſayd Beaumayns ſaye to me what ye wylle / I wylle not goo from you what ſomeuer ye ſay / for I haue vntertake to kynge Arthur for to acheue your aduenture / and ſo ſhal I fynyſſhe it to the ende / eyther I ſhal dye therfore / Fy on the kechyn knaue wolt thou fynyſſhe myn aduenture / thou ſhalt anone be met with al / that thou woldeſt not for alle the brothe that euer thou ſoupeſt ones loke hym in the face / I ſhal aſſaye ſayd Beaumayns / Soo thus as they rode in the woode / ther came a man fleynge al that euer he myghte / whether wolt thou ſayd Beaumayns / O lord he ſaid / helpe me / for here by in a ſlade are ſyxe theues that haue taken my lord and bounde hym / ſoo I am aferd leſt they wyl ſlee hym / Brynge me thyder ſaid Beaumayns / and ſoo they rode to gyders vntyl they came there as was the knyghte bounden / and thenne he rode vnto hem / and ſtrake one vnto the dethe / and thenne an other / and at the thyrd ſtroke he ſlewe the thyrdde theef / and thenne the other thre fledde / And he rode after hem / and he ouertook hem / and thenne tho thre theues tourned ageyne and aſſayled Beaumayns hard / but at the laſt he ſlewe them / & retorned and vnbounde the knyghte / And the knyght thanked hym / and prayd hym to ryde with hym to his caſtel there a lytel beſyde / and he ſhold worſhipfully rewarde hym for his good dedes / Syr ſayd Beaumayns I wille no reward haue / I was this day made knyghte of noble ſyr launcelot / & therfor I wylle no reward haue / but god rewarde me / And alſo I muſt folowe this damoyſel / And whan he came nyghe her ſhe bad hym ryde fro her / for thou ſmellyſt al of the kechyn / Weneſt thou that I haue Ioye of the / for al this dede that thou haſt done nys but myſhappen the / But thou ſhalt ſee a ſyghte ſhal make the torne ageyne and that lyghtly / Thenne the ſame knyght whiche was reſcowed of the theues rode after that damoyſel and prayed her to lodge with hym alle that nyghte And by cauſe it was nere nyght / the damoyſel rode with hym

[leaf 110]

to his caſtel / and there they had grete chere / and at ſouper the knyght ſat ſyr Beumayns afore the damoiſel / Fy ſy ſaid ſhe ſyr knyghte ye are vncurtoys to ſette a kechyn page afore me hym byſemeth better to ſtycke a ſwyne than to ſytte afore a damoyſel of hyhe parage / thenne the knyght was aſhamed atte her wordes / and took hym vp / and ſette hym at aſyde bord / and ſette hym ſelf afore hym / and ſoo al that nyght they had good chere and mery reſte /

¶ Capitulum ſextum

And on the morn the damoiſel & he took their leue & thanked the knyght / and ſoo departed / and rode on her way / vntyl they came to a grete foreſt / And there was a grete ryuer and but one paſſage / and ther were redy two knyghtes on the ferther ſyde to lette them the paſſage / what ſaiſt thou ſayd the damoyſel / wylt thou matche yonder knyghtes or torne ageyne / Nay ſayd ſyr Beaumayns I wyl not torne ageyn and they were ſyxe mo / And ther with al he raſſhyd in to the water / and in myddes of the water eyther brake their ſperes vpon other to their handes / and thenne they drewe their ſwerdes / and ſmote egerly at other / And at the laſt ſyr Beaumayns ſmote the other vpon the helme that his hede ſtonyed / and there with alle he felle doune in the water / and there was he drowned / And thēne he ſporyd his hors vpon the londe / where the other knyghte felle vpon hym / and brake his ſpere / and ſoo they drewe theyr ſwerdes / and foughte longe to gyders At the laſte ſyre Beaumayns clafe his helme and his heede doune to the ſholders / and ſoo he rode vnto the damoyſel & bad her ryde forth on her way / Allas ſhe ſayd that euer a kechen page ſhold haue that fortune to deſtroye ſuche two douȝty knyghtes / thou weneſt thou haſt done doughtely that is not ſoo / For the fyrſte knyghte his hors ſtumbled / and there he was drouned in the water / and neuer it was by thy force / nor by thy myght / And the laſt knyghte by myſhap thou camyſt behynde hym and myſhappely thou ſlewe hym / Damoyſel ſayd Beaumayns ye maye ſaye what ye wyl / but with whom ſomeuer I haue a doo with al I truſte to god to ſerue hym or he

[leaf 110 verso]

departe / And therfor I recke not what ye ſay ſoo that I may wynne youre lady / Fy ſy ſoule kechen knaue thou ſhalt ſee knyghtes that ſhal abate thy booſt / Fayre damoyſel gyue me goodly langage / and thenne my care is paſt / for what knyghtes ſomeuer they be / I care not ne I doubte hem not / Alſo ſayd ſhe I ſaye it for thyne auayle / yet mayſt thou torne ageyne with thy worſhip / for and thou folowe me / thou arte but ſlayne / for I ſee alle that euer thou doſt is but by myſauenture / and not by proweſſe of thy handes / wel damoyſel ye may ſay what ye wylle / but where ſomeuer ye goo I wylle folowe you Soo this Beaumayns rode with that lady tyl euenſong tyme and euer ſhe chyde hym and wold not reſte / And they cam to a black launde / and there was a black hauthorne / & theron henge a blak baner / and on the other ſyde there henge a black ſhelde / and by hit ſtode a black ſpere grete and longe / and a grete black hors couerd with ſylke / and a black ſtone faſt by

¶ Capitulum ſeptimum

THer ſat *a* knyghte al armed in black harneis / and his name was þe knyȝt of the blak laūde / thēne þe damoyſel whanne ſhe ſawe that knyghte ſhe badde hym flee doun that valey for his hors was not ſadeled / Gramercy ſayd Beaumayns / for alweyes ye wold haue me a coward / with that the black knyghte / whanne ſhe came nyghe hym ſpak / & ſayd damoyſel haue ye broughte this knyghte of kynge Arthur to be your champyon / Nay fayr knyghte ſayd ſhe / this is but a kechyn knaue that was fedde in kynge Arthurs kechyn for almeſſe / Why cometh he ſayd the knyghte in ſuche aray / hit is ſhame that he bereth you company / ſyr I can not be delyuerd of hym ſayd ſhe / for with me he rydeth maugre myn hede / god wold that ye ſhold put hym from me / outher to flee hym and ye may / for he is an vnhappy knaue / and vnhappely he hath done this day / thorou myſhappe I ſawe hym flee two knyghtes at the paſſage of the water / and other dedes he dyde beforne ryght merueyllous and thorou vnhappynes / that merueylled me ſayd the black knyghte that ony man that is of worſhyp wylle haue adoo with hym / they knowe hym not ſayd the damoyſel / And for by cauſe he rydeth with me / they wene that he

[leaf 111]

be ſome man of worſhip borne / that may be / ſayd the blak knyghte / how be it as ye ſay that he be no man of worſhyp he is a ful lykely perſone / and ful lyke to be a ſtronge man / but thus moche ſhal I graunte you ſayd the black knyghte / I ſhal putte hym doune vpon one foote / and his hors and hys harneys he ſhal leue with me / for it were ſhame to me to doo hym ony more harme / Whanne ſyre Beaumayns herd hym ſaye thus / he ſayd ſyre knyghte thou art ful large of my hors and my harneys / I lete the wete it coſte the noughte / & whether hit lyketh the or not this launde wylle I paſſe maulgre thyn hede / And hors ne harneys geteſt thou none of my / but yf thou wynne hem with thy handes / and therfor lete ſee what thou canſt doo / Sayſt thou that ſayd the black knyghte / now yelde thy lady fro the / for it beſemeth neuer a kechyn page to ryde with ſuche a lady / Thou lyeſt ſayd Beaumayns I am a gentyl man borne and of more hyghe lygnage than thou / & that wyl I preue on thy body / Thenne in grete wrathe they departed with theyr horſes / and came to gyders as hit had ben the thonder / and the black knyghtes ſpere brake / and Beaumayns threſte hym thorou bothe his ſydes / and there with his ſpere brak / and the truncheon lefte ſtylle in his ſyde / But neuertheles the black knyght drewe his ſuerd / and ſmote many eger ſtrokes and of grete myghte / and hurte Beaumayns ful ſore / But at the laſte the black knyghte within an houre and an half he felle doune of his hors in ſwoune / and there he dyed / And thenne Beaumayns ſawe hym ſoo wel horſed and armed / thenne he alyghte doune and armed hym in his armour / and ſoo took his hors and rode after the damoyſel /

Whanne ſhe ſawe hym come nyghe / ſhe ſayd awey kechyn knaue oute of the wynde / for the ſmelle of thy baudy clothes greueth me / Allas ſhe ſayd that euer ſuche a knaue ſhold by myſhap flee ſoo good a knyghte as thou haſt done / but alle thys is thyn vnhappynes / But here by is one ſhal paye the alle thy payement / and therfore yet I counceylle the / flee / it may happen me ſayd Beaumayns to be beten or ſlayne / but I warne you fayre damoyſel I wyll not flee awey / nor leue your company for al that ye can ſay / for euer ye ſay that they wil kylle me or bete me / but how ſomeuer hit happeneth I eſcape / and

[leaf 111 verso]

they lye on the groūd / And therfore it were as good for you to hold you ſtyll thus al day rebukynge me / for aweye wille I not tyl I ſee the vttermeſt of this Iourneye / or els I wylle be ſlayne / outher truly beten / therfore ryde on your waye / For folowe you I wille what ſomeuer happen

¶ Capitulum octauum

THus as they rode to gyders they ſawe a knyght come dryuend by them al in grene bothe his hors & his harneis / And whanne he came nyghe the damoyſel he aſked her / is that my broder the black Knyȝte that ye haue brought with yow / Nay nay ſhe ſayd this vnhappy kechen knaue hath ſlayne your broder thorou vnhappyneſſe / Allas ſayd the grene knyghte that is grete pyte that ſoo noble a knyghte as he was ſhold ſoo vnhappely be ſlayne / and namely of a knaues hand as ye ſay that he is / a traytour ſayd the grene knyghte thou ſhalt dye for ſleynge of my broder / he was a ful noble knyghte and his name was ſyr Pereard / I deſye the ſaid Beaumayns / for I lete the wete I ſlewe hym knyghtely and not ſhamefully / There with al the grene knyghte rode vnto an horne that was grene / and hit henge vpon a thorne / and there he blewe thre dedely motys / and there came two damoyſels and armed hym lyghtely / And thenne he took a grete hors / and a grene ſhelde and a grene ſpere / And thenne they ranne to gyders with al their myghtes and brake their ſperes vnto their handes / And thenne they drewe their ſwerdes / and gaf many ſadde ſtrokes / and either of them wounded other ful yll And at the laſt at an ouerthwart Beaumayns with his hors ſtrake the grene knyghtes hors vpon the ſyde that he felle to the erthe / And thenne the grene knyghte auoyded his hors lightly / and dreſſid hym vpon foote / That ſawe Beaumayns And there with al he alighte and they raſſhed to gyders lyke two myghty kempys a longe whyle / and ſore they bledde bothe / with that cam the damoyſel / and ſaid my lord the grene knyghte / why for ſhame ſtande ye ſoo longe fyghtyng with the kechyn knaue / Allas it is ſhame that euer ye were made knyghte to ſee ſuche a ladde to matche ſuche a knyghte / as the

[leaf 112]

wede ouer grewe the corne / There with the grene knyght was aſhamed / and there with al he gaf a grete ſtroke of myghte & clafe his ſhelde thorou / Whan Beaumayns ſawe his ſhelde clouen a ſonder / he was a lytel aſhamed of that ſtroke and of her langage / And thenne he gaf hym ſuche a buffet vpon the helme that he felle on his knees / And ſoo ſodenly Beaumayns pulled hym vpon the ground grouelynge / And thenne the grene knyghte cryed hym mercy / and yelded hym vnto ſyre Beaumayns / and prayd hym to flee hym not / Al is in vayn ſaid Beaumayns for thou ſhalt dye but yf this damoyſel that came with me praye me to ſaue thy lyf / and ther with al he vnlaced his helme lyke as he wold flee hym / Fy vpon the falſe kechen page / I wyll neuer pray the to ſaue his lyf / for I will neuer be ſoo moche in thy daunger / Thenne ſhalle he deye ſayde Beaumayns / Not ſoo hardy thou bawdy knaue ſayd the damoyſel / that thou flee hym / Allas ſayd the grene knyghte ſuffre me not to dye for a fayre word may ſaue me / Fayr knyȝt ſaid the grene knyghte ſaue my lyf / & I wyl foryeue the / the dethe of my broder / and for euer to become thy man / and xxx knyghtes that hold of me for euer ſhal doo you ſeruyſe / In the deuyls name ſayd the damoyſel that ſuche a bawdy kechen knaue ſhold haue the and thyrtty knyghtes ſeruyſe / Syr knyght ſaid Beaumayns alle this auaylleth the not / but yf my damoyſel ſpeke with me for thy lyf / And therwith al he made a ſemblaunt to flee hym / lete be ſayd the damoyſel thou baudy knaue / flee hym not / for and thou do / thou ſhalt repente it Damoyſel ſaid Beaumayns your charge is to me a pleaſyr and at your commaundement his lyf ſhal be ſaued / & els not Thenne he ſaid ſir Knyghte with the grene armes I releace the quyte at this damoyſels requeſt / for I wylle not make her wrothe / I wille fulfylle al that ſhe chargeth me / And thenne the grene knyghte kneled doune / and dyd hym homage with his ſwerd / thenne ſaid the damoiſel me repenteth grene knyghte of your dommage / and of youre broders dethe the black knyghte / for of your helpe I had grete myſter / For I drede me ſore to paſſe this foreſt / Nay drede you not ſayd the grene knyghte / for ye ſhal lodge with me this nyghte / and to morne I ſhalle helpe you thorou this foreſt / Soo they tooke theyre

[leaf 112 verso]

horſes and rode to his manoyr whiche was faſt there beſyde

¶ Capitulum ix

And euer ſhe rebuked Beaumayns and wold not ſuffre hym to ſytte at her table / but as the grene knyghte took hym and ſat hym at a ſyde table / Merueylle me thynketh ſaid the grene knyght to the damoyſel why ye rebuke this noble knyghte as ye doo / for I warne you damoyſel he is a full noble knyght / and I knowe no knyght is abel to matche hym therfor ye doo grete wrong to rebuke hym / for he ſhall do yow ryght good ſeruyſe / for what ſomeuer he maketh hym ſelf / ye ſhalle preue at the ende that he is come of a noble blood and of kynges lygnage / Fy fy ſaid the damoiſel it is ſhame for you to ſaye of hym ſuche worſhip / Truly ſaid the grene knyȝt it were ſhame for me to ſey of hym ony diſworſhip / for he hath preued hym ſelf a better knyght than I am / yet haue I mett with many knyghtes in my dayes / and neuer or this tyme haue I fond no knyght his matche / and ſo that nyghte they yede vnto reſt / and al that nyght the grene knyght commaunded thyrtty knyghtes pryuely to watche Beaumayns for to kepe hym from al treaſon / And ſoo on the morne they al aroſe and herd their maſſe and brake theyr faſt / and thenne they tooke their horſes / and rode on theire waye / and the grene knyghte conueyed hem thorou the foreſt / and there the grene Knyghte ſaid my lord Beaumayns I & theſe thyrtty knyghtes ſhall be alweye at your ſomons both erly and late at your callyng and whether that euer ye wille ſende vs / it is wel ſaid / ſayd Beaumayns / whanne that I calle vpon you / ye muſt yelde you vnto kynge Arthur and all your knyghtes / yf that ye ſo commaunde vs / We ſhal ben redy at all tymes ſaid the grene knyght / Fy fy vpon the in the deuyls name ſaide the damoyſel that ony good knyghtes ſhold be obedyent vnto a kechyn knaue / Soo thenne departed the grene Knyghte and the damoyſel / And thenne ſhe ſaid vnto Beaumayns why foloweſt thou me thou kechyn boye / caſte away thy ſhelde and thy ſpere / and flee aweye / yet I counceille the by tymes or thou ſhalt ſay ryght ſoone Allas for were thou as wyȝte as euer was wade

or Laūcelot / Tryſtram / or the good knyghte ſyr lamaryk thou ſhalt not paſſe a paas here that is called the paas perillous / Damoyſel ſaid Beaumayns who is aferd lete hym flee / for it were ſhame to torne ageyne ſythen I haue ryden ſoo longe with yow / wel ſaid the damoyſel ye ſhal ſone whether ye wyll or not

¶ Capitulum x

SOo within a whyle they ſawe a toure as whyte as ony ſnowe wel matchecold al aboute / and doubel dyked / And ouer the toure gate there henge a ſyſty ſheldes of dyuerſe colours / and vnder that toure there was a fayr medow And therin were many knyghtes and ſquyers to behold ſcaffoldes and pauelions / for there vpon the morn ſhold be a grete turnement / and the lord of the toure was in his caſtel and loked out at a wyndowe / and ſawe a damoyſel / a dwarf and a knyȝt armed at al poyntes / So god me helpe ſaid the lord with þt knyȝt wyll I Iuſte / for I ſee that he is a kniȝt arraūt & ſoo he armed hym and horſed hym haſtely / And whanne he was on horſbak with his ſhelde and his ſpere / it was al rede bothe his hors and his harneis / and alle that to hym longeth / And whanne that he came nyghe hym he wende it hadde ben his broder the black knyghte / And thenne he cryed a loude broder what doo ye in theſe marches / nay nay ſayd the damoyſel / it is not he / this is but a kechyn knaue that was brought vp for almeſſe in kynge Arthurs courte / Neuertheles ſayd the reed knyghte I wylle ſpeke with hym or he departe / A ſayd the damoyſel this knaue hath kylled thy broder / and ſyre kay named hym Beaumayns / and this hors and this harneis was thy broders the black knyghte / Alſo I ſawe thy broder the grene knyghte ouercome of his handes / Now maye ye be reuenged vpon hym / for I may neuer be quyte of hym

¶ With this eyther knyghtes departed in ſondre / and they cam to gyder with alle their myght / and eyther of their horſes fell to the erthe / and they auoyded their horſes / and put their ſheldes afore them and drewe their ſwerdes / and either gaf other ſadde ſtrokes / now here / now there / raſyng / tracyng / foynynge and hurlynge lyke two bores the ſpace of two houres / And thenne ſhe cryed on hyhe to the rede knyghte / Allas thou noble

[leaf 113 verso]

reed knyghte / thynke what worſhip hath folowed the / lete neuer a kechyn knaue endure the ſoo longe as he doth / Thenne the reed knyght waxed wrothe and doubled his ſtrokes and hurte Beaumayns wonderly ſore that the blood ranne doune to the ground that it was wonder to ſee that ſtronge bataille / Yet at the laſt ſyre Beaumayns ſtrake hym to the erthe / and as he wold haue ſlayne the reed knyghte he cryed mercy ſayeng Noble knyghte ſlee me not / and I ſhall yelde me to the with ſyfty knyghtes with me that be at my commaundement And I forgyue the al the deſpyte that thou haſt done to me / and the dethe of my broder the black knyghte / All this auailleth not ſaid Beaumayns / but yf my damoyſel praye me to ſaue thy lyf / And therwith he maade ſemblaunt to ſtryke of his hede / Lete be thou Beaumayns ſlee hym not / for he is a noble knyghte / and not ſoo hardy vpon thyne hede but thou ſaue hym / Thenne Beaumayns badde the reed knyghte ſtand vp and thanke the damoyſel now of thy lyf / ¶ Thenne the reed knyght praid hym to ſee his caſtel / and to be there al nyghte Soo the damoyſel thenne graunted hym / and there they had mery chere / But alweyes the damoyſel ſpak many foule wordes vnto Beaumayns wherof the reed knyght had grete merueylle / and alle that nyghte the reed knyghte maade thre ſcore knyghtes to watche Beaumayns that he ſhold haue no ſhame nor vylony / And vpon the morne they herd maſſe and dyned / and the reed knyghte came before Beaumayns with his thre ſcore knyghtes / and there he profered hym his homage and feaute at al tymes he and his knyghtes to doo hym ſeruyſe / I thanke you ſaid Beaumayns / but this ye ſhalle graunte me / whanne I calle vpon you to come afore my lord kynge Arthur and yelde you vnto hym to be his knyghtes / Syr ſaid the reed knyghte I wille be redy and my felauſhip at your ſomons / So ſyr Beaumayns departed and the damoyſel and euer ſhe rode chydynge hym in the fowleſt manere /

¶ Capitulum xj

DAmoyſel ſaid Beaumayns ye are vncurteis ſo to rebuke me / as ye doo / for me ſemeth I haue done you good ſeruyſe / and euer ye threate me I ſhal be betyn with knyghtes that we mete / but euer for al your booſt they lye in the duſt or in the myre / and therfor I pray you rebuke me no more / And whan ye ſee me beten or yolden as recreaūt thenne may ye bydde me goo from you ſhamefully / but fyrſte I lete you wete I wylle not departe from you / for I were werſe than a foole and I wold departe from you all the whyle that I wynne worſhip / wel ſaid ſhe / ryght ſoone ther ſhall mete a knyght ſhal paye the alle thy wages / for he is the moſt man of worſhip of the world excepte kyng Arthur / I will wel ſaid Beaumayns / the more he is of worſhip / the more ſhalle be my worſhip to haue adoo with hym / Thenne anone they were ware / where was afore them a Cyte ryche and fayre And betwixe them and the Cyte a myle and a half there was a fayre medowe that ſemed newe mowen / and therin were many pauelions fayre to beholde / Lo ſaid the damoyſel yonder is a lord that oweth yonder cyte / and his cuſtome is whan the weder is fayr to lye in this medowe to Iuſte and torneye / And euer there ben aboute hym fyue honderd knyghtes & gentilmen of armes / and there ben alle maner of games that ony gentylman can deuyſe / That goodly lord ſaide Beaumayns wold I fayne ſee / thou ſhalt ſee hym tyme ynough ſaide the damoyſel / and ſoo as ſhe rode nere ſhe aſpyed the pauelione / where he was / Loo ſayd ſhe ſeeſt thou yonder pauelione that is al of the coloure of Inde and al maner of thynge that there is aboute men and wymmen / and horſes trapped / ſheldes and ſperes were all of the colour of Inde and his name is ſir perſant of Inde the mooſt lordlyeſt knyghte that euer thou lokeſt on / Hit may wel be ſaid Beaumayns / but be he neuer ſo ſtoute a knyghte in this felde / I ſhalle abyde tyl that I ſee hym vnder his ſhelde / A foole ſaid ſhe thou were better flee by tymes / why ſayd Beaumayns and he be ſuche a knyghte as ye make hym he wylle not ſette vpon me with alle his men / or with his / v / C knyghtes / For and ther come no more but one

[leaf 114 verso]

at ones / I ſhall hym not fayle whyleſt my lyf laſteth / Fy ſy
ſaid the damoyſel that euer ſuche a ſtynkynge knaue ſhold
blowe ſuche a booſt / Damoyſel he ſaid ye ar to blame ſoo to re-
buke me / For I had leuer do ſyue batails / than ſo to be rebu-
ked / lete hym come and thenne lete hym doo his werſt / Syre 5
ſhe ſaid I merueylle what thou arte and of what kyn thou
arte come / boldly thou ſpekeſt / and boldly thou haſt done / that
haue I ſene / therfore I praye the ſaue thy ſelf and thou ma-
yſt / for thy hors and thou haue had grete traueylle / And I
drede we dwelle ouer longe from the ſege / For hit is but hens 10
ſeuen myle / and alle perillous paſſages we ar paſt ſaue al on-
ly this paſſage / and there I drede me ſore leſt ye ſhalle ketche
ſome hurte / therfore I wold haue ye were hens that ye were not bry-
ſed nor hurte with this ſtronge knyghte / But I lete you we-
te this ſyr Perſant of ynde is no thyng of myȝte nor ſtrength 15
vnto the knyghte that leid the ſyege aboute my lady / As for
that ſaid ſyre Beaumayns be it as it be may / For ſythen I
am come ſoo nyghe this knyght I wille preue his myghte or
I departe from hym / and els I ſhalle be ſhamed / and I now
withdrawe me from hym / And therfore damoyſel haue ye 20
no doubte by the grace of god I ſhall ſo dele with this kny-
ghte that within two houres after none I ſhalle delyuer hym
And thenne ſhal we come to the ſyege by day lyghte / O Ihe-
ſu merueille haue I ſaid the damoyſel what maner a man ye
be / for hit may neuer ben otherwyſe but that ye be comen of a 25
noble blood / for ſoo foule ne ſhamefully dyd neuer woman
rule a knyghte as I haue done you / and euer curtoiſly ye ha-
ue ſuffred me / and that cam neuer but of a gentyl blood /
¶ Damoyſel ſayd Beaumayns a knyght may lytel do that
may not ſuffre a damoiſel / for what ſomeuer ye ſaid vnto me / 30
I took none hede to your wordes / for the more ye ſayd the mo-
re ye angryd me / and my wrathe I wrekyd vpon them that
I had adoo with al / And therfor alle the myſſayenge that
ye myſſayed me / fordered me in my bataill & cauſed me to thyn-
ke to ſhewe & preue my ſelf at the ende what I was / for pera- 35
ventur thouȝ I had mete in kyng Arthurs kechyn / yet I myȝt
haue had mete ynouȝ in other places / but alle that I dyd it
for to preue & aſſaye my frendes / and that ſhalle be knowen

another day / and whether that I be a gentylman borne or none / I lete you wete fayre damoyſel I haue done you gentilmans ſeruyſe / and parauentur better ſeruyſe yet wille I do or I departe from you / Allas ſhe ſaid fayre Beaumayns forgyue me alle that I haue myſſaid or done ageynſt the / wyth alle my herte ſaid he I forgyue it yow / for ye dyde no thyng but as ye ſhold doo / for al your euyl wordes pleaſyd me / & damoyſel ſaide Beaumayns ſyn hit lyketh you to ſaye thus fayre vnto me / wete ye wel it gladeth my herte gretely / and now me ſemeth ther is no knyght lyuynge but I am able ynough for hym

¶ Capitulum Duodecimum

WYth this ſir Perſant of ynde had aſpyed them as they houed in the felde / and knyȝtly he ſente to them whether he came in werre or in pees / ſay to thy lord ſaid beaumayns I take no force / but whether as hym lyſt hym ſelf / Soo the meſſager went ageyne vnto ſyr Perſaunt / and told hym alle this anſuer / wel thenne will I haue adoo with hym to the vtteraunce / and ſoo he purueyed hym and rode ageynſt hym / And Beaumayns ſawe hym and made hym redy / & ther they mette with all that euer theyr horſes myght renne / and braſte their ſperes eyther in thre pyeces / & their horſes raſſed ſo to gyders that bothe their horſes felle dede to the erthe & lyȝtly they auoyded their horſes / and put their ſheldes afore them / & drewe their ſwerdes / and gaf many grete ſtrokes that ſomtyme they hurtled to gyder that they felle grouelyng on the ground Thus they fought two houres and more that their ſheldes & theyr hauberkes were al forhewen / & in many ſtedys they were wounded / So at the laſt ſyr Beaumayns ſmote hym thorou the coſt of the body / & thenne he retrayed hym here & there & knyghtly mayntened his batail long tyme / And at the laſt though hym lothe were Beaumayns ſmote ſir Perſant aboue vpon the helme that he felle grouelyng to the erthe / & thenne he lepte vpon hym ouerthwart and vnlaced his helme to haue ſlayne hym / Thenne ſyr Perſant yelded hym & aſked hym mercy / with that cam þe damoiſel & praid to ſaue his lyf / I wil wel / for it were pyte this noble knyȝt ſhold dye / gramercy ſayd Perſaunt gentyl knyȝt & damoyſel / For certeynly now I

[leaf 115 verso]

wote wel it was ye that ſlewe my broder the black knyghte / at the black thorne / he was a ful noble knyȝte / his name was ſyr Perard / Alſo I am ſure that ye are he that wanne myn other brother the grene knyght / his name was ſyre Pertolepe Alſo ye wanne my broder the reed knyght ſyr Perrymones / And now ſyn ye haue wonne theſe / this ſhal I do for to pleaſe you ye ſhal haue homage & ſeaute of me / & an C knyghtes to be alweyes at your commaundement to go & ryde where ye wil commaunde vs / & ſo they wente vnto ſir Perſauntes pauelione & dranke the wyne / & ete ſpyeces / & afterward ſire Perſaunte made hym to reſte vpon a bedde vntyl ſouper tyme / and after ſouper to bedde ageyne / whan Beaumayns was abedde ſyr Perſaunt had a lady a faire douȝter of xviij yere of age and there he called her vnto hym / & charged her & commaunded her vpon his bleſſynge to go vnto the knyghtes bedde / and lye doun by his ſyde / & make hym no ſtraunge chere / but good chere / and take hym in thyne armes & kyſſe hym / & loke that this be done I charge you as ye wil haue my loue & my good wil So ſyr Perſants doughter dyd as her fader bad her / and ſoo ſhe wente vnto ſyr Beaumayns bed / & pryuely ſhe diſpoylled her / & leid her doune by hym / & thenne he awoke & ſawe her & aſked her what ſhe was / ſyre ſhe ſaid I am ſir Perſants douȝter that by the commaundement of my fader am come hyder / Be ye a mayde or a wyf ſaid he / ſir ſhe ſaid I am a clene maiden / God defende ſayd he that I ſhold defoyle you to doo ſyre Perſaunt ſuche a ſhame / therfore fayre damoyſel aryſe oute of this bedde or els I wille / Syre ſhe ſaid I cam not to you by myn owne wille but as I was commaunded / Allas ſaid ſyr Beaumayns I were a ſhameful knyghte and I wolde do your fader ony diſworſhip / and ſo he kyſt her and ſoo ſhe departed and came vnto ſyr Perſant her fader / & told hym alle how ſhe had ſpedde / Truly ſaide ſyre Perſaunt what ſomeuer he be / he is comen of a noble blood / and ſoo we leue hem there tyl on the morne

¶ Capitulum xiij

¶ Capitulum xiij

And ſoo on the morne the damoyſel & ſir Beaumayns herd maſſe & brake their faſt / and ſoo took their leue Fair damoyſel ſaid Perſant whether ward ar ye way ledyng this knyghte / ſyr ſhe ſaid this knyghte is goyng to the ſege / that beſyegeth my ſyſter in the caſtel Dangerus / A a ſayd perſaunt that is the knyghte of the reed launde / the whiche is the mooſt peryllous knyghte that I knowe now lyuyng / and a man that is withouten mercy / and men ſayen that he hath ſeuen mens ſtrength / god ſaue you ſaid he to Beaumayns from þt knyghte / for he doth grete wrong to that lady / and that is grete pyte / for ſhe is one of the faireſt ladyes of the world / & me ſemeth that your damoyſel is her ſuſter / is not your name Lynet ſaid he / ye ſir ſaid ſhe / and my lady my ſuſters name is dame Lyoneſſe / Now ſhal I telle you ſaid ſyr Perſaunt / thys reed knyghte of the reed launde hath layne long at the ſyege wel nyghe this two yeres / and many tymes he myghte haue had her and he had wold / but he prolongeth the tyme to thys entent / for to haue ſir laūcelot du lake to doo bataill with hym or ſir Tryſtram or ſyr Lamerak de galys / or ſyre Gawayne / & this is his taryenge ſoo longe at the ſyege / Now my lord ſyre Perſaunt of ynde ſaide the damoyſel Lynet I requyre you that ye wille make this gentilman knyghte or euer he ſyghte with the reed knyghte / I will with all my herte ſaid ſyr Perſaunt and it pleaſe hym to take the ordre of knyghthode of ſo ſymple a man as I am / Sire ſaid Beaumayns I thanke you for your good wil / for I am better ſped / for certaynly the noble knyght ſir Launcelot made me knyght / A ſaid ſir Perſant of a more renomed knyghte myghte ye not be made knyghte / For of alle knyghtes he maye be called chyef of knyghthode / & ſo all the world ſaith that betwixe thre knyghtes is departed clerly knyghthode / that is laūcelot du lake / ſyr Tryſtram de lyones and ſir Lamerak de galis / theſe bere now the renommee / there ben many other knyghtes as ſir Palamydes the ſaraſyn and ſir Saſere his brode / Alſo ſir Bleoberys and ſire Blamore de ganys his brode / Alſo ſyr Bors de Ganys & ſyr Ector de marys & ſir Percyuale de galis / theſe & many mo ben noble kniȝtes / but ther be none þt paſſe þe iij aboue ſaid / therfor god

[leaf 116 verso]

ſpede you wel ſaid ſyr Perſant / for and ye may matche the rede knyghte ye ſhalle be called the fourth of the world / ſir ſaid Beaumayns I wold fayne be of good fame / and of knyghthode / And I lete you wete I am of good men / for I dare ſay my fader was a noble man / and ſoo that ye wil kepe hit in cloſe / and this damoyſel / I wyl telle you of what kyn I am We wille not diſcouer you ſaid they both tyl ye commaunde vs by the feythe we owe vnto god / ¶ Truly thenne ſaide he / my name is Gareth of Orkeney and kynge Lot was my fader / & my moder is kynge Arthurs ſyſter / her name is Dame Morgawſe / and ſir Gawayne is my broder / and ſir Agrauayne & ſir Gaheryes / and I am the yongeſt of hem alle / And yet wote not kyng Arthur nor ſir Gawayn what I am

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo the book ſaith / that the lady that was biſeged had word of her ſyſters comynge by the dwerf and a knyghte with her / and how he had paſſed al the perillous paſſages / what manere a man is he ſaid the lady / he is a noble knyght truly madame ſaid the dwerf and but a yong man / but he is as lykely a man as euer ye ſawe ony / what is he ſayd the damoyſel / and of what kynne is he comen / and of whome was he made knyghte / Madame ſaid the dwerf he is the kynges ſone of Orkeney / but his name I wille not telle you as at this tyme / but wete ye wel of ſyre launcelot was he maade knyght / for of none other wolde he be maade knyghte / and ſire kay named hym Beaumayns / how eſcaped he ſaid the lady from the bretheren of Perſaunt / ¶ Madame he ſaid as a noble knyghte ſhold / Fyrſte he ſlewe two bretheren att a paſſage of a water / A ſaide ſhe they were good knyghtes but they were murtherers / the one hyght Gherard de breuſſe / & the other knyght hyght ſir Arnolde le Brewſe / thenne madame he recountred with the black knyght / and ſlewe hym in playne batail & ſo he toke his hors & his armour & fouȝt with the grene knyght & wanne hym in playn bataill / & in lyke wyſe he ſerued the reed knyȝt / and aſtir in the ſame wyſe he ſerued the blewe knyȝt & wan hym in playn batail / thēne ſaid the lady he hath ouercome ſir Perſaūt of Inde / one of the nobleſt knyȝtes of the world / & þe dwerf ſaid he hath wōne al the iiij bretherē & ſlayn

the blak knyght / and yet he dyd more tofore he ouerthrewe ſir kay and lefte hym nyghe dede vpon the ground / Alſo he dyd a grete batayll with ſyre launcelot / and there they departed on euen handes / And thenne ſyre launcelot made hym knyghte / Dwerf ſayd the lady I am gladde of theſe tydynges / therfor go thou in an hermytage of myn here by / and there ſhalt thow bere with the of my wyn in two flagans of ſiluer / they ar of two galons / and alſo two caſt of brede with fatte veneſon bake and deynte foules / and a cop of gold here I delyuer the / that is ryche and precyous and bere all this to myn hermytage / and put it in the hermytes handes / And ſythen go thow vnto my ſyſter and grete her wel / and commaūde me vnto that gentyl knyghte / and praye hym to ete and to drynke and make hym ſtronge / and ſay ye hym I thanke hym of his curtoſye and goodenes that he wold take vpon hym ſuche labour for me that neuer dyd hym bounte nor curtoſye / ¶ Alſo pray hym that he be of good herte & courage / for he ſhalle mete with a ful noble knyghte / but he is neyther of bounte / curtoſye / nor gentylnes / for he attendyth vnto nothynge but to murther / & that is the cauſe I can not prayſe hym nor loue hym / So this dwerf departed / and came to ſyre Perſant where he fond the damoyſel lynet and ſyr Beaumayns / and there he tolde hem alle as ye haue herd / and thenne they took theyr leue / but ſyr Perſant took an ambelyng hacney and conueyed hem on theyr wayes / And thenne beleſte hem to god / and ſoo within a lytil whyle they came to that heremytage / and there they dranke the wyne / and ete the veneſon and the foules baken /

And ſo whan they had repaſted hem wel / the dwerf retorned ageyn with his veſſel vn to the caſtel ageyne / and there mette with hym the reed knyght of the reed laundes / and aſked hym from whens that he came / and where he had ben / Syr ſayd the dwerf I haue ben with my ladyes ſyſter of this caſtel and ſhe hath ben at kynge Arthurs courte / and broughte a knyghte with her / thenne I accompte her trauaille but loſte / For though ſhe had broughte with her ſyre launcelot / ſir Tryſtram / ſyr Lamerak or ſyr gawayne / I wold thynke my ſelfe good ynough for them all / it may well be ſaid the dwerf / but this knyghte hath paſſed alle the peryllous paſſages & ſlayn

[leaf 117 verso]

the black knyghte and other two mo / and wonne the grene knyght / the reed knyghte and the blewe knyghte / thenne is he one of thefe four that I haue afore reherced / He is none of tho faid the dwerf / but he is a kynges fone / what is his name fayd the reed knyght of the reed laund / that wille I not telle you feyd the dwerf / but fire kay upon fcorne named hym Beaumayns / I care not faid the knyght what knyghte foo euer he be / for I fhal foone delyuer hym / And yf I euer matche hym he fhalle haue a fhameful dethe as many other haue had that were pyte fayd the dwerf / And it is merueill that ye make fuche fhameful warre vpon noble knyghtes

¶ Capitulum xv

MOo leue we the knyghte and the dwerf / and fpeke we of Beaumayns that al nyȝt lay in the hermytage / & vpon the morne he and the damoyfel lynet herd their maffe / and brake their faft / And thenne they toke theyr horfes / and rode thorou oute a fair foreft / and thenne they came to a playne and fawe where were many pauelions and tentys / and a fayr caftel / and there was moche fmoke and grete noyfe / and whanne they came nere the fege / fyr Beaumayns afpyed vpon grete trees as he rode / how there henge ful goodly armed knyghtes by the neck and theire fheldes aboute theire neckys with their fwerdes / and gylt fpores vpon their heles / and foo there henge nyghe a fourty knyghtes fhamefully with ful ryche armes / Thenne fir Beaumayns abated his countenaunce & fayd what meneth this / Fayre fyre faid the damoyfel abate not your chere for all this fyghte / for ye muft courage your felf or els ye ben al fhente / for all thefe knyghtes came hyder to this fege to refcowe my fyfter Dame lyones / and whanne the reede knyghte of the reed laund hadde ouercome hem / he putte them to this fhameful dethe withoute mercy and pyte / And in the fame wyfe he wyll ferue you / but yf ye quyte you the better
Now Ihefu deffende me faid Beaumayns from fuche a vylaynous dethe and fhenfhip of armes / For rather than I fholde fo be faren with all / I wolde rather be flayn manly in playn

[leaf 118]

bataille / Soo were ye better ſaid the damoyſel / for truſt not in hym is no curtoſye but alle goth to the deth or ſhameful murther / and that is pyte / for he is a ful lykely man / wel made of body / and a ful noble knyghte of proweſſe and a lorde of grete laundes and poſſeſſions / Truly ſaid Beaumayns / he may wel be a good knyghte / but he vſeth ſhameful cuſtoms and it is merueylle that he endureth ſo longe that none of the noble knyghtes of my lord Arthurs haue not delt with hym And thenne they rode to the dykes and ſawe them double dyked with ful warly wallis / and there were lodged many grete lordes nyghe the wallys / and there was grete noyſe of mynſtralſy / and the ſee betyd vpon the one ſyde of the walles where were many ſhippes and maryners noyſe with hale & how And alſo there was faſt by a Sykamore tree / and ther henge an horne the gretteſt that euer they ſawe of an Olyſantes bone / and this knyght of the reed laund had hanged it vp ther that yf ther came ony arraunt knyghte / he muſte blowe that horne / and thenne wylle he make hym redy & come to hym to doo bataille / But ſyr I pray you ſaid the damoyſel Lynet blowe ye not the horne tyl it be hyghe none / for now it is aboute pryme / & now encreaced his myghte / that as men ſay he hath ſeuen mens ſtrengthe / A fy for ſhame fair damoiſel ſay ye neuer ſoo more to me / For and he were as good a knyghte as euer was I ſhalle neuer fayle hym in his mooſt myghte / for outher I wille wynne worſhip worſhipfully or dye knyghtely in the felde / and ther with he ſpored his hors ſtreyghte to the Sykamore tree / and blewe ſoo the horne egerly that alle the ſege and the caſtel range therof / And thenne there lepte oute knyghtes oute of their tentys and pauelions / and they within the caſtel loked ouer the wallis and oute att wyndowes / Thenne the reed knyghte of the reed laūdes armed hym haſtely / and two barons ſette on his ſpores vpon his heles / and alle was blood reed his armour ſpere and ſhelde / And an Erle bucled his helme vpon his hede / and thenne they broughte hym a rede ſpere and a rede ſtede / and ſoo he rode into a lytyl vale vnder the caſtel / that al that were in the caſtel and at the ſege myghte behold the bataill

[leaf 118 verso]

¶ Capitulum xvj

SYre ſayd the damoyſel Lynet vnto ſyr Beaumayns loke ye be gladde and lyght / for yonder is your dedely enemy / and at yonder wyndowe is my lady ſyſter dame Lyones / where ſayd Beaumayns / yonder ſaid the damoyſel & poynted with her ſynger / that is trouthe ſayd Beaumayns / She beſemeth a ferre the ſayreſt lady that euer I loked vpon and truly he ſaid I aſke no better quarel than now for to do bataylle / for truly ſhe ſhalle be my lady / and for her I wylle ſyghte / And euer he loked vp to the wyndowe with gladde countenaunce / And the lady Lyones made curtoſy to hym doune to the erthe with holdynge vp bothe their handes / Wyth that the reed knyghte of the reed laundes callid to ſyr Beaumayns / leue ſyr knyghte thy lokynge / and behold me I coũceille the / for I warne the wel ſhe is my lady / and for her I haue done many ſtronge batails / Yf thou haue ſo done ſaid Beaumayns / me ſemeth it was but waſte labour / for ſhe loueth none of thy felauſhip / and thou to loue that loueth not the / is but grete foly / For and I vnderſtode that ſhe were not glad of my comynge / I wold be auyſed or I dyd bataille for her / But I vnderſtande by the ſyegyng of this caſtel ſhe may forbere thy felauſhip / And therfor wete thou wel thou rede knyghte of the reed laundes / I loue her / and wille reſcowe her or els to dye / Saiſt thou that ſaid the reed knyghte / me ſemeth / thou oughte of reſon to beware by yonder knyghtes that thow ſaweſt hange vpon yonder trees / Fy for ſhame ſaid Beaumayns that euer thou ſholdeſt ſaye or do ſo euyl / for in that thou ſhameſt thy ſelf and knyghthode / and thou mayſt be ſure ther wylle no lady loue the that knoweth thy wycked cuſtommes And now thou weneſt that the ſyghte of theſe hanged knyghtes ſhold fere me / Nay truly not ſo / that ſhameful ſyght cauſeth me to haue courage and hardynes ageynſte the more than I wold haue had ageynſt the / and thou were a wel ruled knyght / make the redy ſaid the reed knyghte of the reed laũdes / and talke no lenger with me / Thenne ſyre Beamayns badde the damoyſel goo from hym / and thenne they putte their ſperes in their reyſtes and came to gyders with alle their myȝt

[leaf 119]

that they had bothe / and eyther ſmote other in myddes of their ſheldes that the paytrellys / ſurſenglys and crowpers braſte / and felle to the erthe bothe / and the reynys of their brydels in their handes / and ſoo they laye a grete whyle ſore ſtonyed
5 that al that were in the caſtel and in the ſege wende their neckes had ben broken / and thenne many a ſtraunger and other ſayd the ſtraunge knyȝt was a bygge man / and a noble Iuſter / for or now we ſawe neuer noo knyghte matche the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / thus they ſayd bothe within the
10 caſtel and withoute / thenne lyghtly they auoyded theyr horſes and put their ſheldes afore them / and drewe their ſwerdes and ranne to gyders lyke two ſyers lyons / and eyther gaſe other ſuche buffets vpon their helmes that they relyd bacward bothe two ſtrydys / and thenne they recouerd bothe and hewe
15 grete pyeces of theire harneis and theire ſheldes / that a grete parte felle in to the feldes

¶ Capitulum xvij

And thenne thus they ſoughte tyl it was paſt none / and neuer wold ſtynte tyl att the laſte they lacked wynde bothe / and thēne they ſtode wagyng and ſcateryng pon-
20 tyng / blowynge and bledynge that al that behelde them for the mooſt party wepte for pyte / Soo whan they had reſtyd them a whyle / they yede to bataille ageyne / tracyng racyng ſoynyng as two bores / And at ſome tyme they toke their renne as hit had ben two rammys & hurtled to gyders that ſomtyme they
25 felle grouelyng to the erthe / And at ſomtyme they were ſo amaſed that eyther took others ſwerd in ſtede of his owne /
Thus they endured tyl euenſong tyme / that there was none that beheld them myghte knowe whether was lyke to wynne the bataill / and their armour was ſo ſer hewen that men myȝt
30 ſee their naked ſydes / and in other places / they were naked / but euer the naked places they dyd defende / and the rede knyghte was a wyly knyght of werre / and his wyly ſyghtyng taughte ſyr Beaumayns to be wyſe / but he aboughte hit fulle ſore or he dyd aſpye his ſyghtynge / And thus by aſſente of
35 them bothe they graunted eyther other to reſt / and ſo they ſette

[leaf 119 verso]

hem doune vpon two molle hylles there beſydes the fyghtynge place / and eyther of hem vnlaced his helme / and toke the cold wynde / for either of their pages was faſt by them to come whā they called to vnlace their harneis and to ſette hem on ageyn at their commaundement / And thenne whan ſyr Beaumayns helme was of / he loked vp to the wyndowe / and there he ſawe the faire lady Dame Lyones / and ſhe made hym ſuche countenaunce that his herte waxed lyghte and Ioly / and ther with he bad the reed knyghte of the reed laundes make hym redy and lete vs doo the bataille to the vtteraunce / I will wel ſaid the knyghte / and thenne they laced vp their helmes / and their pages auoyded / & they ſtepte to gyders & foughte freſſhely / but the reed knyghte of the reed laundes awayted hym / & at an ouerthwart ſmote hym within the hand / that his ſwerd felle oute of his hand / and yet he gaf hym another buffet vpon the helme that he felle grouelynge to the erthe / & the reed knyghte felle ouer hym / for to holde hym doune / Thenne cryed the maiden Lynet on hyghe / O ſyr Beaumayns where is thy courage become / Allas my lady ſyſter beholdeth the and ſhe ſobbeth and wepeth / that maketh myn herte heuy / when ſyr Beaumayns herd her ſaye ſoo / he abrayed vp with a grete myght and gate hym vpon his feet / and lyghtely he lepte to his ſwerd and gryped hit in his hand and doubled hys paas vnto the reed knyghte and there they foughte a newe bataille to gyder / But ſir Beaumayns thenne doubled his ſtrokes / and ſmote ſoo thyck that he ſmote the ſwerd oute of his hand / and thenne he ſmote hym vpon the helme that he felle to the erthe / and ſir Beaumayns felle vpon hym / and vnlaced his helme to haue ſlayne hym / and thenne he yelded hym and aſked mercy / and ſaid with a lowde vois O noble knyghte I yelde me to thy mercy / Thenne ſyr Beaumayns bethoughte hym vpon the knyghtes that he had made to be hanged ſhamefully / and thenne he ſaid I may not with my worſhip ſaue thy lyf / for the ſhameful dethes that thou haſt cauſed many ful good knyghtes to dye / Syre ſaide the reed knyghte of the reed laundes hold your hand and ye ſhalle knowe the cauſes why I put hem to ſo ſhameful a dethe / ſaye on ſaid ſir Beaumayns / Syre I loued ones a lady a faire damoiſel / and ſhe

[leaf 120]

had her broder ſlayne / and ſhe ſaid hit was ſyr launcelot du lake / or els ſyr gawayn / and ſhe praide me as that I loued her hertely that I wold make her a promyſe by the feith of my knyghthode for to laboure dayly in armes vnto I mette wyth one of them / and alle that I myghte ouercome I ſhold putte them vnto a vylaynous dethe / and this is the cauſe that I haue putte alle theſe knyghtes to dethe / and ſoo I enſured her to do alle the vylony vnto kynge Arthurs knyghtes / and that I ſhold take vengeaũce vpon alle theſe knyghtes and ſyr now I wille the telle that euery daye my ſtrengthe encreaceth tylle none / and al this tyme haue I ſeuen mens ſtrengthe

¶ Capitulum xviij

THenne came ther many Erles and Barons and noble knyghtes and praid that knyghte to ſaue his lyf and take hym to your pryſoner / And all they felle vpon their knees and prayd hym of mercy / and that he wolde ſaue his lyf / and ſyr they all ſayd it were fairer of hym to take homage and feaute / and lete hym holde his landes of you than for to ſlee hym / by his deth ye ſhal haue none auauntage and his myſdedes that ben done maye not ben vndone / And therfor he ſhal make amendys to al partyes & we al wil become your men and doo you homage and feaute / Fayre lordes ſaid Beaumayns / wete you wel I am ful lothe to ſlee this knyȝt neuertheles he hath done paſſyng ylle and ſhamefully / But in ſoo moche al that he dyd was at a ladyes requeſt I blame hym the leſſe / and ſo for your ſake I wil releace hym that he ſhal haue his lyf vpon this couenaunt / that he goo within the caſtel / and yelde hym there to the lady / And yf ſhe wil forgyue and quyte hym / I wil wel / with this he make her amendys of al the treſpas he hath done ageynſt her and her landes / ¶ And alſo whanne that is done that ye goo vnto the courte of kyng Arthur / and there that ye aſke ſyr Launcelot mercy / & ſyr Gawayn for the euyl wil ye haue had ageynſt them / ſire ſaid the reed knyght of the reed laundes / al this wil I do as ye commaunde / and ſyker aſſuraunce and borowes ye ſhal haue / And ſoo thenne whan the aſſuraunce was made / he made

[leaf 120 verso]

his homage and feaute / and alle tho erles and barons wyth hym / And thenne the mayden Lynet came to ſyre Beaumayns / and vnarmed hym and ſerched his woundes / and ſtynted his blood / and in lyke wyſe ſhe dyd to the rede knyghte of the reed laundes / and there they ſoiourned ten dayes in their tentes / and the reed knyghte made his lordes and ſeruauntes to doo alle the pleaſyre that they myghte vnto ſyre Beaumayns / And ſoo within a whyle the reed knyghte of the reed laundes yede vnto the caſtel / and putte hym in her grace And ſoo ſhe receyued hym vpon ſuffyſaunt ſeurte / ſo alle her hurtes were wel reſtored of al that ſhe coude complayne / and thenne he departed vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur / and there openly the reed knyghte of the reed laundes putte hym in the mercy of ſyre Launcelot and ſyr Gawayne / and there he told openly how he was ouercome and by whome / and alſo he told alle the batails from the begynnynge vnto the endynge / Iheſu mercy ſayd kynge Arthur and ſire Gawayne we merueylle moche of what blood he is come / for he is a noble knyghte / Haue ye no merueille ſaide ſire Launcelot / for ye ſhal ryght wel wete that he is comen of a ful noble blood / and as for his myghte and hardynes ther ben but ſewe now lyuynge that is ſo myghty as he is / and ſo noble of proweſſe It ſemeth by yow ſaid kynge Arthur that ye knowe his name / and fro whens he is come / and of what blood he is / I ſuppoſe I doo ſo ſaid Launcelot / or els I wold not haue yeuen hym thordre of knyȝthode / but he gaf me ſuche charge at that tyme that I ſhold neuer diſcouer hym vntyl he requyred me or els it be knowen openly by ſome other

¶ Capitulum xix

NOw torne we vnto ſyr Beaumayns that deſyred of Lynet that he myght ſee her ſyſter his lady / Syre ſhe ſaid I wold fayne ye ſawe her / Thenne ſyr Beaumayns al armed hym and toke his hors and his ſpere and rode ſtreyȝt vnto the caſtel / And whanne he cam to the gate he fond there many men armed and pulled vp the drawe brydge / & drewe

the porte cloofe / ¶ Thenne merueilled he why they wold not
fuffre hym to entre / And thenne he loked vp to the wyndow
And there he fawe the fair Lyones that faid on hyghe go thy
way / fyr Beaumayns / for as yet thou fhalt not haue holy
5 my loue vnto the tyme that thou be callyd one of the nombre
of the worthy knyghtes / And therfor goo laboure in worfhip
this twelue monethe / and thenne thou fhalt here newe tydyn-
ges / Allas faire lady faid Beaumayns I haue not deferued
that ye fhold fhewe me this ftraungenes / and I had wend
10 that I fhold haue ryght good chere with you and vnto my
power I haue deferued thanke / and wel I am fure I haue
boughte your loue with parte of the beft blood within my body
Fayre curteis knyghte faid Dame Lyones / be not difpleafyd
nor ouer hafty / for wete you wel / your grete trauaill nor go-
15 od loue fhal not be loft / for I confydre your grete trauail & la-
bour / your bounte and your goodenes as me oughte to doo /
And therfore goo on your wey / and loke that ye be of good
comforte for all fhal be for your worfhip / and for the beft / &
perde a twelue moneth wille foone be done / and truft me fair
20 knyghte I fhal be true to you and neuer te bitraye you / but
to my dethe I fhalle loue you / and none other / And ther with
alle fhe torned her from the wyndowe / and fyr Beaumayns
rode awey ward from the caftel makyng grete dole / and foo
he rode here and there & wyfte not ne where he rode tyl hit was
25 derke nyghte / And thenne it happend hym to come to a poure
mans hous and there he was herborowed all that nyghte /
But fyr Beaumayns hadde no reft but walowed and wry-
thed for the loue of the lady of the caftel / And foo vpon the
morowe he took his hors and rode vn tyl vnderne / and theñe
30 he came to a brode water / and there by was a grete lodge / and
there he alyghte to flepe and leid his hede vpon the fhelde / and
bitoke his hors to the dwarf / and commaunded hym to wat-
che al nyghte / Now torne we to the lady of the fame caftel /
that thoughte moche vpon Beaumayns / and thenne fhe called
35 vnto her fyr Gryngamore her broder / and praid hym in al ma-
ner as he loued her hertely that he wold ryde after fyr Beau-
mayns / and euer haue ye wayte vpon hym tyl ye may fynde
hym flepynge / for I am fure in his heuynes he wil alyȝt doun

[leaf 121 verso]

in ſome place / and leye hym doune to ſlepe / And therfor haue ye your wayte vpon hym / and in the preuyeſt manere ye can take his dwerf / and go ye your waye with hym as faſte as euer ye maye or ſyr Beaumayns awake / For my ſyſter Lynet telleth me that he can telle of what kynreed he is come / and what is his ryghte name / And the meane whyle I and my ſyſter wille ryde vnto youre caſtel to awayte whanne ye brynge with you the dwerf / And thenne whan ye haue broughte hym vnto youre Caſtel / I wylle haue hym in examynacion my ſelf / vnto the tyme that I knowe what is his ryghte name / and of what kynred he is come / ſhalle I neuer be mery at my herte ¶ Syſter ſaid ſyre Gryngamore alle thys ſhalle be done after your entente / And ſoo he rode alle the other daye and the nyghte tylle that he fond ſyre Beaumayns lyenge by a water and his hede vpon his ſhelde for to ſlepe / ¶ And thenne whanne he ſawe ſyre Beaumayns faſt on ſlepe / he cam ſtylly ſtalkyng behynde the dwerf and plucked hym faſt vnder his arme / and ſoo he rode aweye with hym as faſte as euer he myght vnto his owne caſtel And this ſyre Gryngamors armes were alle black and that to hym longeth / But euer as he rode with the dwerf toward his caſtel / he cryed vnto his lord / and prayd hym for helpe / And there with awoke ſyre Beaumayns / and vp he lepte lyghtly / & ſawe where the Gryngamor rode his waye with the dwerf / and ſoo ſyr Gryngamor rode oute of his ſyghte /

¶ Capitulum xx

THenne ſyre Beaumayns putte on his helme anone / and buckeled his ſhelde / and tooke his hors / and rode after hym alle that euer he myghte ryde thorou marys and feldes and grete dales / that many tymes his hors and he plonged ouer the hede in depe myres / for he knewe not the wey / but took the gayneſt waye in that woodenes that many tymes he was lyke to peryſſhe / And at the laſte hym happend to come to a fayre grene waye And there he mette with a poure man of the countreye whom he ſalewed & aſked hym /

whether he mette not with a knyghte vpon a black hors & all black harneis a lytel dwerf ſyttynge behynde hym with heuy chere / Syre ſaide this poure man here by me came ſyre Gryngamor the knyght with ſuche a dwerf mornyng as ye ſaye / & therfore I rede you not folowe hym / For he is one of the peryllouſt knyghtes of the world / and his caſtel is here nyhe hand but two myle / therfor we aduyſe you ryde not after ſyr Gryngamor but yf ye owe hym good wille / Soo leue we ſyre Beaumayns rydynge toward the caſtel and ſpeke we of ſir Gryngamor and the dwerf / Anone as the dwerf was come to the caſtel / dame Lyones and dame Lynet her ſyſter aſked the dwerf where was his maiſter borne / and of what lygnage he was come / And but yf thou telle me ſaid dame Lyones thou ſhalt neuer eſcape this caſtel / but euer here to be pryſoner As for that ſaid the dwerf I fere not gretely to telle his name and of what kynne he is come / Wete ye wel he is a kynges ſone / and his moder is ſyſter to kyng Arthur / and he is broder to the good knyghte of ſyre Gawayne / and his name is ſyre Gareth of Orkeney / and now I haue told you his ryght name / I praye you fayre lady lete me goo to my lord ageyne / for he wille neuer oute of this countrey vntyl that he haue me ageyne / And yf he be angry / he wil doo moche harme or that he be ſtynte / and worche you wrake in this countray

As for that thretyng ſayd ſyr Gryngamore be it as it be may We wille goo to dyner / and ſoo they waſſhed and wente to mete / and made hem mery and wel at eaſe / by cauſe the lady Lyones of the caſtel was there / they made grete Ioye

¶ Truly Madame ſayd Lynet vnto her ſyſter wel maye he be a kynges ſone / for he hath many good tatches on hym / for he is curteis and mylde and the mooſt ſufferynge man that euer I mette with al / For I dar ſaye ther was neuer gentylwoman reulyd man in ſoo foule a manere / as I haue rebuked hym / And at all tymes he gafe me goodely and meke anſuers ageyne ¶ And as they ſate thus talkynge / ther came ſire Gareth in at the gate with an angry countenaunce and his ſwerd drawen in his hand / and cryed aloude that alle the caſtel myȝt here hit ſayeng thou traitour ſyre

Gryngamor delyuer me my dwerf ageyn / or by the feith that I owe to the ordre of knyghthode I ſhal doo the al the harme that I can / Thenne ſyr Gryngamor loked oute at a wyndow and ſaid ſyr gareth of Orkeney leue thy boſtyng wordes / for thou geteſt not thy dwerf ageyne / Thou coward knyghte ſayd ſyr Gareth brynge hym with the / and come and doo bataylle with me / and wynne hym and take hym / So wille I do ſaid ſyr Gryngamor and me lyſt / but for al thy grete wordes thou geteſt hym not / A fayr broder ſaid dame Lyones I wold he had his dwerf ageyne / for I wold he were not wroth / for now he hath told me al my deſyre I kepe nomore of the dwerf And alſo broder he hath done moche for me / and delyuerd me from the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / and therfor broder I owe hym my ſeruyſe afore al knyghtes lyuynge / And wete ye wel that I loue hym before al other / and ful fayne I wold ſpeke with hym / But in no wyſe I wold that he wiſt what I were / but that I were another ſtraunge lady / Wel ſaid ſyr Gryngamor ſythen I knowe now your wille / I wylle obeye now vnto hym / And ryght ther with al he wente doun vnto ſyr Gareth / and ſaid ſyr I crye you mercy / and al that I haue myſdone I wille amend hit at your wille / And therfore I pray you that ye wold alyghte / and take ſuche chere as I can make you in this caſtel / Shal I haue my dwerfe ſaide ſyre Gareth / ye ſyr / and alle the pleaſaunce that I can make you / for as ſoone as your dwerf told me what ye were and of what blood ye ar come / and what noble dedes ye haue done in theſe marches / thenne I repentyd of my dedes /
And thenne ſyre Gareth alyghte / and ther came his dwerf & took his hors / O my felawe ſaid ſyr gareth / I haue had many aduentures for thy ſake / And ſoo ſyre Gryngamor tooke hym by the hand / and ledde hym in to the halle where his own wyf was

¶ Capitulum xxij

[leaf 123]

AND thenne came forth Dame Lyones arayed lyke a prynceſſe / and there ſhe made hym paſſyng good chere and he her ageyne / and they had goodely langage & louely countenaunce to gyder / And ſyre Gareth thought many tymes Iheſu wold that the lady of the caſtel perillous were ſo fayre as ſhe was / there were al maner of games & playes of dauncyng and ſyngynge / And euer the more ſyre Gareth bihelde that lady / the more he loued her / and ſo he brenned in loue that he was paſt hym ſelf in his reaſon / and forth toward nyghte they yede vnto ſouper / and ſyre Gareth myghte not ete for his loue was ſoo hote / that he wiſt not where he was Alle theſe lokes aſpyed ſyr Gryngamor / and thenne at after ſouper he callid his ſyſter Dame Lyones vnto a chamber / and ſayd / fair ſyſter I haue wel aſpyed your coūtenaūce betwixe you and this knyght / And I wil ſyſter that ye wete he is a ful noble knyȝt / & yf ye can make hym to abyde here I wil do hym all the pleaſyr þt I can / for & ye were better than ye ar ye were wel bywaryd vpon hym / Fayre broder ſaid Dame lyones I vnderſtande wel that the knyghte is good & come he is of a noble hous / Notwithſtandyng I wille aſſaye hym better how be it I am mooſt beholdyng to hym of ony erthely mā for he hath had grete labour for my loue / and paſſid many a daungerous paſſage / Ryght ſoo ſyr Gryngamor wente vnto ſyr Gareth and ſaid ſyre make ye good chere / for ye ſhal haue none other cauſe / for this lady my ſyſter is yours at al tymes her worſhip ſaued / for wete ye wel ſhe loueth you as wel as ye doo her and better / yf better may be / And I wiſt that ſaid ſyr Gareth / ther lyued not a gladder man than I wold be Vpon my worſhip ſaid ſyr Gryngamor truſt vnto my promyſe And as long as it lyketh you ye ſhal ſoiourne with me and this lady ſhal be with vs dayly and nyghtly to make yow alle the chere that ſhe can / I wille wel ſaid ſyre Gareth / For I haue promyſed to be nyghe this countrey this twelue moneth / And wel I am ſure kynge Arthur and other noble knyghtes wille ſynde me where that I am within this twelfe moneth / For I ſhal be ſoughte and founden yf that I be on lyue ¶ And thenne the noble knyghte ſyre Gareth wente vnto the dame Lyones whiche he thēne moche loued / & kyſt her

[leaf 123 verso]

many tymes / and eyther made grete Ioye of other / And there ſhe promyſed hym her loue certaynly to loue hym and none other the dayes of hyr lyf / Thenne this lady dame Lyones by the aſſente of her broder told ſyr Gareth alle the trouth what ſhe was / And how ſhe was the ſame lady that he dyd batail for / and how ſhe was lady of the caſtel peryllous / and there ſhe told hym how ſhe cauſed her broder to take awey his dwerf

¶ Capitulum xxij

For this cauſe to knowe the certaynte what was your name / and of what kynne ye were come / And thenne ſhe lete fetche tofore hym Lynet the damoyſel that had ryden with hym many wylſome wayes / Thenne was ſyre Gareth more gladder than he was to fore / And thēne they trouthplyte eche other to loue / and neuer to faylle whyles their lyfe laſteth / And ſoo they brente bothe in loue that they were accorded to abate their luſtes ſecretely / And there Dame Lyones counceylled ſyr Gareth to ſlepe in none other place but in the halle / And there ſhe promyſed hym to come to his bedde a lytel afore mydnyght / This counceil was not ſoo pryuely kepte but it was vnderſtande / for they were but yonge bothe and tendyr of age / and had not vſed none ſuche craftes to forne / Wherfor the damoyſel Lynet was a lytel diſpleaſyd / and ſhe thoughte her ſyſter Dame Lyones was a lytel ouer haſty / that ſhe myghte not abyde the tyme of her maryage / And for ſauyng their worſhip / ſhe thoughte to abate their hote luſtes / ¶ And ſo ſhe lete ordeyne by her ſubtyl craftes that they had not their ententes neyther with other as in her delytes / vntyl they were maryed / And ſoo it paſt on / At after ſouper was made clene auoydaunce / that euery lord and lady ſhold goo vnto his reſt / But ſyr Gareth ſaid playnly he wold goo noo ferther than the halle / for in ſuche places he ſaid was conuenyent for an arraunt knyȝt to take his reſt in / and ſo there were ordeyned grete couches / & theron ſether beddes / & there leyde hym doune to ſlepe / & within a whyle cam dame Lyones wrapped in a mantel furred with Ermyne & leid her doun beſydes ſyr gareth / And there with alle he beganne to kyſſe her / And thenne he loked afore hym and there he apperceuyued and ſawe come an armed knyght with many lyghtes aboute hym / and

ſawe come an armed knyȝt with many lyghtes about hym / & this knyghte had a longe Gyſarme in his hand / and maade grym countenaunce to ſmyte hym / Whanne ſyre Gareth ſawe hym come in that wyſe / he lepte oute of his bedde and gate in his hand his ſwerd and lepte ſtrayte toward that knyght / And whanne the knyght ſawe ſyr Gareth come ſo ſyerſly vpon hym / he ſmote hym with a ſoyne thorou the thycke of the thyȝ that the wound was a ſhaftmon brode and had cutte atwo many vaynes and ſenewes / And there with al ſyr Gareth ſmote hym vpon the helme ſuche a buffet that he felle grouelyng / and thenne he lepte ouer hym and vnlaced his helme and ſmote of his hede fro the body / And thenne he bledde ſo faſt that he myghte not ſtande / but ſoo he leid hym doun vpon his bedde / and there he ſwouned and laye as he had ben dede Thenne dame Lyones cryed alowde / that her broder ſyr Gryngamor herd / and came doune / And whan he ſawe ſyr Gareth ſoo ſhamefully wounded / he was ſore diſpleaſyd and ſayd I am ſhamed that this noble knyghte is thus honoured / Syr ſayd ſyr Gryngamore hou may this be / that ye be here / and thys noble knyghte wounded / Broder ſhe ſaid I can not telle yow For it was not done by me nor by myn aſſente / For he is my lord and I am his / and he muſt be myn huſband / therfore my broder I wille that ye wete I ſhame me not to be with hym / nor to doo hym alle the pleaſyr that I can / Syſter ſaid ſyre Gryngamore / and I will that ye wete it and ſyr Gareth both that it was neuer done by me nor by my aſſente that this vnhappy dede was done / And there they ſtaunched his bledynge as wel as they myght / and grete ſorou made ſir Gryngamor and Dame Lyones / And forthe with al came Dame Lynet and toke vp the hede in the ſyghte of hem alle / and enoynted it with an oyntement there as it was ſmyten of / and in the ſame wyſe ſhe dyd to the other parte there as the hede ſtak / And thenne ſhe ſette it to gyders / and it ſtak as faſt as euer it did And the knyghte aroſe lyghtely vp / and the damoyſel Lynet put hym in her chambre / Alle this ſawe ſir Gryngamor and dame Lyones / and ſoo dyd ſir Gareth / and wel he eſpyed that it was the damoyſel Lynet that rode with hym thorou the peryllous paſſages / A wel damoyſel ſaid ſyre Gareth I wende

[leaf 124 verso]

wold not haue done as ye haue done / My lord Gareth ſaid Lynet / alle that I haue done I will auowe / and alle that I haue done ſhal be for youre honoure and worſhip / and to vs alle / And ſoo within a whyle ſyr Gareth was nyghe hole / & waxid lyghte and Iocounde / and ſange / daunced and gamed / and he and dame Lyones were ſoo hote in brennynge loue that they made their couenaunte at the tenth nyghte after that ſhe ſhold come to his bedde / And by cauſe he was woūded afore / he laid his armour / and his ſwerd nyghe his beddes ſyde

¶ Capitulum xxiij

RYght as ſhe promyſed ſhe came / and ſhe was not ſoo ſoone in his bedde / but ſhe aſpyed an armed knyghte comyng toward the bedde / there with alle ſhe warned ſyr Gareth / and lyghtly thorou the good helpe of Dame Lyones he was armed / and they hurtled to gyders with grete Ire & malyce al aboute the halle / and there was grete lyght as it had ben the nombre of xx torches bothe before and behynd / ſoo that ſyr Gareth ſtrayned hym / ſoo that his old wounde braſte ageyne on bledyng / but he was hote and couragyous and toke no kepe / but with his grete force he ſtroke doune that knyghte / and voyded his helme / and ſtrake of his hede / Thenne he hewe the hede in an honderd pyeces / And whan he had done ſo he took vp alle tho pyeces and threwe hem oute at a wyndow in to the dyches of the caſtel / and by this done / he was ſo faynt that vnnethes he myght ſtande for bledyng / And by thenne he was al moſt vnarmed / he felle in a dedely ſwoune in the flore / And thenne dame Lyones cryed ſoo that ſyr Gryngamor herd / And whan he cam and fond ſyr Gareth in that plyte he made grete ſorou / & there he awaked ſir Gareth / and gaf hym a drynke that releued hym wonderly wel / but the ſorou that Dame Lyones made there maye no tonge telle / for ſhe ſoo faryd with her ſelf as ſhe wold haue dyed / ¶ Ryghte ſoo cam this damoyſel Lynet before hem al / and ſhe had fette alle the goblets of the hede that ſyr Gareth had throwen out at a wyndowe / and there ſhe enoynted hem as ſhe had done to fore / & ſet them to gyder ageyn / wel damoiſel Lynet ſaid ſyre Gareth /

I haue not deſerued alle this deſpyte that ye doo vnto me / ſir knyghte ſhe ſaid / I haue no thynge do / but I will auowe / And al that I haue done ſhalle be to your worſhip and to vs al / And thenne was ſyre Gareth ſtaūched of his bledyng
5 But the leches ſaid / that ther was no man that bare the lyf / ſholde hele hym thorou oute of his wounde / but yf they heled hym that cauſed that ſtroke by enchauntement / So leue we ſyr Gareth there with ſyr Gryngamore and his ſyſters / and torne we vnto kynge Arthur that at the nexte feeſt of Pentecoſt
10 helde his feeſt / and there cam the grene knyȝt with ſyſty knyghtes / and yelded hem all vnto kynge Arthur / And ſo there came the reed knyghte his broder / and yelded hym to kyng Arthur and thre ſcore knyghtes with hym / Alſo there came the blewe knyghte broder to them with an honderd knyghtes / &
15 yelded hem vnto kynge Arthur / and the grene knyghtes name was Partolype / and the reed knyghtes name was Perymones / and the blewe knyghtes name was ſyr Perſant of Inde / theſe thre bretheren told kynge Arthur how they were ouercome by a knyghte that a damoyſel had with her / and
20 called hym Beaumayns / Iheſu ſayd the kynge I merueylle what knyghte he is / and of what lygnage he is come / He was with me a twelue monethe / and pourely and ſhamefully he was foſtred / and ſyre kay in ſcorne named hym Beaumayns / Soo ryghte as the kyng ſtode ſoo talkyng with
25 theſe thre bretheren / there came ſyr Launcelot du lake and told the kynge that there was come a goodly lord with vj C knghtes with hym / thenne the kynge wente oute of Carlyon / for there was the feeſt / and there came to hym this lord / and ſalewed the kynge in a goodly manere / What wylle ye ſayd
30 kyng Arthur / and what is youre erand / Syr he ſaid my naname is the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / but my name is ſyr Ironſyde / and ſyre wete ye wel / here I am ſente to yow / of a knyght that is called Beaumayns / for he wanne me in playne bataille hande for hand / and ſoo dyd neuer no kny-
35 ght but he that euer had the better of me this xxx wynter / the whiche commaunded to yelde me to yow at youre wylle / ye are welcom ſaid the kyng / for ye haue ben long a grete foo to me and my Courte / and now I truſte to god I ſhalle

[leaf 125 verso]

ſoo entreate you that ye ſhal be my frend / Syre / bothe I and theſe fyue honderd knyghtes ſhal alweyes be at your ſomons to doo you ſeruyſe as maye lye in oure powers / Iheſu mercy ſaid kyng Arthur I am moche beholdynge vnto that knyght / that hath put ſoo his body in deuoyre to worſhippe me & my Courte / And as to the Ironſyde that art called the reed knyghte of the reed laundes thou arte called a peryllous knyȝt And yf thou wylt holde of me I ſhal worſhippe the and make the knyghte of the table round / but thenne thou muſt be no more a murtherer / Syre as to that I haue promyſed vnto ſyre Beaumayns neuer more to vſe ſuche cuſtommes / for all the ſhameful cuſtomes that I vſed I dyd at the requeſt of a lady that I loued / and therfor I muſt goo vnto ſyr Launcelot and vnto ſyre Gawayne / and aſke them ſoryeuenes of the euyll wylle I had vnto them / for alle that I put to deth was al only for the loue of ſyr Launcelot and of ſyr Gawayne / They ben here now ſaid the kynge afore the / now maye ye ſaye to them what ye wylle / And thenne he kneled doune vnto ſyre Launcelot and to ſyre Gawayne and prayd them of foryeuenes of his enemytee that euer he had ageynſte them /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

THenne goodely they ſaid al at ones / god foryeue you and we do / and praye you that ye will telle vs where we may ſynde ſyr Beaumayns / Fayre lordes ſaid ſyr Ironſyde I can not telle you / for it is ſul hard to ſynde hym / for ſuche yong knyghtes as he is one / whanne they be in their aduentures ben neuer abydynge in no place / ¶ But to ſaye the worſhip that the reed knyghte of the reed laundes and ſyr perſaunt and his broder ſaid of Beaumayns / it was merueil to here / Wel my fayre lordes ſaid kynge Arthur / wete yow wel / I ſhalle do you honour for the loue of ſyr Beaumayns / and as ſoone as euer I mete with hym I ſhalle make you al vpon one day knyghtes of the table round / And as to the ſyre Perſaunt of Inde thou haſt ben euer called a ful noble knyghte / and ſoo haue euer ben thy thre bretheren called / But I merueil ſaid the kyng that I here not of the black knyȝt your

[leaf 126]

broder / he was a ful noble knyghte / Syr ſayd Pertolype the grene knyȝt ſyr Beaumayns ſlewe hym in a recoūtre with his ſpere / his name was ſyr Perard / that was grete pyte ſayd the kynge and ſoo ſaid many knyghtes / For theſe four brethe-
5 ren were ful wel knowen in the courte of kynge Arthur for noble knyghtes / for long tyme they had holden werre ageynſt the knyghtes of the round table / Thenne ſayd Pertolepe the grene knyghte to the kynge atte a paſſage of the water of mortayſe there encountred ſyr Beaumayns with two brethe-
10 ren that euer for the mooſt party kepte that paſſage / and they were two dedely knyghtes / and there he ſlewe the eldeſt broder in the water / and ſmote hym vpon the heede ſuche a buffet that he felle doune in the water / and there he was drouned / & his name was ſir Garard le brewſe / and after he ſlewe the other
15 broder vpon the lond / his name was ſyr Arnold le brewſe /

¶ Capitulum xxvj

SOo thenne the kyng and they wente to mete / and were ſerued in the beſt manere / And as they ſatte at the mete / ther came in the quene of Orkeney with ladyes & knyȝtes a grete nombre / And thenne ſyr Gawayn / ſyr Agraua-
20 yn and Gaherys aroſe / and wente to her / and ſalewed her vpon their knees / and aſked her blyſſyng / For in xv yere they had not ſene her / Thenne ſhe ſpak on hyghe to her broder kynge Arthur / where haue ye done my yong ſone ſyr Gareth / he was here amongſt you a twelue moneth / & ye made a kechyn kna-
25 ue of hym / the whiche is ſhame to you all / Allas where haue ye done my dere ſone that was my Ioye and blyſſe / O dere moder ſaid ſyr Gawayn I knewe hym not / Nor I ſaid the kynge that now me repenteth / but thanked be god he is preued a worſhipful knyghte as ony is now lyuyng of his yeres / &
30 I ſhal neuer be glad tyl I may ſynde hym / A broder ſayd the quene vnto kyng Arthur and vnto ſyr Gawayne and to alle her ſones / ye dyd your ſelf grete ſhame whan ye amongſt you kepte my ſone in the kechyn and fedde hym lyke a poure hog / Fayr ſiſter ſaid kyng Arthur ye ſhall ryghte wel wete /
35 I knewe hym not / nor nomore dyd ſyre Gawayn / nor his

[leaf 126 verso]

bretheren / but ſythen it is ſoo ſaid the kyng that he is thus gone from vs alle / we muſt ſhape a remedy to ſynde hym / Alſo ſyſter me ſemeth ye myght haue done me to wete of his comynge / And thenne and I had not done wel to hym / ye myȝt haue blamed me / For whan he cam to this courte he came lenyng vpon two mens ſholders as though he myght not haue gone / And thenne he aſked me thre yeſtes / and one he aſked the ſame day / that was that I wold gyue hym mete ynough that twelue moneth / and the other two yeſtes he aſked that day a twelue moneth / and that was that he myghte haue thadventure of the damoyſel Lynet / and the thyrd was that ſyre Launcelot ſhold make hym knyght whan he deſyred hym /
And ſoo I graunted hym alle his deſyre / and many in this Courte merueilled that he deſyred his ſuſtenaunce for a twelf monethe / And there by we demed many of vs that he was not come of a noble hous / Syre ſaid the Quene of Orkeney vnto kynge Arthur her broder / wete ye wel that I ſente hym vnto you ryghte wel armed and horſed and worſhipfully byſene his body / and gold and ſyluer plente to ſpend / it may be ſaid the kynge / but therof ſawe we none / ſauf that ſame daye as he departed from vs / knyghtes told me that ther came a dwerf hyder ſodenly and broughte hym armour and a good hors ful wel and rychely byſene / and there at we al had merueille / fro whens that rycheſſe came / that we demed al that he was come of men of worſhip / Broder ſaid the Quene alle that ye ſaye I byleue / for euer ſythen he was growen / he was merueilloufly wytted / and euer he was feythful & true of his promeſſe / But I merueille ſaid ſhe that ſyre kay dyd mocke hym and ſcorne hym / and gaf hym that name Beaumayns / yet ſyr kay ſaid the quene named hym more ryghteuoufly than he wende / For I dare ſaye and he be on lyue / he is as fair an handed man and wel diſpoſed as ony is lyuynge / Syre ſaid Arthurle te this langage be ſtylle / and by the grace of god he ſhal be founde / and he be within theſe ſeuen royames / and lete alle this paſſe and be mery / for he is proued to be a man of worſhip / and that is my Ioye

¶ Capitulum xxvij

[leaf 127]

THenne ſaid ſyr Gawayne and his bretheren vnto arthur / ſyre and ye wyl gyue vs leue we wille go and ſeke oure brother / Nay ſaid ſyr Launcelot that ſhalle ye not nede / and ſo ſaid ſyr Bawdewyn of Bretayne / for as by oure aduys the kynge ſhal ſende vnto dame Lyones a meſſager / and praye her that ſhe wille come to the courte in alle the haſt that ſhe may / and doubte ye not ſhe wille come / And thēne ſhe may gyue you beſt coūceille where ye ſhal ſynde hym This is wel ſaid of you ſaid the kyng / Soo thenne goodely letters were made / and the meſſager ſente forth that nyghte & day he wente tyl he cam vnto the caſtel perillous / And thenne the lady dame Lyones was ſente fore there as ſhe was wyth ſyr Gryngamor her broder and ſyre Gareth / and whan ſhe vnderſtode this meſſage / ſhe badde hym ryde on his way vnto kynge Arthur / and ſhe wold come after in al goodely haſt

¶ Thenne whan ſhe came to ſyr Gryngamor and to ſir Gareth ſhe told hem al how kyng Arthur had ſente for her / that is by cauſe of me ſaid ſyr Gareth / Now auyſe me ſaid dame Lyones what ſhalle I ſaye and in what manere I ſhal rule me / My lady and my loue ſaid ſir Gareth I pray you in no wyſe be ye aknowen where I am / but wel ʳ wote my moder is there and alle my bretheren / and they wille take vpon hem to ſeke me / I wote wel that they doo / But this madame I wold ye ſayd and aduyſed the kynge whan he queſtyoned with you of me / Thenne maye ye ſay / this is your aduys that and hit lyke his good grace / ye wille doo make a crye ayenſt the feeſt of thaſſumpcion of our lady that what knyghte there preueth hym beſt he ſhal welde you and all your land / And yf ſoo be that he be a wedded man that his wyf ſhall the degre and a coronal of gold beſette with ſtones of vertue to the valewe of a thouſand pound and a whyte Iarfaucon /

Soo dame Lyones departed / and came to kynge Arthur where ſhe was nobly receyued / and there ſhe was ſore queſtyoned of the kyng and of the quene of Orkeney / And ſhe anſuerde where ſyr Gareth was ſhe coude not telle / But thus moche ſhe ſaid vnto Arthur / ſyre I wille lete crye a turnement that ſhal be done before my caſtel at the Aſſumpcion of oure lady / and the crye ſhal be this that you my lorde Arthur ſhalt be there / &

[leaf 127 verso]

your knyghtes / and I will puruey that my knyghtes ſhalle be ageynſt yours / And thenne I am ſure ye ſhall here of ſyr Gareth / this is wel aduyſed ſaid kynge Arthur / and ſoo ſhe departed / And the kynge and ſhe maade grete prouyſyon to that turnement / Whan dame Lyones was come to the yle of A- 5 uylyon that was the ſame yle ther as her broder ſyr Gryngamor dwelte / thenne ſhe told hem al how ſhe had done / and what promyſe ſhe had made to kynge Arthur / Allas ſaid ſyr Gareth / I haue been ſoo wounded with vnhappynes ſythen I cam in to this caſtel that I ſhal not be abyl to doo at that tur- 10 nement lyke a knyghte / for I was neuer thorouly hole ſyn I was hurte / Be ye of good chere ſaid the damoyſel Lynet / for I vndertake within theſe xv dayes to make you hole and as luſty as euer ye were / And thenne ſhe leid an oynement & a ſalue to hym as it pleaſyd to her that he was neuer ſo freſſh 15 nor ſoo luſty / Thenne ſaid the damoyſel Lynet / ſend you vnto ſyr Perſaunt of ynde / and aſſomone hym and his knyghtes to be here with you as they haue promyſed / Alſo that ye ſend vnto ſyr Ironſyde that is the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / and charge hym that he be redy with you with his hole 20 ſomme of knyghtes / and thenne ſhalle ye be abyl to matche with kynge Arthur and his knyghtes / Soo this was done & alle knyghtes were ſente for vnto the caſtel peryllous / & thenne the reed knyght anſuerd and ſaid vnto dame Lyones and to ſyre Gareth / Madame & my lord ſyr Gareth ye ſhal vnder- 25 ſtande that I haue ben at the court of kynge Arthur and ſire Perſaunt of Inde and his bretheren / and there we haue done oure homage as ye commaunded vs / Alſo ſyr Ironſyde ſayd I haue taken vpon me with ſyre Perſaunt of Inde and his bretheren to hold party ageynſt my lord ſir Launcelot and the 30 knyghtes of that courte / And this haue I done for the loue of my lady Dame Lyones and you my lord ſir Gareth / ye haue wel done ſaid ſyr Gareth / But wete you wel ye ſhal be ful ſore matched with the mooſt noble knyghtes of the world / therfor we muſt purueye vs of goode knyghtes where we may ge- 35 te them / That is wel ſaid / ſaid ſir Perſaunt and worſhipfully And ſoo the crye was made in England / walis and ſcotland Ireland / Cornewaille / & in alle the oute Iles and in bretayn

[leaf 128]

and in many countreyes that at the feeſt of our lady the aſſumpcion next comyng men ſhold come to the caſtel peryllous beſyde the yle of Auylyon / And there al the knyghtes that ther came ſhold haue the choyſe whether them lyſt to be on the one party with the knyghtes of the caſtel or on the other party with kynge Arthur / And two monethes was to the daye that the turnement ſhold be / & ſo ther cam many good knyȝtes that were at her large and helde hem for the mooſt party ageynſt kynge Arthur and his knyghtes of the round table / cam in the ſyde of them of the caſtel / For ſyr Epynogrus was the ſyrſt / and he was the kynges ſone of Northumberland / & ſyr Palamydes the ſaraſyn was another / and ſyr Safere his broder / and ſyre Segwarydes his broder / but they were cryſtned / and ſyre Malegryne another / and ſyr Bryan des les Ilelys a noble knyghte / and ſyr Grummore gummurſum a good knyghte of Scotland / and ſyr Carados of the dolorous toure a noble knyghte and ſyr Turquyn his broder / and ſyr Arnold and ſyre Gauter two bretheren good knyghtes of Cornewaile / there cam ſyr Tryſtram de lyones / and with hym ſyr Dynadas the ſeneſchal / and ſir Saduk / but this ſyr Triſtram was not at that tyme knyght of the table round / but he was one of the beſt knyghtes of the world / And ſoo all theſe noble knyghtes accompanyed hem with the lady of the caſtel and with the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / but as for ſir Gareth he wold not take vpon hym more but as other meane knyghtes

¶ Capitulum xxviij

And thenne ther cam with kynge Arthur ſir Gawayn Agrauayne / Gaherys his bretheren / And thenne his neuewes ſyr Vwayn le blaunche maynys / and ſyr Aglouale ſyr Tor / ſir Percyuale de galys / and ſyre Lamorrak de galis Thenne came ſir Launcelot du lake with his bretheren neuews and coſyns as ſir Lyonel / ſir Ector de marys / ſyr bors de ganys and ſir Galyhodyn / ſyre Galihud and many moo of ſyre Launcelots blood and ſyre Dynadan / ſir la coote male tayle / his broder a good knyghte / and ſir Sagramore a good knyȝt

[leaf 128 verso]

And al the moſt party of the round table / Alſo ther cam with kynge Arthur theſe knyghtes the kynge of Ireland / kynge Agwyſaunce / and the kyng of Scotland kyng Carados and kynge Vryens of the londe of gore and kyng Bagdemagus and his ſone ſyr Melyaganus and ſyr Galahault the noble prynce / Alle theſe kynges prynces and Erles Barons and other noble knyghtes / as ſyre Braundyles / ſyre Vwayne les auowtres / and ſyre kay / ſyr Bedeuere / ſyr Melyot de logrys ſyr Petypaſe of wynkelſee / ſyr Godelake / alle theſe came with kynge Arthur and moo that can not ben reherced /

¶ Now leue we of theſe kynges and knyghtes / and lete vs ſpeke of the grete araye that was made within the caſtel and aboute the caſtel for bothe partyes / the lady Dame Lyones ordeyned grete aray vpon her party for her noble knyghtes for al maner of lodgyng and vytaille that cam by land & by water that ther lacked no thynge for her party nor for the other but there was plente to be had for gold and ſyluer for kynge Arthur and his knyghtes / And thenne ther cam the herbegeours from kynge Arthur for to herberowe hym & his kynges / dukes Erles Barons and knyghtes / And thenne ſyr Gareth prayd dame Lyones and the reed knyghte of the reed laundes / and ſyr Perſant and his broder / and ſyre Gryngamor that in no wyſe ther ſhold none of them telle not his name and make no more of hym than of the leeſt knyghte that there was / for he ſaid I wille not be knowen of neyther more ne leſſe / neyther at the begynnynge neyther at the endynge

¶ Thenne Dame Lyones ſaid vnto ſyr Gareth / ſyre I wylle lene you a rynge / but I wold pray you as ye loue me hertely lete me haue it ageyne whanne the turnement is done / ¶ For that rynge encreaceth my beaute moche more than it is of hym ſelf / And the vertu of my rynge is that / that is grene it will torne to reed / and that is reed it wil torne in lykenes to grene / And that is blewe it wil torne in lykenes of whyte / and that is whyte it wil torne in lykenes to blewe / and ſo it wil doo of al manere of colours / Alſo who that bereth my rynge / ſhalle leſe no blood / and for grete loue I wil gyue you thys rynge / Gramercy ſaid ſyr Gareth myn own lady / for this rynge is paſſynge mete for me / for it wille torne al manere of

lykenes that I am ~~in~~ / and that ſhalle cauſe me that I ſhall not be knowen / Thenne ſyr Gryngamor gaf ſyr Gareth a bay courſer that was a paſſyng good hors / Alſo he gafe hym good armoure and ſure and a noble ſwerd that ſomtyme ſyre Gryngamors fader wanne vpon an hethen Tyraunt / And ſoo thus euery knyghte made hym redy to that turnement & kyng Arthur was comen two dayes to fore thaſſumpcion of our lady / And there was al maner of Royalte of al mynſtralſye / that myghte be founde / Alſo there cam quene Gweneuer and the quene of Orkeney ſyr Gareths moder / And vpon the aſſumpcion day whanne maſſe and matyns were done there were herowdes with trompettes commaunded to blowe to the feld And ſoo there came oute ſyr Epynogrus the kynges ſone of Northumberland from the caſtel / and there encountred with hym ſyre Sagramor le deſyrus / and eyther of hem brake their ſperes to their handes / And thenne came in ſyre Palamydes oute of the Caſtel / and there encountred with hym Gawayne and eyther of hem ſmote other ſo hard that bothe the good knyghtes and their horſes felle to the erthe / And thenne knyghtes of eyther party reſcowed their knyghtes / And thenne cam in ſyr Safere and ſyre Segwarydes bretheren to ſyre Palamydes / and there encountred ſyr Agrauayne with ſyr Safere and ſyr Gaherys encountred with ſyre Segwarydes / So ſyr Safere ſmote doune Agrauayne ſyr Gawayns broder / and ſir Segwarydes ſyr Saferys broder And ſyr Malgryne a knyȝt of the Caſtel encountred with ſyr Vwayne le blaunche maynys / And there ſyre Vwayne gaf ſyr Malgryn a falle / that he had almoſt broke his neck

¶ Capitulum xxix

THenne ſyr Bryan de les yles and Grummore grummorſſum knyghtes of the Caſtel with ſyre Aglouale and ſyre Tor ſmote doun ſyr Gromere Gromorſon to the erth Thenne cam in ſyr Carados of the dolorous toure / & ſyr Turquyne knyghtes of the Caſtel / and there encoūtred with hem ſyr Percyuale de galys & ſyr Launce/ot de galys / that were two bretheren / And there encountred ſyr Percyuale with ſyre

[leaf 129 verso]

Caradus / and eyther brake their ſperes vnto their handes / & thenne ſyr Turquyn with ſyre Lamerak / and eyther of hem ſmote doune others hors and alle to the erthe / and eyther partyes reſcowed other / and horſed them ageyn / And ſyr Arnold and ſyr Gautere knyghtes of the caſtel encountred with ſyre Braundyles and ſyr kay / and theſe four knyghtes encountred myghtely / and brake their ſperes to their handes / Thenne came in ſyr Tryſtram / ſyre Saduk / and ſyre Dynas knyghtes of the caſtel / and there encountred ſyr Tryſtram wyth ſyre Bedyuere / and there ſyr Bedyuere was ſmyten to the erthe bothe hors and man / And ſyr Saduk encountred with ſir Petypaſe / and there ſyr Saduk was ouerthrowen / And there Vwayne les auoutres ſmote doune ſyr Dynas the ſeneſchal / Thenne came in ſyr Perſaunt of Inde a knyght of the caſtel And there encountred with hym ſyr Launcelot du lake / and there he ſmote ſyr Perſaunts hors and man to the erthe / thenne came ſyr Pertylope from the caſtel / and there encountred with hym ſyr Lyonel / and there ſyr Pertylope the grene knyght ſmote doune ſyr Lyonel broder to ſyr Laūcelot / All this was marked by noble heroudes / who bare hym beſt / and theire names / And thenne came in to the feld ſyre Perymones the grene knyght ſyr Perſaunts broder that was a knyght of the Caſtel / and he encountred with ſyr Ector de marys / and eyther ſmote other ſo hard / that bothe their horſes and they felle to the erthe / And thenne came in the reed knyght of the reed laundes and ſyr Gareth from the caſtel / and there encountred with hem ſyr Bors de ganys and ſyr Bleoberys / and there the reed knyghte and ſyr Bors ſmote other ſo hard that her ſperes braſt and their horſes felle grouelynge to the erthe

Thenne ſyr Blamor brake his ſpere vpon ſyr Gareth / but of that ſtroke ſyr Blamor felle to the erthe / whan ſyr Galyhoudyn ſawe that / he bad ſir gareth kepe hym / & ſire gareth ſmote hym to the erthe / thenne ſire Galyhud gate a ſpere to auenge his broder / & in the ſame wyſe ſir gareth ſerued hym / & ſir Dynadan & his broder la cote male tayle / & ſir Sagramor deſirus & ſir Dodynas le ſaueage / All theſe he bare doun with one ſpere / Whan kyng Aguyſaūce of Irland ſawe ſyr Gareth fare ſo he merueiled what he myȝt be þt one tyme ſemed grene & another

tyme at his ageyne comyng he ſemed blewe / And thus at euery cours that he rode to and fro he chaunged his colour ſo that ther myghte neyther kynge nor knyghte haue redy congnyſſaunce of hym / Thenne ſyr Anguyſſaunce the kyng of Irland encountred with ſyr Gareth / and there ſyr Gareth ſmote hym from his hors ſadyl and all / And thenne came kyng Caradus of Scotland and ſyr Gareth ſmote hym doun hors and man / And in the ſame wyſe he ſerued kyng Vryens of the land of Gore / And thenne came in ſyr Bawdemagus / and ſyr Gareth ſmote hym doune hors and man to the erthe And Bawdemagus ſone Melyganus brake a ſpere vpon ſir Gareth myghtely and knyghtely / And thenne ſyr Galahaut the noble prynce cryed on hyghe knyghte with the many colours wel haſt thou Iuſted / Now make the redy that I maye Iuſte with the / Syre Gareth herd hym / and he gat a grete ſpere / and ſoo they encountred to gyder / and there the prynce brake his ſpere / But ſyr Gareth ſmote hym vpon the lyſte ſyde of the helme / that he relyd here and there / and he had falle doune had not his men recouerd hym / Soo god me help ſayd kynge Arthur that ſame knyght with the many colours is a good knyghte / wherfor the kynge called vnto hym ſyr Launcelot and praid hym to encountre with that knyghte / Syr ſaid Launcelot I may wel ſynde in my herte for to forbere hym as at this tyme / for he hath hadde trauail ynough this day / & whan a good knyghte doth ſoo wel vpon ſomme day / it is no good knyghtes parte to lette hym of his worſhip / And namely whan he ſeeth a Knyght hath done ſoo grete labour / for peraduenture ſaid ſyr Launcelot his quarel is here this day / & perauentur he is beſt byloued with this lady of al that ben here / for I ſee wel / he payneth hym & enforceth hym to do grete dedes / & therfor ſaid ſyr launcelot as for me this day he ſhall haue the honour / though it lay in my power to put hym fro it / I wold not

¶ Capitulum xxx

THenne whanne this was done / there was drawynge of ſwerdes / And thenne there began a ſore turnement

[leaf 130 verso]

And there dyd ſyr Lamerak merueyllous dedes of armes / & betwixe ſyr Lamerak and ſyre Ironſyde that was the reed knyghte of the reed laūdes there was ſtrong batail / & betwix ſyre Palamides & Bleoberys there was a ſtrong batail / & ſir Gawayne and ſyr Tryſtram mette / and there ſyr Gawayne had the werſe / for he pulled ſyre Gawayne from his hors / And there he was long vpon foote and defouled / Thenne cam in ſyr Launcelot and he ſmote ſyr Turquyne / and he hym / & thenne came ſyr Caradus his broder / and bothe at ones they aſſayled hym / & he as the mooſt nobleſt knyght of the world worſhipfully foughte with hem bothe / that al men wondred of the nobleſſe of ſyr launcelot / And thenne came in ſyr Gareth and knewe that it was ſir launcelot that fought with tho two peryllous knyghtes / And thenne ſyr Gareth came with his good hors and hurtled hem in ſonder / & no ſtroke wold he ſmyte to ſyr Launcelot / that aſpyed ſir launcelot & demed it ſhold be the good knyghte ſyre Gareth / & thenne ſyr Gareth rode here and there / & ſmote on the ryght hand & on the lyfte hand that alle the folke myghte wel aſpye where that he rode / and by fortune he mette with his broder ſyr Gawayn / and there he put ſyr Gawayne to the werſe / for he put of his helme / and ſo he ſerued ſyue or ſyxe knyghtes of the rounde table that alle men ſaid / he put hym in the moſt payne / and beſt he dyd his deuoyr / For whan ſyr Tryſtram beheld hym how he ſyrſt Iuſted and after foughte ſo wel with a ſwerd / Thenne he rode vnto ſyr Ironſyde and to ſyre Perſaunt of ynde and aſked hem by their feythe / what maner a knyghte is yonder knyght that ſemeth in ſoo many dyuerſe colours / Truly me ſemeth ſayd Tryſtram that he putteth hym ſelf in grete payne for he neuer ceaſeth / Wote ye not what he is ſayd ſyr Ironſyde / No ſaid ſyr Tryſtram / thenne ſhal ye knowe that this is he that loueth the lady of the caſtel and ſhe hym ageyne / and this is he that wanne me whan I byſeged the lady of this caſtel / and this he that wanne ſyr Perſaunt of ynde / and his thre bretheren / what is his name ſayd ſyr Tryſtram and of what blood is he come / he was called in the courte of kyng Arthur Beaumayns / but his ryȝt name is ſir Gareth of Orkeney broder to ſir Gawayn / by my hede ſaid ſir Triſtram he is a good kniȝt

knyght and a bygge man of armes / & yf he be yong he ſhalle preue a ful noble knyghte / he is but a child they all ſaide & of ſyr Launcelot he was made knyȝt / therfor is he mykel the better ſaid Tryſtram / And thenne ſyr Tryſtram / ſyr Ironſyde / ſyr Perſaunt and his broder rode to gyders for to helpe ſir gareth / & thenne there were gyuen many ſtrong ſtrokes / And thenne ſyr Gareth rode oute on the one ſyde to amende his helme / & thenne ſaid his dwerf take me your ryng that ye leſe it not whyle that ye drynke / And ſo whan he had dronken he gat on his helme / & egerly took his hors & rode in to the felde & lefte his rynge with his dwerf / and the dwerf was gladde the ryng was from hym / for thenne he wiſt wel he ſhold be knowen And thenne whan ſyr Gareth was in the felde all folkes ſawe hym wel / & playnly that he was in yelowe colours / & there he raſſyd of helmes & pulled doun knyȝtes that kynge Arthur had merueylle what knyȝt he was / for the kyng ſawe by his here that it was the ſame knyght

¶ Capitulum xxxj

BVt by fore he was in ſo many colours and now he is but in one colour that is yelowe / Now goo ſaid kyng Arthur vnto dyuerſe heroudes and ryde aboute hym & aſpye what maner knyghte he is / for I haue ſperyd of many knyghtes this day that ben vpon his party / and all ſaye they knowe hym not / And ſo an heroude rode nyhe Gareth as he coude / and there he ſawe wryten aboute his helme in golde / This helme is ſyr gareth of Orkeney / Thenne the heroude cryed as he were wood / & many heroudes with hym / This is ſyre gareth of Orkeney in the yelowe armes that by all kynges and knyghtes of Arthurs beheld hym & awayted / & thenne they preſſyd al to beholde hym / & euer the heroudes cryed this is ſyre gareth of Orkeney kyng Lots ſone / and whan ſyr gareth aſpyed that he was diſcoueryd / thenne he doubled his ſtrokes / & ſmote doune ſyr Sagramore & his broder ſir gawayn / O broder ſaide ſir gawayn I wende ye wolde not haue ſtryken me / ſo whan he herd hym ſay ſo he thrang here & there / & ſo with grete payne he gat out of the prees / and there he mette with his dwerf / O boye ſaid ſyr gareth thou haſt begyled me foule this day that thou kepte my rynge / Gyue it me anone ageyn that

[leaf 131 verso]

I may hyde my body with al / and ſoo he tooke it hym / And thenne they all wiſt not where he was become / and ſyr Gawayn had in maner aſpyed where ſyr Gareth rode / and thenne he rode after with alle his myghte / that aſpyed ſyr Gareth and rode lyghtely in to the foreſt that ſyr Gawayn wiſt not where he was become / And whan ſyr Gareth wyſt that ſyr Gawayn was paſt / he aſked the dwerf of beſt counceil / Syr ſaid the dwerf / me ſemeth it were beſt now that ye are eſcaped fro ſpyeng that ye ſend my lady dame lyones her rynge / It is wel aduyſed ſaid ſyr Gareth / now haue it here and bere it to her / And ſaye that I recommaunde me vnto her good grace / and ſaye her I will come whan I maye / and I pray her to be true and ſeythful to me as I wil be to her / Syr ſaid the dwerf it ſhal be done as ye commaunde / and ſoo he rode his waye and dyd his eraund vnto the lady / Thenne ſhe ſaid where is my knyghte ſyr Gareth / Madame ſaid the dwerf he bad me ſaye / that he wold not be long from you / ¶ And ſoo lyghtely the dwerf cam ageyne vnto ſyr Gareth that wold ful ſayne haue had a lodgyng / for he had nede to be repoſed / And thenne felle there a thonder and a rayne as heuen and erthe ſhold goo to gyder / And ſyr Gareth was not a lytyl wery / for of al that day he had but lytel reſt neyther his hors nor he / So this ſyr Gareth rode ſoo longe in that foreſt vntyl the nyghte came And euer it lyghtned and thondred as it had ben woode At the laſt by fortune he came to a Caſtel / and there he herd the waytes vpon the wallys

¶ Capitulum xxxij /

THenne ſyr Gareth rode vnto the barbycan of the caſtel / and praid the porter fayr to lete hym in to the caſtel / The porter anſuerd vngoodely ageyne / and ſaide thow geteſt no lodgyng here / Fayr ſyr ſay not ſoo for I am a knyȝte of kynge Arthurs / & pray the lord or the lady of this caſtel to gyue me herberow for the loue of kynge Arthur / Thenne the porter wente vnto the ducheſſe / and told her how ther was a knyghte of kyng Arthurs wold haue herberowe / lete hym in ſaid the ducheſſe / for I wille ſee that knyghte / And for kyng Arthurs ſake he ſhalle not be herberoules /

¶ Thenne ſhe yode vp in to a toure ouer the gate with greete torche lyght / whan ſir Gareth ſawe that torche lyghte he cryed

on hyhe whether thou be lord or lady gyaunt or champyon I take no force ſo that I may haue herberowe this nyghte / & yf hit ſo be that I muſt nedes ſyghte / ſpare me not to morne when I haue reſtyd me for bothe I and myn hors ben wery / Syr knyghte ſaid the lady thou ſpekeſt knyghtly and boldly / but wete thou wel the lord of this caſtel loueth not kyng Arthur / nor none of his court / for my lord hath euer ben ageynſt hym and therfor thou were better not to come within this caſtel / For and thou come in this nyghte / thou muſt come in vnder ſuche fourme that where ſomeuer thou mete my lord by ſtyȝ or by ſtrete / thou muſt yelde the to hym as pryſoner / Madame ſaid ſyre Gareth what is your lord and what is his name / ſyr my lordes name is the duke de la rouſe / wel madame ſaid ſyr Gareth I ſhal promyſe yow in what place I mete your lord I ſhalle yelde me vnto hym and to his good grace with that I vnderſtande he wille do me no harme / And yf I vnderſtand that he wille I wil releace my ſelf and I can with my ſpere and my ſwerd / ye ſay wel ſaid the ducheſſe / and thenne ſhe lete the drawe brydge doune / and ſoo he rode in to the halle / and there he alyghte / and his hors was ledde in to a ſtable / & in the halle he vnarmed hym / & ſaide madame I will not oute of this holle this nyghte / And whan it is daye lyght / lete ſee / who wil haue adoo with me / he ſhal ſynde me redy / Thenne was he ſette vnto ſouper / and had many good dyſſhes / thenne ſyr Gareth lyſt wel to ete / and knyghtely he ete his mete / and egerly / there was many a fair lady by hym / & ſome ſaid they neuer ſawe a goodlyer man nor ſo wel of etynge / thenne they made hym paſſyng good chere / & ſhortly whan he had ſouped his bedde was made there ſo he reſted hym al nyghte / And on the morne he herd maſſe & brake his faſt & toke his leue at the ducheſſe / & at them al / & thanked her goodely of her lodgyng & of his good chere / & thenne ſhe aſked gym his name / Madame he ſaide truly my name is Gareth of Orkeney / & ſome men calle me Beaumayns / thēne knewe ſhe wel it was the ſame knyȝt that fouȝt for dame lyones / ſo ſir gareth departed & rode vp in to a montayne / & ther mette hym a knyghte / his name was ſyr Bendelayne and ſayd to ſyr Gareth thou ſhalt not paſſe this way / for outher thou ſhalt Iuſte with me or

[leaf 132 verso]

els be my pryſoner / Thenme wille I Iuſte ſaid ſyr Gareth / And ſoo they lete their horſes renne / and there ſyr Gareth ſmote hym thorou oute the body / and ſyr Bendalyne rode forth to his caſtel there beſyde and there dyed / So ſyr gareth wold haue reſted hym / and he cam rydynge to Bendalaynis caſtel / Thenne his knyghtes and ſeruauntes aſpyed that it was he that had ſlayne their lord / Thenne they armed xx good men and cam out and aſſailled ſyr gareth / and ſoo he had no ſpere but his ſwerd / and put his ſhelde afore hym / and there they brake their ſperes vpon hym / and they aſſailled hem paſſyngly ſore / But euer ſyr gareth deffended hym as a knyght

¶ Capitulum xxxiij

SOo whan they ſawe that they myghte not ouercome hym / they rode from hym / and took their counceylle to ſlee his hors / and ſoo they cam in vpon ſyr gareth / and with ſperes they ſlewe his hors / and thenne they aſſailled hym hard But whan he was on foote / there was none that he raughte but he gaf him ſuche a buffet that he dyd neuer recouer / So he ſlewe hem by one and one tyl they were but foure / and there they fledde / and ſire gareth took a good hors that was one of theirs and rode his waye / Thenne he rode a grete paas til that he came to a caſtel and there he herd moche mornynge of ladyes and gentylwymmen / ſo ther cam by hym a page / what noyſe is this ſaid ſyr gareth that I here within this caſtel / Syre knyghte ſaid the page here ben within this caſtel thyrtty ladyes and alle they be wydowes / For here is a knyght that wayteth dayly vpon this caſtel / and his name is the broun knyght withoute pyte / and he is the peryllouſt knyght that now lyueth / And therfor ſir ſaid the page I rede you flee / Nay ſaid ſir gareth I wille not flee though thou be aferd of hym / And thenne the page ſawe where came the broune knyghte / loo ſaid the page yonder he cometh / lete me dele with hym ſaid ſyre gareth / And whan eyther of other had a ſyghte they lete theyr horſes renne / and the broune knyghte brake his ſpere and ſir gareth ſmote hym thorou oute the body that he ouerthrewe hym to the ground ſtark dede / So ſir gareth rode in to the caſtel & praid the ladyes þt he myȝt repoſe hym / allas ſaid the ladyes ye may not be lodged here / make hym good chere ſaid the page

for this knyghte hath ſlayne your enemy / thenne they al made hym good chere as laye in their power / But wete ye wel they maade hym good chere for they myghte none otherwyſe doo for they were but poure / And ſo on the morne he wente to maſſe / and there he ſawe the thyrtty ladyes knele / and lay grouelyng vpon dyuerſe tombes makynge grete dole and ſorowe / Thenne ſyr Gareth wyſt wel that in the tombes lay theire lordes / Fayre ladyes ſaid ſyr Gareth ye muſt at the next feeſte of Pentecoſt be at the court of kynge Arthur / and ſaye that I ſyr Gareth ſente you thyder / we ſhal doo this ſaid the ladyes Soo he departed / and by fortune he came to a mountayne / & there he found a goodely knyght that badde hym abyde ſyr knyghte and Iuſte with me / what are ye ſaid ſyr Gareth / My name is ſaid he the duke de la rowſe / A ſyr ye ar the ſame knyghte that I lodged ones in your Caſtel / And there I made promyſe vnto your lady that I ſhold yelde me vnto yow A ſaid the duke arte thou that proud knyghte that profereſt to fyghte with my knyghtes / therfore make the redy for I wil haue adoo with you / Soo they lete their horſes renne / and ther ſyr Gareth ſmote the duke doune from his hors / But the duke lyghtly auoyded his hors / and dreſſid his ſhelde and drewe his ſwerd / and bad ſyr Gareth alyghte and fyghte with hym / Soo he dyd alyghte / and they dyd grete batail to gyders more than an houre / and eyther hurte other ful ſore / Att the laſt ſir Gareth gat the duke to the erthe / and wold haue ſlayn hym / and thenne he yelded hym to hym / Thenne muſt ye goo ſaid ſir Gareth vnto ſyr Arthur my lord at the next feeſt and ſaye that I ſir Gareth of Orkeney ſente you vnto hym / hit ſhal be done ſaid the duke / and I wil doo to yow homage and feaute with an C knyȝtes with me / and alle the dayes of my lyf to doo you ſeruyſe where ye wille commaunde me /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

SOo the duke departed / and ſir Gareth ſtode there alone and there he ſawe an armed knyght comyng toward hym / Thenne ſyre Gareth toke the dukes ſhelde / and

[leaf 133 verso]

mounted vpon horſbak / and ſoo withoute bydyng they ranne to gyder as it had ben the thonder / And there that knyȝt hurt ſyr Gareth vnder the ſyde with his ſpere / And thenne they alyghte / and drewe their ſwerdes / and gaſe grete ſtrokes that the blood trayled to the ground / And ſoo they foughte two houres / At the laſt there came the damoyſel Lynet that ſomme men calle the damoyſel ſaueage / and ſhe came rydynge vpon an ambelynge meule / and there ſhe cryed al on hyghe / ſyr Gawayne ſyr Gawayne leue thy ſyghtynge with thy broder ſyre Gareth / And whan he herd her ſaye ſoo he threwe aweye hys ſhelde and his ſwerd / and ranne to ſyre Gareth / and tooke hym in his armes / and ſythen kneled doune and aſked hym mercy / What are ye ſaid ſyr Gareth that ryght now were ſoo ſtronge and ſoo myghty / and now ſo ſodenly yelde you to me O Gareth I am your broder ſyr Gawayn that for youre ſake haue had grete ſorou and labour / Thenne ſyr Gareth vnlaced his helme / and knelyd doune to hym / and aſked hym mercy / thenne they roſe both and enbraced eyther other in their armes and wepte a grete whyle or they myghte ſpeke / and eyther of hem gaf other the pryce of the bataille / And there were many kynde wordes bitwene hem / Allas my faire broder ſaid ſir gawayn perde I owe of ryghte to worſhippe you / and ye were not my broder / for ye haue worſhipped kyng Arthur and all his courte / for ye haue ſente me mo worſhipful knyghtes this twelue moneth than ſyxe the beſt of the round table haue done excepte ſir Launcelot / Thenne cam the damoyſel ſaueage that was the lady Lynet that rode with ſir gareth ſoo longe / and there ſhe dyd ſtaunche ſir gareths woundes / and ſir gawayns Now what wille ye doo ſaid the damoyſel ſaueage / me ſemeth that it were wel do þt Arthur had wetyng of you both for your horſes are ſoo bryſed that they may not bere / Now faire damoyſel ſaid ſyr Gawayne / I praye you ryde vnto my lord myn vnkel kynge Arthur / and telle hym what aduenture is to me betyd here / and I ſuppoſe he wille not tary long / Thenne ſhe tooke her meule and lyghtly ſhe came to kynge Arthur / that was but two myle thens / And whan ſhe had told hym tydynges the kynge bad gete hym a palfroy / ¶ And whan he was vpon his bak he badde the lordes and ladyes come after who

[leaf 134]

that wold / and there was ſadelyng and brydelyng of quenes horſes and prynces horſes / & wel was hym that ſooneſt myght be redy / Soo whan the kynge came there as they were he ſawe ſyr Gawayn and ſyr Gareth ſytte vpon a lytel hylle ſyde / & thenne the kynge auoyded his hors / And whanne he cam nyghe ſyre Gareth / he wold haue ſpoken but he myghte not / and therwith he ſanke doune in a ſwoune for gladneſſe / and ſoo they ſtarte vnto theyr vnkyl / and requyred hym of his good grace to be of good comforte / Wete ye wel the kyng made grete ioye and many a pyteous complaynte he made to ſyr Gareth / And euer he wepte as he had ben a chyld / With that cam his moder the quene of Orkeney dame Morgauſe / And whan ſhe ſawe ſyr Gareth redely in the vyſage ſhe myghte not wepe but ſodenly felle doun in a ſwoune / and lay there a grete whyle lyke as ſhe had ben dede / And thenne ſyr Gareth recomforted his moder in ſuche wyſe that ſhe recouerd and made good chere / Thenne the kynge commaunded that al maner of knyghtes that were vnder his obeiſſaunce ſhold make their lodgyng ryght there for the loue of his neuewes / And ſoo it was done and al manere of purueaunce purueyd that ther lacked nothyng that myghte be goten of tame nor wylde for gold or ſyluer / And thenne by the meanes of the damoyſel Saueage ſyr Gawayne and ſyr Gareth were heled of their woundes / and there they ſoiourned eyght dayes / Thenne ſaid kyng Arthur vnto the damoyſel ſaueage I merueylle that your ſyſter Dame Lyones cometh not here to me / and in eſpecyal that ſhe cometh not to vyſyte her knyghte my neuewe ſyre Gareth that hath had ſoo moche trauaille for her loue / My lord ſaid the damoyſel Lynet ye muſt of your good grace hold her excuſed / For ſhe knoweth not that my lord ſyr Gareth is here / Go thēne for her ſaid kynge Arthur that we may be apoynted what is beſt to done accordyng to the pleſyr of my neuewe / Syr ſaid the damoyſel that ſhal be done / and ſoo ſhe rode vnto her ſyſter / And as lyghtely as ſhe myght made her redy & ſhe cam on the morne with her broder ſyr Gryngamor / and with her xl knyȝtes / And ſo whan ſhe was come ſhe had alle the chere that myghte be done bothe of the kynge and of many other kynges and quenes

[leaf 134 verso]

¶ Capitulum xxxv

AND amonge alle theſe ladyes ſhe was named the fayreſt and pyereles / Thenne whanne ſyr Gawayn ſawe her / there was many a goodely loke and goodely wordes that alle men of worſhip had ioye to beholde them / Thenne cam kynge Arthur and many other kynges and dame Gweneuer & the quene of Orkeney / And there the kyng aſked his neuew ſyre Gareth whether he wold haue that lady as peramour or to haue her to his wyf / My lord wete yow wel that I loue her aboue al ladyes lyuynge / Now fayre lady ſaid kyng Arthur what ſay ye / Mooſt noble kynge ſaid dame Lyones wete yow wel that my lord ſyr Gareth is to me more leuer to haue and welde as my huſband than ony kyng or prynce that is cryſtened / and yf I maye not haue hym I promyſe yow I wylle neuer haue none / For my lord Arthur ſayd dame Lyones wete ye wel he is my fyrſt loue and he ſhal be the laſte / And yf ye wil ſuffre hym to haue his wyl and free choyſe I dare ſaye he wylle haue me / That is trouthe ſaid ſyr Gareth / And I haue not you and weld not you as my wyf / there ſhal neuer lady ne gentylwoman reioyce me / What neuewe ſaid the kynge is the wynde in that dore / for wete ye wel I wold not for the ſtynte of my croune to be cauſar to withdrawe your hertes / And wete ye wel ye con not loue ſo wel but I ſhal rather encreace hit than dyſtreſſe hit / And alſo ye ſhal haue my loue and my lordſhip in the vttermeſt wyſe that may lye in my power / And in the ſame wyſe ſaid ſir Gareths moder / thenne there was made a prouyſyon for the day of maryge / and by the kynges aduyſe it was prouyded that it ſhold be at Mychelmas folowyng at kynkenadon by the ſee ſyde / for ther is plentyful countrey / And ſoo it was cryed in al the places thurgh the royamme / And thenne ſyr Gareth ſent his ſomones to alle theſe knyghtes and ladyes that he had wonnen in batail to fore that they ſhold be at his day of maryage at kynkenadon by the ſandys / And thenne dame Lyones and the damoyſel Lynet with ſyr Gryngamor rode to theire caſtel / and a goodely and a ryche rynge ſhe gaf to ſyr Gareth / and he gaf her another / And kyng Arthur gaf her a ryche bee of

[leaf 135]

gold / and ſoo ſhe departed / and kyng Arthur and his felauſhip rode toward Kynkenadon / and ſyr Gareth broughte his lady on the way / & ſo cam to the kyng ageyne and rode with hym / Lord the grete chere that ſyr launcelot made of ſir Gareth and he of hym / for there was neuer no knyght that ſyr gareth loued ſo wel as he dyd ſyr Launcelot / and euer for the moſt party he wold be in ſyr launcelots company / for after ſyr Gareth had aſpyed ſir Gawayns condycions he withdrewe hym ſelf fro his broder ſyr Gawayns felauſhip / for he was vengeable / and where he hated he wold be auengyd with murther and that hated ſyr gareth

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

SOo hit drewe faſte to Mychelmas / and thyder came dame Lyones the lady of the caſtel peryllous and her ſyſter dame Lynet with ſyre gryngamor her broder with hem / For he had the conduyte of theſe ladyes / And there they were lodged at the deuyſe of kyng Arthur / And vpon mychelmas day the Biſſhop of Caunterbury made the weddyng betwixe ſyr gareth and the lady Lyones with grete ſolempnyte / and kyng Arthur made gaherys to wedde the damoyſel ſaueage / that was dame Lynet / and kyng Arthur made ſyr Agrauayne to wedde dame Lyones nees a fayr lady / her name was dame Laurel / And ſo whan this ſolemnacion was done / thenne came in the grene knyghte ſyr Pertylope with thyrtty knyghtes / and there he dyd homage and feaute to ſyr gareth and theſe knyghtes to hold of hym for euermore / Alſo ſir Pertilope ſaid I pray you that at this feeſt I maye be your chamberlayne / with a good wil ſaid ſyr gareth / ſyth it lyketh you to take ſoo ſymple on offyce / Thenne come in the reed knyghte with thre ſcore knyghtes with hym / and dyde to ſyr Gareth homage and feaute / and alle tho knyghtes to hold of hym for euermore / And thenne this ſyr Perymonyes praide ſir gareth to graunte hym to be his chyef botteler at that hyghe feeſt I wil wel ſaide ſir gareth that ye haue this offyce and it were better / Thenne came in ſyr Perſant of Inde with an C knyghtes with hym / and there he dyd homage and feaute / and

[leaf 135 verso]

al his knyghtes ſhold doo hym ſeruyſe / and hold their londes of hym for euer / and there he prayd ſyr Gareth to make hym his Sewar chyef at the feeſt / I wil wel ſaid ſyr Gareth that ye haue it & it were better / Thenne cam the dukde la rowſe with an C knyghtes with hym / and there he dyd homage and feaute to ſyr Gareth / and ſoo to hold theire londes of hym for euer / And he requyred ſyr Gareth that he myght ſerue hym of the wyn that day at that feeſt / I wil wel ſayd ſyr Gareth and it were better / Thenne came in the reed knyȝte of the reed laundes that was ſyr Ironſyde / and he broughte with hym thre honderd knyghtes / and there he dyd homage & feaute / and al theſe knyghtes to hold their landes of hym for euer / And thenne he aſked ſyr Gareth to be his keruer / I will wel ſaid ſyr Gareth and it pleaſe you / Thenne came in to the courte thyrtty ladyes / and alle they ſemed wydowes / and tho thyrtty ladyes broughte with hem many fayre gentylwymmen / And alle they kneled doune at ones vnto kyng arthur and vnto ſyr Gareth / and there al tho ladyes told the kyng how ſyr Gareth delyuerd hem from the dolorous toure / and ſlewe the broune knyght withoute pyte / And therfore we and oure heyres for euermore wille doo homage vnto ſyr Gareth of Orkeney / So thenne the kynges and quenes / prynces & erlys Barons and many bold knyghtes wente vnto mete / & well maye ye wete there were al manere of mete plentyuouſly / alle manere rules and games with al manere of mynſtralſy that was vſed in tho dayes / ¶ Alſo ther was grete Iuſtes thre dayes / But the kynge wold not ſuffre ſyre Gareth to Iuſte by cauſe of his newe bryde / for as the frenſſhe book ſayth that dame Lyones deſyred of the kynge that none that were wedded ſhold Iuſte at that feeſt / Soo the fyrſt day there Iuſted ſir lamerak de galys / for he ouerthrewe thyrtty knyghtes / & did paſſyng merueilloufly dedes of armes / and thenne kyng Arthur made ſyr Perſaunt and his two bretheren knyghtes of the round table to their lyues ende / and gaf hem grete londes / Alſo the ſecond daye there Iuſted Tryſtram beſt / and he ouerthrew fourty knyghtes / and dyd there merueillous dedes of armes And there kynge Arthur made Ironſyde that was the reed knyghte of the reed laundes a knyghte of the table round to

[leaf 136]

his lyues ende / and gaf hym grete landes / The thyrd day there Iusted syr launcelot du lake / and he ouerthrewe syfty knyghtes and dyd many merueyllous dedes of armes that all men wondred on hym / And there kynge Arthur made the duke de la rouse a knyghte of the round table to his lyues ende / and gaf hym grete landes to spende / But whan this Iustes were done / syr Lamerak and syr Trystram departed sodenly / & wold not be knowm / for the whiche kyng Arthur and all the court were sore displeasyd / And soo they helde the courte fourty dayes with grete solempnyte / And this syr Gareth was a noble knyghte and a wel rulyd and fayr langaged

¶ Thus endeth this tale of syr Gareth of Orkeney that wedded dame Lyones of the castel peryllous / And also syr Gaberys wedded her syster dame Lynet / that was called the damoysel laueage / And syr Agrauayne wedded dame Laurel a fayr lady and grete and myghty landes with grete rychesse gaf with them kyng Arthur that ryally they myght lyue tyl their lyues ende

Here foloweth the viij book the which is the first book of sir Tristram de Lyones / & who was his fader & his moder / & hou he was borne and fosteryd / And how he was made knyghte

¶ Capitulum primum

It was a kyng that hyghte Melyodas / and he was lord and kynge of the countre of Lyonas And this Melyodas was a lykely knyght as ony was that tyme lyuynge / And by fortune he wedded kynge Markys ſyſter of Cornewaille / And ſhe was called Elyzabeth that was callyd bothe good and fair And at that tyme kynge Arthur regned / and he was hole kynge of Englond / walys and Scotland & of many other royammes how be it there were many kynges that were lordes of many countreyes / but alle they held their landes of kyng Arthur / for in walys were two kynges / and in the north were many kynges / And in Cornewail and in the weſt were two kynges / ¶ Alſo in Irland were two or thre kynges and al were vnder the obeiſſaunce of kyng Arthur / So was the kynge of Fraunce and the kyng of Bretayn and all the lordſhippes vnto Rome / So whan this kyng Melyodas hadde ben with his wyf / within a whyle ſhe waxid grete with child and ſhe was a ful meke lady / and wel ſhe loued her lord / & he her ageyne / ſoo there was grete ioye betwixe them / Thenne ther was a lady in that countrey that had loued kynge Melyodas longe / And by no meane ſhe neuer coude gete his loue therfore ſhe lete ordeyne vpon a day as kynge Melyodas rode on huntynge / for he was a grete chacer / and there by an enchauntement ſhe made hym chace an herte by hym ſelf alone / til that he came to an old Caſtel / and there anone he was taken pryſoner by the lady that hym loued / Whanne Elyzabeth kyng Melyodas myſt her lord / and ſhe was nyghe oute of her wytte and alſo as grete with child as ſhe was ſhe took a gentylwoman with her / and ranne in to the foreſt to ſeke her lord / And whanne ſhe was ferre in the foreſt ſhe myghte no ferther for ſhe byganne to trauaille faſt of her child / And ſhe had many grymly throwes / her gentylwoman halp her alle that ſhe myghte / And ſoo by myracle of oure lady of heuen ſhe was delyuerd with grete paynes / But ſhe had taken ſuche cold for the defaute of helpe that depe draughtes of deth toke her / that nedes ſhe muſt dye and departe oute of this world / ther was

none other boote / And whanne this quene Elyzabeth ſawe that ther was none other bote / thenne ſhe made grete dole / and ſaid vnto her gentylwoman / whan ye ſee my lord kyng Melyodas recommaunde me vnto hym / and telle hym what paynes I endure here for gis loue / and how I muſt dye here for his ſake for defaute of good helpe / and lete hym wete that I am ful ſory to departe out of this world fro hym / therfor pray hym to be frende to my ſoule / Now lete me ſee my lytel child / for whome I haue had alle this ſorowe / And whanne ſhe ſawe hym ſhe ſaid thus / A my lytel ſone thou haſt murthered thy moder / and therfore I ſuppoſe thou that arte a murtherer ſoo yong / thou arte ful lykely to be a manly man in thyn age / And by cauſe I ſhal dye of the byrthe of the / I charge the gentylwoman / that thou pray my lord kynge Melyodas that whan he is cryſtned lete calle hym Tryſtram that is as moch to ſaye / as a ſorouful byrthe / And ther with this quene gaſe vp the ghooſt and dyed / Thenne the gentylwoman leyd her vnder an vmbre of a grete tree / and thenne ſhe lapped the chyld as wel as ſhe myght for cold / Ryghte ſoo ther came the Barons folowynge after the quene / ¶ And whan they ſawe that ſhe was dede / and vnderſtood none other but the kynge was deſtroyed /

¶ Capitulum ſecundum

THenne certayne of them wold haue ſlayne the child / by cauſe they wold haue ben lordes of the countrey of Lyonas / But thenne thorou the faire ſpeche of the gentylwoman / and by the meanes that ſhe made / the mooſt party of the Barons wold not aſſente ther to / And thenne they lete cary home the dede quene / and moche dole was made for her / Thenne this meane whyle Merlyn delyuerd kynge Melyodas out of pryſon on the morne after his quene was dede / And ſo when the kynge was come home / the mooſt party of the barons made grete ioye / But the ſorou that the kyng made for his quene that myghte no tong telle

Soo thenne the kynge lete entere her rychely and after he lete cryſtene his child as his wyf had commaunded afore her

[leaf 137 verso]

deth / And thenne he lete calle hym Tryſtram the ſorouful borne child / ¶ Thenne the kynge Melyodas endured ſeuen yeres withoute a wyf / And alle this tyme Tryſtram was nouryſſhed wel / ¶ Thenne hit befelle that kynge Melyodas wedded kynge Howles doughter of Bretayne / and anone ſhe hadde children of kynge Melyodas / thenne was ſhe heuy and wrothe / that her children ſhold not reioyce the Countrey of Lyones / wherfor this quene ordeyned for to poyſone yong Triſtram / So ſhe lete poyſon be put in a pyece of ſyluer in the chamber where as Tryſtram and her children were to gyders / Vnto that entente that whanne Tryſtram were thurſty he ſhold drynke that drynke / And ſo hit felle vpon a daye the quenes ſone as he was in that chamber / aſpyed the pyece with poyſon / and he wende hit hadde ben good drynke / and by cauſe the child was thurſty he tooke the pyece with poyſon and dranke frely / and there with al ſodenly the child braſt & was dede / whanne the quene Melyodas wyſt of the dethe of her ſone wete ye wel that ſhe was heuy / But yet the kyng vnderſtode no thynge of her treaſon / ¶ Not withſtandynge the quene wold not leue this / but efte ſhe lete ordeyne more poyſon / and putte hit in a pyece / And by fortune kyng Melyodas her huſband ſond the pyece with wyn where was the poyſon / and he that was moche thurſty took the pyece for to drynke ther oute And as he wold haue dronken therof / the Quene aſpyed hym / and thenne ſhe ranne vnto hym / and pulled the pyece from hym ſodenly ¶ The kyng merueilled why ſhe dyd ſoo / and remembryd hym how her ſone was ſodenly ſlayne with poyſon / And thenne he took her by the hand and ſayd / thou fals traitreſſe thou ſhalte telle me what manere of drynke this is / or els I ſhalle ſlee the / And ther with he pulled oute his ſwerd / and ſware a grete othe that he ſhold ſlee her / but yf ſhe told hym trouthe / A mercy my lord ſayd ſhe / and I ſhalle telle you alle / And thenne ſhe told hym why ſhe wold haue ſlayne Tryſtram / by cauſe her chyldren ſhold reioyce his land / wel ſaid the kyng Melyodas / and therfor ſhal ye haue the lawe / And ſoo ſhe was dampned by the aſſente of the Barons to be brent / and thenne was ther made a grete fyre / & ryght as ſhe was at the fyre to take her execucion / yong

Tryſtram knelyd afore kynge Melyodas / and beſought hym to gyue hym a bone / I wylle wel ſaid the kynge ageyne /

¶ Thenne ſaide yonge Tryſtram gyue me the lyf of thy quene my ſtepmoder / That is vnryghtfully aſked ſaid kyng Melyodas / for thou oughte of ryght to hate her / for ſhe wold haue ſlayne the with that poyſon and ſhe myghte haue hadde her wille / And for thy ſake mooſt is my cauſe that ſhe ſholde dye Syr ſaide Tryſtram as for that I byſeche you of your mercy that ye wille forgyue hit her / And as for my parte god forgyue it her and I doo / and ſoo moche it lyked your hyhenes to graunte me my bone / for goddes loue I requyre you hold your promyſe / Sythen hit is ſoo ſaid the kynge I wille that ye haue her lyf / thenne ſaid the kynge I gyue her to you / and go ye to the fyre and take her / and doo with her what ye wylle / Soo ſyre Tryſtram wente to the fyre / and by the commaundement of the kyng delyuerd her from the dethe / But after that kynge Melyodas wold neuer haue adoo with her as at bedde and borde / But by the good meanes of yong Tryſtram he made the kynge and her accorded / But thenne the kynge wold not ſuffre yonge Tryſtram to abyde no lenger in his courte

¶ Capitulum iij

And thenne he lete ordeyne a gentylman that was wel lerned and taughte / his name was gouernayle / and thenne he ſente yonge Tryſtram with Gouernayle in to Fraunce to lerne the langage / and nurture / and dedes of armes / And there was Tryſtram more than ſeuen yeres /

¶ And thenne whanne he wel couthe ſpeke the langage and hadde lerned alle that he myght lerne in that countreyes / thenne he came home to his fader kynge Melyodas ageyne / and ſo Tryſtram lerned to be an harper paſſynge alle other that there was none ſuche called in no countrey / and ſoo in harpynge & on Inſtrumentys of muſyke he applyed hym in his yongthe for to lerne / And after as he growed in myght and ſtrengthe he laboured euer in huntynge and in haukynge ſoo that neuer

[leaf 138 verso]

gentylman more that euer we herd rede of / ¶ And as the book ſayth / he beganne good meſures of blowyng of beeſtes of venery and beeſtes of chace / and alle manere of vermayns / and alle theſe termes we haue yet of haukyng and huntyng And therfore the book of venery / of haukynge and hunty- 5 nge is called the book of ſyr Tryſtram / Wherfor as me ſemeth alle gentylmen that beren old armes oughte of ryght to honoure ſyre Tryſtram for the goodly termes that gentilmen haue and vſe / and ſhalle to the daye of dome / that there by in a maner alle men of worſhip maye diſſeuer a gentylman fro a 10 yoman / and from a yoman a vylayne / For he that gentyl is wylle drawe hym vnto gentil tatches / and to ſolowe the cuſtommes of noble gentylmen ¶ Thus ſyr Tryſtram endured in Cornewaile vntyl he was bygge / and ſtronge / of the age of xviij yeres / And thenne the kynge Melyodas had 15 grete ioye of ſyr Tryſtram / and ſoo had the quene his wyfe / For euer after in her lyf by cauſe ſyre Tryſtram ſaued her from the ſyre ſhe dyd neuer hate hym more after / but loued hym euer after / and gaf Tryſtram many grete yeſtes for euery eſtate loued hym / where that he wente 20

¶ Capitulum quartum

THenne it befelle that kynge Anguyſſhe of Irland / ſente vnto kynge Marke of Cornewaile for his truage that Cornewaile had payed many wynters / And alle that tyme kynge Marke was behynde of the truage for ſeuen yeres / And kyng Marke and his Barons gaf vnto the 25 meſſager of Irland theſe wordes and anſuere that they wold none paye / and bad the meſſagyer goo vnto his Kynge Anguyſſhe / and telle hym we wille paye hym no truage / but telle youre lord / and he wille alweyes haue truage of vs of Cornewaile / bydde hym ſende a truſty knyghte of his land / 30 that wille fyghte for his ryght / and we ſhalle fynde another for to defende oure ryght / With this anſuer the meſſagers departed in to Irland / ¶ And whanne kynge Anguyſh vnderſtood the anſuere of the meſſagers / he was wonderly wroth

And thenne he callyd vnto hym ſyr Marhaus the good knyght that was nobly preued / and a knyghte of the table round / And this Marhaus was broder vnto the quene of Irland / ¶ Thenne the kynge ſayd thus / Fayre broder ſir Marhaus I praye yow goo in to Cornewaile for my ſake and do bataille for our truage that of ryght we oughte to haue / and what ſomeuer ye ſpende ye ſhalle haue ſuffyciently more than ye ſhal nede / Syre ſaide Marhaus wete ye wel that I ſhalle not be lothe to doo bataille in the ryght of you and your land with the beſt knyght of the table rounde / for I knowe them for the mooſt party what ben theire dedes / and for to auaunce my dedes and to encreace my worſhip I wylle ryght gladly goo vnto this iourneye for our ryghte

¶ Soo in alle haſte there was made purueaunce for ſyr marhaus / and he hadde al thynge that to hym neded / and ſoo he departed out of Irland / and arryued vp in Cornewaile euen faſt by the caſtel of Tyntagil / And whan kynge Marke vnderſtood that he was there arryued to ſyghte for Irland /

¶ Thenne made kynge marke grete ſorou whan he vnderſtood that the good and noble knyghte ſire Marhaus was come / For they knewe no knyght that durſte haue adoo with hym / For at that tyme ſyre Marhaus was called one of the famoſeſt and renoumed knyghtes of the world

¶ And thus ſyre Marhaus abode in the ſee / and euery daye he ſente vnto kynge Marke for to paye the truage that was behynde of ſeuen yere / outher els to ſynde a knyght to ſyghte with hym for the truage / This maner of meſſage ſyre Marhaus ſente dayly vnto kynge Marke / ¶ Thenne they of Cornewayle lete make cryes in euery place that what knyght wold ſyghte for to ſaue the truage of Cornewaile he ſholde be rewarded ſoo that he ſholde fare the better terme of hys lyf / ¶ Thenne ſome of the Barons ſayde to kynge Marke / and counceiled hym to ſende to the courte of Kynge Arthur for to ſeke ſyre Launcelot du lake that was that tyme named for the merueillouſt Knyght of alle the worlde /

¶ Thenne there were ſomme other Barons that counceylled the Kynge not to doo ſoo & ſaid that it was laboure in vayn /

[leaf 139 verso]

by cauſe ſyr Marhaus was a knyght of the round table / therfor ony of hem will be loth to haue adoo with other / but yf hit were ony knyght at his owne requeſt wold ſyghte dyſguyſed and vnknowen / Soo the kynge and alle his barons aſſented that it was no bote to ſeke ony knyght of the round table / ¶ This meane whyle came the langage and the noyſe vnto kynge Meliodas hou that ſire Marhaus abode bataille faſte by Tyntagil / And how kyng Marke couthe ſynde no maner knyghte to ſyghte for hym / Whan yong Tryſtram herd of thys / he was wrothe and ſore aſhamed that ther durſt no knyghte in Cornewaile haue adoo with ſyr Marhaus of Irland /

¶ Capitulum quintum

THere with al Tryſtram wente vnto his fader Kynge Meliodas and aſked hym counceil what was beſt to doo for to recouer Cornewaile from truage / For as me ſemeth ſaid ſir Triſtram it were ſhame that ſyr Marhaus the quenes broder of Irland ſhold goo aweye onles that he were foughten with alle ¶ As for that ſaid kyng Meliodas wete you wel ſone Triſtram that ſyre Marhaus is called one of the beſt knyghtes of the world and knyghte of the table round / And therfore I knowe no knyghte in this countre that is able to matche with hym / ¶ Allas ſaide ſyre Triſtram that I am not made knyght / And yf ſir Marhaus ſhold thus departe in to Irland / god lete me neuer haue worſhip and I were made knyght I ſhold matche hym /
And ſyr ſaid Tryſtram I pray you gyue me leue to ryde to kynge Mark / and ſoo ye be not diſpleaſyd / of kynge Marke wille I be made Knyght / I wille wel ſaide kyng Meliodas that ye be ruled as your courage wille rule you
¶ Thenne ſir Tryſtram thanked his fader moche / And thenne he made hym redy to ryde in to Cornewaile / ¶ In the meane whyle there came a meſſager with letters of loue fro kynge Faramon of Fraunces doughter vnto ſyre Tryſtram that were ful pyteous letters & in them were wryten many complayntes of loue / but ſyre Triſtram had no Ioye of her letters nor

regard vnto her / Alſo ſhe ſente hym a lytel brachet that was paſſynge fayre / But whan the kynges doughter vnderſtood that ſyre Tryſtram wold not loue her / as the book ſayth / ſhe dyed for ſorou / ¶ And thenne the ſame ſquyer that broughte the letter and the brachet came ageyne vnto ſyr Tryſtram / as after ye ſhalle here in the tale ¶ Soo this yonge ſyre Tryſtram rode vnto his eme kynge Marke of Cornewayle / ¶ And whanne he came there / he herd ſay that ther wold no knyghte ſyghte with ſyre Marhaus / Thenne yede ſir Triſtram vnto his eme and ſayd / ſyre yf ye wylle gyue me thordre of knyghthode / I wille doo bataille with ſyr Marhaus / What are ye ſaid the kynge and from whens be ye comen / Sir ſaid Tryſtram I come fro kynge Melyodas that wedded your ſyſter and a gentylman wete ye wel I am

¶ Kynge Marke behelde ſir Tryſtram and ſawe that he was but a yonge man of age / but he was paſſyngly wel maade and bygge / ¶ Faire ſyre ſaid the kynge what is youre name and where were ye borne / Syre ſayd he ageyne / my name is Tryſtram / and in the countreye of Lyones was I borne / Ye ſaye wel ſaid the kynge / and yf ye wille doo this batayll I ſhalle make yow knyghte / Therfore I come to you ſayd ſyre Tryſtram and for none other cauſe

¶ But thenne kynge Marke made hym knyghte / And there with al anone as he had made hym knyght he ſente a meſſager vnto ſyre Marhaus with letters that ſaid / that he hadde ſonde a yonge knyghte redy for to take the bataile to the vttermeſt / hit may wel be ſaid ſyre Marhaus / ¶ But telle kynge Marke I wille not ſyghte with no knyghte but he be of blood royal / that is to ſaye outher kynges ſone outher quenes ſone borne of a prynce or prynceſſe /

¶ Whanne Kynge Marke vnderſtood that / he ſente for ſyre Tryſtram de lyones and tolde hym what was the anſuer of ſyr Marhaus / ¶ Thenne ſayd ſyre Tryſtram ſythen that he ſeyth ſoo / lete hym wete that I am comen of fader ſyde and moder ſyde of as noble blood as he is / ¶ For ſyre now ſhalle ye knowe that I am kynge Melyodas ſone borne of youre own ſyſter dame Elyzabeth that dyed in the foreſt in the byrthe of me / O Iheſu ſaid kynge Mark ye are welcome faire neuewe

[leaf 140 verso]

to me / ¶ Thenne in alle the haſte the kynge lete horſe ſyr Triſtram and arme hym in the beſt maner that myghte be had or goten for gold or ſyluer / ¶ And thenne kynge Marke ſente vnto ſir Marhaus / and dyd hym to wete that a better born mā than he was hym ſelf ſhold fyghte with hym / and his name is ſir Tryſtram de lyonas goten of kynge Melyodas / and borne of kynge Markes ſyſter / Thenne was ſir Marhaus glad and blythe that he ſhold fyghte with ſuche a gentylman / and ſoo by the aſſente of kynge Mark and of ſyr Marhaus they lete ordeyne that they ſhold fyghte within an Iland nyghe ſyr Marhaus ſhyppes / and ſoo was ſyr Tryſtram putte in to a veſſel both his hors and he and all that to hym longed bothe for his body and for his hors / Syre Tryſtram lacked no thynge / And whan kynge Marke and his Barons of Cornewaile beheld how yonge ſyr Tryſtram departed with ſuche a caryage to fyghte for the ryghte of Cornewaile / there was neyther man ne woman of worſhip but they wepte to ſee and vnderſtande ſoo yonge a knyght to Ieoparde hym ſelf for their ryghte /

¶ Capitulum ſextum

SOo to ſhorten this tale whan ſyr Tryſtram was arryued within the Iland / he loked to the ferther ſyde / & there he ſawe at an anker ſyxe ſhippes nyghe to the land / and vnder the ſhadowe of the ſhippes vpon the land / there houed the noble knyghte ſyr Marhaus of Irland / Thenne ſyr Tryſtram commaunded his ſeruaunt gouernail to brynge his hors to the land and dreſſe his harneis at al manere of ryghtes / And thenne whan he had ſoo done / he mounted vpon his hors And whan he was in his ſadel wel apparailled / & his ſhelde dreſſid vpon his ſholder / Tryſtram aſked Gouernayle where is this knyghte that I ſhal haue adoo with alle / Syre ſayd Gouernaile / ſee ye hym not / I wende ye had ſene hym yonder he houeth vnder the vmbre of his ſhippes on horſbak with his ſpere in his hand and his ſheld vpon his ſholder / That is trouthe ſayd the noble knyghte ſyre Tryſtram now I ſee hym wel ynouȝ Thenne he commaunded his ſeruaunt Gouernayle

to goo to his veſſaile ageyne / and commaunde me vnto myne eme kynge Marke / and praye hym / yf that I be ſlayn in this bataille for to entere my body as hym ſemed beſt / & as for me lete hym wete I will neuer yelde me for cowardyſe / and yf I be ſlayne and flee not / thenne they haue loſt no truage for me And yf ſoo be that I flee or yelde me as recreaūt / bydde myn eme neuer berye me in Cryſten beryels / And vpon thy lyf ſaid ſyr Tryſtram to Gouernayle / come thou not nyghe this Iland tyl that thou ſee me ouercomen or ſlayne / or els that I wynne yonder knyght / ſoo eyther departed from other ſore wepynge

¶ Capitulum ſeptimum

And thenne ſyr Marhaus auyſed ſyr Tryſtram and ſaid thus / yonge knyght ſyr Tryſtram what doſt thou here / me ſore repenteth of thy courage / for wete thou wel I haue ben aſſayed / and the beſt knyghtes of this land haue ben aſſayed of my hand / And alſo I haue matched with the beſt knyghtes of the world / and therfor by my counceille retorne ageyne vnto thy veſſaile / And faire knyght and wel preued knyght ſaid ſyre Tryſtram thou ſhalt wel wete I maye not forſake the in this quarel / for I am for thy ſake made knyght And thou ſhalt wel wete that I am a kynges ſone born and goten vpon a quene / and ſuche promyſe I haue made att my neuews requeſt and myn owne ſekyng that I ſhalle ſyghte with the vnto the vttermeſt / and delyuer Cornewaile from the old truage / And alſo wete thou wel ſyr Marhaus / that this is the gretteſt cauſe that thou courageſt me to haue adoo with the / For thou art called one of the mooſt renoumed knyghtes of the world / and by cauſe of that noyſe and fame / that thou haſt / thou gyueſt me courage to haue adoo with the / for neuer yet was I preued with good knyghte / And ſythen I toke the ordre of knyghthode this day / I am wel pleaſyd that I maye haue adoo with ſo good a knyght as thou arte / And now wete thou wel ſyr Marhaus that I caſte me to gete worſhip on thy body / And yf that I be not preued / I truſt to god that I ſhal be worſhipfully preued vpon thy body / and to delyuer the countrey of Cornewaile for euer fro al

[leaf 141 verso]

maner of truage from Irland for euer / Whanne ſyr Marhaus had herde hym ſaye what he wold / he ſaide thenne thus ageyn Fair Knyght ſythen it is ſoo that thou caſteſt to wynne worſhip of me / I lete the wete / worſhip may thou none leſe by me yf thou mayſt ſtande me thre ſtrokes / for I lete the wete / for my noble dedes preued and ſene / Kyng Arthur made me knyghte of the table round / Thenne they beganne to feutre theyre ſperes / and they mette ſoo ſyerſly to gyders / that they ſmote eyther other doune / bothe hors and all / But ſir Marhaus ſmote ſyr Tryſtram a grete wounde in the ſyde with his ſpere / & thenne they auoyded their horſes / and pulled oute their ſwerdes / and threwe their ſheldes afore them / And thenne they laſſhed to gyders as men that were wyld and couragyous / And whan they hadde ſtryken ſoo to gyder longe / thenne they lefte her ſtrokes / and foyned at their brethes and vyſours / & when they ſawe that that myght not preuaile them / thēne they hurtled to gyders lyke rammes to bere eyther other doun / thus they fought ſtylle more than half a day / and eyder were wounded paſſyng ſore / that the blood ranne doune freſſhly fro them vpon the ground / By thenne ſyr Tryſtram waxed more freſſher / than ſyr Marhaus and better wynded and bygger / and with a myghty ſtroke he ſmote ſyr Marhaus vpon the helme ſuche a buffet that hit went thorou his helme / and thorou the coyfe of ſtele and thorou the brayn pan / and the ſwerd ſtak ſoo faſt in the helme and in his brayn pan that ſir Tryſtram pulled thryes at his ſwerd or euer he myght pulle it out from his hede / & there Marhaus felle doun on his knees the edge of Triſtrams ſwerd left in his brayne pan / And ſodenly ſyr Marhaus roſe grouelynge / and threwe his ſwerd and his ſhelde from hym / and ſoo ranne to his ſhippes and fledde his waye / and ſir triſtram hadde euer his ſhelde and his ſwerd / And whan ſir Triſtram ſawe ſir Marhaus withdrawe hym / he ſaid A ſir knyght of the roūd table why withdraweſt thou the / thou doſt thy ſelfe and thy kyn grete ſhame / for I am but a yong Knyghte / or now I was neuer preued / and rather than I ſhold withdrawe me from the / I had rather be hewen in C pyeces / Syr marhaus anſuerd no worde but yede his way ſore gronynge / Well ſir knyght ſaid ſir Triſtram I promyſe the thy ſuerd and thy

[leaf 142]

ſheld ſhal be myn / and thy ſheld ſhalle I were in al places where I ryde on myn aduentures and in the ſyghte of kyng Arthur and alle the round table

¶ Capitulum viij

ANon ſir Marhaus and his felauſhip departed in to Irland / And as ſoone as he came to the kynge his broder / he lete ſerche his woundes / ¶ And whan his hede was ſerched / a pyece of ſyre Tryſtrams ſwerd was founden therin / and myghte neuer be had oute of his hede for no ſurgeons / and ſoo he dyed of ſyr Tryſtrams ſwerd / and that pyece of the ſwerd the quene his ſyſter kepte hit for euer wyth her / for ſhe thoughte to be reuengyd and ſhe myghte / ¶ Now torne we ageyne vnto ſyr Tryſtram that was ſore wounded / and ful ſore bled that he myȝt not within a lytel whyle when he had take cold vnnethe ſtere hym of his lymmes / and thēne he ſette hym doune ſoftely vpon a lytel hylle / and bledde faſt / Thenne anone came Gouernaile his man with his veſſel And the kynge and his barons came with proceſſion ageynſt hym / And whan he was come vnto the land / Kynge Marke toke hym in his armes / and the kynge and ſir Dynas the ſeneſcal ladde ſyr Triſtram in to the caſtel of Tyntygail / And thenne was he ſerched in the beſt maner / and leid in his bedde / And whan kynge Marke ſawe his woundes / he wepte hertely and ſoo dyd alle his lordes / So god me help ſaid kyng Mark I wolde not for alle my landes that my neuewe dyed / Soo ſyr Tryſtram laye there a moneth and more / and euer he was lyke to deye of that ſtroke that ſir Marhaus ſmote hym fyrſt with the ſpere / For as the Frenſſhe book ſaith / the ſperes hede was enuenymed that ſyr Tryſtram myghte not be hole / Thenne was kynge Mark and alle his barons paſſynge heuy / For they demed none other / but that ſyr Tryſtram ſhold not recouer / Thenne the kynge lete ſende after alle manere of leches & ſurgens bothe vnto men and wymmen / and there was none / that wold behote hym the lyf / Thenne came there a lady that was a ryght wyſe lady / & ſhe ſaid playnly vnto kyng mark and to ſir Tryſtram and to alle his barons that he ſhold neuer

[leaf 142 verso]

be hole / but yf ſire Tryſtram wente in the ſame countrey that the venym came fro / and in that countrey ſhold he be holpen or els neuer / Thus ſaid the lady vnto the Kynge / whan kynge Marke vnderſtood that / he lete purueye for ſyr Tryſtram a faire veſſel / wel vytailled / and therin was put ſyr Tryſtram and gouernail with hym / and ſir Triſtram toke his harp with hym / and ſoo he was putte in to the ſee to ſayle in to Irland / and ſoo by good fortune he arryued vp in Irland euen faſt by a caſtel where the Kynge and the quene was / and at his arryuayl he ſat and harped in his bedde a mery lay ſuche one herd they neuer none in Irland afore that tyme /

¶ And whan it was told the Kyng and the quene of ſuche a Knyght that was ſuche an harper / anone the Kyng ſente for hym / and lete ſerche his woundes / and thenne aſked hym his name / then he anſuerd I am of the countrey of Lyonas / & my name is Tramtryſt that thus was wounded in a bataille as I fought for a ladyes ryght / So god me help ſaid kyng Anguyſſhe ye ſhal haue al the helpe in this land that ye may haue here / But I lete you wete in Cornewaile I had a grete loſſe / as euer hadde kynge / for there I loſt the beſt knyghte of the world / his name was Marhaus a ful noble knyghte and Knyght of the table round / and there he told ſyr Tryſtrā wherefore ſyr Marhaus was ſlayne / Syr Tryſtram made ſemblaunt as he had ben ſory / and better knewe he how hit was than the kynge

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne the kynge for grete ſauoure maade Tramtryſt to be put in his doughters ward and kepyng by cauſe ſhe was a noble ſurgeon / And whan ſhe had ſerched hym / ſhe fond in the bottome of his wound that therin was poyſon / And ſoo ſhe heled hym within a whyle / and therfore Tramtriſt caſt grete loue to la beale Iſoud / for ſhe was at that tyme the faireſt mayde and lady of the worlde / And there Tramtryſt lerned her to harpe / and ſhe beganne to haue grete fantaſye vnto hym / And at that tyme ſir Palamydes the ſaraſyn was in that countrey and wel cheryſſhed with the kynge and the

[leaf 143]

quene / And euery day ſyr Palamydes drewe vnto la beale Iſoud / and profered her many yeftes / for he loued her paſſyngly wel / Al that Aſpyed Tramtryſt / and ful wel knewe he ſyr Palamydes for a noble knyght and a myghty man / And wete ye wel ſyr Tramtryſt had grete deſpyte at ſyr palomydes / for la beale Iſoud told Tramtryſt that Palamydes was in wylle to be cryſtened for her ſake / Thus was ther grete enuy betwixe Tramtryſt and ſyr Palamydes / Thenne hit befelle that kynge Anguyſſhe lete crye a grete Iuſtes and a grete turnement for a lady that was called the lady of the laundes / and ſhe was nyghe coſyn vnto the kynge / And what man wanne her / thre dayes after he ſhold wedde her and haue alle her landes / This crye was made in England / walys Scotland and alſo in Fraunce and in Bretayne / It befelle vpon a day la beale Iſoud came vnto ſyr Tramtryſt and told hym of this turnement / he anſuerd and ſayd fayr lady I am but a feble knyghte / and but late I had ben dede / had not your good ladyſhip ben / Now fayre lady what wold ye I ſhold doo in this matere / wel ye wote my lady that I maye not Iuſte / A Tramtryſt ſaid la beale Iſoud why wille ye not haue ado at that turnement / wel I wote ſyr Palamydes ſhall be there / and to doo what he maye / And therfore Tramtryſt I pray you for to be there / for els ſyr Palamydes is lyke to wynne the degree / Madame ſaid Tramtriſt as for that / it may be ſoo / for he is a proued knyght / and I am but a yong knyght and late made / and the fyrſt batail that I dyd it myſhapped me to be ſoore wounded as ye ſee / But and I wyſt ye wold be my better lady / at that turnement I will be ſo that ye wille kepe my counceille and lete no creature haue knouleche that I ſhalle Iuſte but your ſelf / and ſuche as ye wil to kepe your counceil / my poure perſone ſhall I Ieoparde there for your ſake that parauentur ſir Palamydes ſhal knowe whan that I come / Therto ſaid la beale Iſoud do your beſt & as I can ſaid la beale Iſoud I ſhal purueye hors and armour for you at my deuyſe / as ye will ſoo be hit ſaid ſyr Trātriſt I wille be at your cōmaundement / So at the day of Iuſtes / ther cam ſir Palamydes with a black ſheld / & he ouerthrew many knyghtes that alle the peple had merueylle of hym /

[leaf 143 verso]

For he putte to the werſe ſyr Gawayne / Gaherys / Agrauayn Bagdemagus / kay / Dodyus le ſaueage / Sagramor le deſyrus / Gumret le petyte / and Gryflet le ſyſe de dieu / Alle theſe the ſyrſte daye ſyr Palamydes ſtrake doune to the erthe / And thenne alle maner of knyghtes were adred of ſir Palamydes and many called hym the knyght with the black ſhelde / Soo that day ſyre Palamydes had grete worſhyp / ¶ Thenne cam kynge Anguyſſhe vnto Tramtryſt / and aſked hym why he wold not Iuſte / Syr he ſaid I was but late hurte / and as yet I dare not auenture me / ¶ Thenne came there the ſame ſquyer that was ſente from the kynges doughter of Fraunce / vnto ſyr Tryſtram / And whanne he had aſpyed ſyre Triſtrā he felle flat to his feete / Alle that aſpyed la Bele Iſoud / what curtoſye the ſquyer made vnto ſyr Tryſtram / And therwith al ſodenly ſyr Tryſtram ranne vnto his ſquyer whos name was Heles le renoumes / and praid hym hertely in noo wyſe to telle his name / Syr ſaid Heles I wille not diſcouer your name / but yf ye commaunde me

¶ Capitulum x

THenne ſyr Tryſtram aſked hym what he dyd in thoſe countreyes / ſyr he ſayd / I came hyder with ſyr Gawayn for to be made knyght / And yf it pleaſe you of your handes that I may be made knyghte / Awaite vpon me as to morn ſecretely / and in the feld I ſhal make you a knyght / Thenne had la beale Iſoud grete ſuſpecyon vnto Tramtryſt that he was ſomme man of worſhip proued / and ther with ſhe comforted her ſelf / and caſt more loue vnto hym than ſhe had done tofore ¶ And ſoo on the morne ſyr Palamydes maade hym redy to come in to the feld as he dyd the fyrſt day / And there he ſmote doune the kynge with the C knyghtes and the kynge of Scottes / ¶ Thenne had la beale Iſoud ordeyned and wel arayed ſyr Tryſtram in whyte hors and harneis / And ryght ſoo ſhe lete putte hym oute at a preuy poſterne / & ſoo he came in to the feld as it had ben a bryght angel / And anone ſyr Palamydes aſpyed hym / and ther with he feutrid a ſpere vnto ſyr Tramtriſt / and he ageyne vnto hym / And

[leaf 144]

there ſyr Tryſtram ſmote doune ſyr Palamydes vnto the erth And thenne there was a grete noyſe of people / ſome ſayd / ſyre Palamydes hadde a falle / ſome ſaid the knyght with the blak ſhelde had a falle / And wete you wel la beale Iſoud was paſſynge gladde / And thenne ſire Gawayne and his felawes ix had merueille what knyghte it myght be that had ſmyten doune ſyr Palamydes / Thenne wold there none Iuſte with Tramtryſt / but alle that there were forſoke hym / mooſt & leſt / Thenne ſyr Tryſtram made Heles a knyght / and cauſed hym to put hym ſelf forthe / and dyd ryght wel that day / So after ſyr Heles held hym with ſyr Tryſtram / And whan ſyre Palamydes had receyued this falle / wete ye wel that he was ſore aſhamed / And as pryuely as he myght / he withdrewe hym oute of the feld / Alle that aſpyed ſyre Tryſtram / and lyghtly he rode after ſyre Palamydes and ouertoke hym / and badde hym torne / for better he wold aſſaye hym / or euer he departed / Thenne ſyr Palamydes torned hym and eyther laſſhed at other with their ſwerdes / But at the fyrſte ſtroke ſyre Tryſtram ſmote doune Palamydes / and gaf hym ſuche a ſtroke vpon the hede that he felle to the erthe / Soo thenne Triſtram badde yelde hym / and doo his commaundement or els he wold ſlee hym / whan ſyre Palamydes beheld his countenaunce / he dredde his buffets ſoo / that he graunted al his aſkynges / Wel ſaid / ſaid ſir Triſtram / this ſhalle be your charge / Fyrſt vpon payne of your lyf that ye forſake my lady la beale Iſoud / and in no maner wyſe that ye drawe not to her / Alſo this twelue moneth and a day / that ye bere none armour nor none harneis of werre / ¶ Now promyſe me this or here ſhalt thou dye / Allas ſaide Palamydes for euer I am aſhamed / ¶ Thenne he ſware as ſyr Tryſtram hadde commaunded hym / Thenne for deſpyte and anger / ſyre Palamydes cutte of his harneis / and threwe them aweye / And ſoo ſyr Tryſtram torned ageyne to the Caſtel where was la beale Iſoud / and by the weye he mette with a damoyſel that aſked after ſyre launcelot that wanne the dolorous gard worſhipfully / & this damoyſel aſked ſire Triſtram what he was / For it was tolde her that it was he that ſmote doune ſyr Palamydes / by whom the x knyghtes of kynge Arthurs were ſmyten doune /

[leaf 144 verso]

Thenne the damoyſel prayd ſyr Tryſtram to telle her what he was / And whether that he were ſyr Launcelot du lake / for ſhe demyd that there was no knyght in the world myghte do ſuche dedes of armes / but yf it were Launcelot / Fayre damoyſel ſayd ſyr Tryſtram wete ye wel that I am not ſyr launcelot for I was neuer of ſuche proweſſe / but in god is al that he maye make me as good a knyght as the good knyght ſir laūcelot / Now gentyl knyght ſaid ſhe / put vp thy vyſure / & whan ſhe beheld his vyſage / ſhe thouȝt ſhe ſawe neuer a better mās vyſage / nor a better ſarynge knyght / And thenne whan the damoyſel knewe certaynly that he was not ſyre launcelot / thenne ſhe took her leue and departed from hym / And thenne ſyre Tryſtram rode pryuely vnto the poſterne where kepte hym la beale Iſoud / and there ſhe made hym good chere and thanked god of his good ſpede / Soo anone within a whyle the kynge and the quene vnderſtood that hit was Tramtryſt that ſmote doune ſyre Palamydes / thenne was he moche made of more than he was beſore.

¶ Capitulum xj

THus was ſir Tramtryſt longe there wel cheryſſhed / with the kynge and the quene / and namely with la beale Iſoud / So vpon a daye / the quene and la beale Iſoud made a bayne for ſyre Tramtryſt / And whan he was in his bayne / the quene and Iſoud her doughter romed vp & doune in the chamber / and there whyles Gouernail and Heles attendyd vpon Tramtryſt / & the quene beheld his ſwerd there as it laye vpon his bedde / And thēne by vnhap the quene drewe oute his ſwerd / and beheld it a longe whyle / and bothe they thoughte it a paſſynge fayre ſwerd / but within a foote and an half of the poynte there was a grete pyece there of oute broken of the edge / And whan the quene aſpyed that gap in the ſwerd / ſhe remembryd her of a pyece of a ſwerd / that was foūde in the brayne pan of ſyre Marhaus the good knyght that was her broder / Allas thenne ſaid ſhe vnto her doughter la beale Iſoud / this is the ſame traytour knyghte that ſlewe my broder thyn eme / Whanne Iſoud herd her ſaye

ſoo / ſhe was paſſynge ſore abaſſhed / for paſſyng wel ſhe loued Tramtryſt / and ful wel ſhe knewe the cruelnes of her moder the quene / Anon there with alle the quene went vnto her owne chamber / and ſoughte her cofre / and there ſhe toke oute the pyece of the ſwerd that was pulled out of ſyr Marhaus hede after that he was dede / And thenne ſhe ranne with that pyece of yron to the ſwerd that laye vpon the bedde / And whanne ſhe putte that pyece of ſtele and yron vnto the ſwerd / hit was as mete as it myghte be / whan it was newe broken / And thēne the quene gryped that ſwerd in her hand ſyerſly / & with alle her myghte ſhe ranne ſtreyghte vpon Tramtryſt where he ſat in his bayne / And there ſhe hadde ryued hym thorou hadde not ſyr Heles goten her in his armes / and pulled the ſuerd from her / and els ſhe hadde threſt him thorou / Thenne whanne ſhe was lettyd of her euyl wylle / ſhe ranne to the kynge Anguyſſh her huſband and ſayde on her knees / O my lord here haue ye in your hous that traitour knyght that ſlewe my broder and your ſeruaunt that noble knyght ſyr Marhaus / Who is that ſaid kynge Anguyſſhe and where is he / Syr ſhe ſaid hit is ſyr Tramtryſt the ſame knyght that my doughter helyd Allas ſaid the kynge therfore am I ryght heuy / for he is a ful noble knyght as euer I ſawe in felde / ¶ But I charge you ſaid the kyng to the quene that ye haue not ado with that knyght / but lete me dele with hym / Thenne the kynge went in to the chambre vnto ſyr Tramtryſt / and thenne was he gone vnto his chambre / and the kynge fond hym al redy armed to mounte vpon his hors / Whanne the kynge ſawe hym al redy armed to goo vnto horſbak / the kynge ſaid nay Tramtryſt hit wille not auaile to compare the ageynſt me / But thus moche I ſhalle doo for my worſhip and for thy loue in ſoo moch as thou arte within my courte / hit were no worſhip for me to ſlee the / Therfore vpon this condycyon I wille gyue the leue for to departe from this courte in ſaufte / ſo thou wilt telle me who was thy fader / and what is thy name / and yf thou ſlewe ſyr Marhaus my broder

¶ Capitulum xij

[leaf 145 verso]

SYr ſaid Tryſtram now I ſhalle telle you alle the trouthe / my faders name is ſir Melyodas kynge of Lyonas / & my moder hyȝt Elyzabeth that was ſiſter vnto kynge Marke of Cornewaile / & my moder dyed of me in the foreſte / And by cauſe therof ſhe commaunded or ſhe dyed that whan I were cryſtened / they ſhold cryſtene me Tcyſtram / & by cauſe I wold not be knowen in this countrey I turned my name and lete me calle Tramtryſt / & for the truage of Cornewayle I fought for myn emes ſake / & for the ryght of Cornewaile that ye had poſſeded many yeres / And wete ye well ſaid Tryſtram vnto the kynge I dyd the bataille for the loue of myn vnkel kynge Marke / and for the loue of the countreye of Cornewaile / and for to encreace myn honoure / For that ſame day that I fought with ſir Marhaus I was made knyȝt And neuer or than dyd I no bataile with no knyght / & fro me he went alyue & lefte his ſheld & his ſuerd behynde / ſo god me helpe ſaid the kyng I may not ſay but ye dyd as a knyght ſhold / & it was your part to doo for your quarel / & to encreace your worſhip as a knyght ſhold / how be it I may not mayntene you in this countrey with my worſhip onles that I ſhold diſpleaſe my barons & my wyf / & her kyn / Syr ſaid Tryſtram I thanke you of your good lordſhip that I haue had with you here / and the grete goodenes my lady your doughter hath ſhewed me / & therfor ſaid ſir Triſtram it may ſo happen that ye ſhalle wynne more by my lyf than by my dethe / for in the partyes of Englond it may happen I may doo you ſeruyſe at ſome ſeaſon that ye ſhal be glad that euer ye ſhewed me your good lordſhip / ¶ With more I promyſe you as I am true knyȝt that in all places I ſhal be my lady your douȝters ſeruaunt / & knyȝt in ryght & in wrong / & I ſhal neuer fayle her to doo as moche as a knyght maye doo

¶ Alſo I byſeche your good grace that I may take my leue at my lady your doughter and at alle the Barons and knyghtes / I wille wel ſaid the kynge / ¶ Thenne ſire Triſtram wente vnto la beale Iſoud / and tooke his leue of her / And thenne he tolde her all what he was and how he had chaunged his name by caufe he wold not be knowen / & hou a lady told hym he þt ſhold neuer be hole tyl he cam in to this coūtrey where

the poyſon was made / where thorou I was nere my dethe had not your ladyſhip ben / O gentyl knyght ſaid la beale Iſoud ful wo am I of thy departynge / for I ſawe neuer man that I oughte ſoo good wille to / and there with all ſhe wepte her-
5 tely / Madame ſaid ſire Tryſtram ye ſhalle vnderſtande that my name is ſir Tryſtram de lyones goten of kyng Melyodas and borne of his quene / And I promyſe you feythfully that I ſhal be alle the dayes of my lyf your knyghte / Gramercy ſaid La beale Iſoud / and I promyſe you there ageynſte that I
10 ſhalle not be maryed this ſeuen yeres but by your aſſent / and to whome that ye wille I ſhalle be maryed to / hym wylle I haue / and he wille haue me yf ye wil conſente / And thenne ſyre Tryſtram gaf her a rynge and ſhe gaf hym another / and ther with he departed fro her / leuynge her / makynge grete dole
15 and lamentacion / and he ſtreyghte wente vnto the Courte amonge alle the Barons / and there he took his leue at mooſt and leeſt / and openly he ſaid amonge them all / Faire lordes now it is ſoo that I muſte departe / Yf there be ony man here that I haue offended vnto / or that ony man be with me gre-
20 ued / lete complayne hym here afore me or that euer I depart and I ſhal amende it vnto my power / And yf there be ony that wil profer me wronge or ſay of me wrong / or ſhame behynde my bak / ſaye hit now or neuer / and here is my body to make it good body ageynſt body / And alle they ſtood ſtylle /
25 ther was not one that wold ſaye one word / yet were there ſome knyghtes that were of the quenes blood and of ſire Marhaus blood / but they wold not medle with hym /

¶ Capitulum xiij

SOo ſir Triſtram departed and toke the ſee / & with good wynde he aryued vp at Tyntagyl in Cornewaile / &
30 whan kyng Mark was hole in his proſperite ther cam tydynges that ſir Triſtram was arryued and hole of his woundes / therof was kynge marke paſſyng glad / & ſoo were alle the barons / & whan he ſawe his tyme he rode vnto his ſader kyng melyodas / & there he had al the chere that the kyng & the
35 quene coude make hym / And thenne largely Kyng Melyodas and his quene departed of their landes and goodes to ſire Tryſtram / ¶ Thenne by the lycence of Kyng

[leaf 146 verso]

Melyodas his fader he retorned ageyne vnto the court of kynge Mark / and there he lyued in grete ioye long tyme / vntyl at the lafte there befelle a Ialoufye and an vnkyndenes betwyxe kynge Marke and fir Triftram / for they loued bothe one lady / And fhe was an erles wyf that hyght fyre Segwarydes / And this lady loued fyre Tryftram paffyngly wel / And he loued her ageyne for fhe was a paffynge fayr lady / And that afpyed fir Triftram wel / ¶ Thenne kynge Mark vnderftood that and was Ialous / for kyng Marke loued her paffyngly wel / Soo it felle vpon a day / this lady fent a dwerf vnto fir Triftram and badde hym as he loued her / that he wold be with her the nyȝt nexte folowynge / Alfo fhe charged you that ye come not to her but yf ye be wel armed / for her lord was called a good knyghte ¶ Syre Tryftram anfwerd to the dwerf / recommaunde me vnto my lady / and telle her I wille not fayle but I wille be with her the terme that fhe hath fette me / and with this anfuer the dwerf departed / And kynge Marke afpyed that the dwerfe was with fyre Tryftram vpon meffage from Segwarydes wyf / thenne kyng Marke fent for the dwerfe / And whanne he was comen / he maade the dwerf by force to telle hym alle why and wherfore that he came on meffage from fire Triftram

¶ Now faid kynge Marke goo where thou wolt / and vpon payne of dethe that thou faye no word that thou fpakeft with me / foo the dwerf departed from the kynge / ¶ And that fame nyghte that the fteuen was fette betwixt Segwarydes wyfe & fyr Tryftram kynge Marke armed hym / and made hym redy and took two knyghtes of his counceylle with hym / and foo he rode afore for to abyde by the waye / for to awayte vpon fir Tryftram / ¶ And as fire Tryftram came rydynge vpon hys waye with his fpere in his hand / kynge Marke came hurtlynge vpon hym with his two knyghtes fodenly / And alle thre fmote hym with theyre fperes / and kynge Marke hurte fyre Tryftram on the breft ryght fore / And thenne fyre Triftram feutryd his fpere / and fmote his vnkel kynge Marke foo fore that he raffhyd hym to the erthe / and bryfed hym that he laye ftylle in a fwoune / and longe hit was or euer

he myghte welde hym ſelf / And thenne he ranne to the one knyght / and efte to the other / and ſmote hem to the cold erthe / that they laye ſtylle / And ther with alle ſir Triſtram rode forthe ſore wounded to the lady / and fonde her abydynge hym at a poſterne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

AND there ſhe welcomed hym fayre / and eyther halſed other in armes / and ſoo ſhe lete putte vp his hors in the beſt wyſe / and thenne ſhe vnarmed hym / And ſoo they ſouped lyghtely and wente to bedde with grete ioye and pleſaunce / and ſoo in his ragyng he took no kepe of his grene wound that kynge Marke had gyuen hym / And ſoo ſyr Triſtram bebled both the ouer ſhete and the nether & pelowes / and hede ſhete / and within a whyle ther came one afore that warned her that her lord was nere hand within a bowe draughte Soo ſhe made ſir Tryſtram to aryſe / and ſoo he armed hym / and tooke his hors and ſo departed / By thenne was come ſegwarydes her lord / and whan he fond her bedde troubled & broken and wente nere and beheld it by candel lyghte / thenne he ſawe that there had layne a wounded knyght / A fals traitreſſe thenne he ſaid / why haſt thou bitrayed me / and there with alle he ſwange oute a ſwerd and ſaid / but yf thou telle me who hath ben here / here thou ſhalt dye / A my lord mercy ſayd the lady / and helde vp her handes / ſayeng / ſlee me not / and I ſhall telle you alle who hath ben here / Telle anone ſaid ſegwarydes to me alle the trouthe / Anone for drede ſhe ſaide here was ſir Tryſtram with me / and by the way as he came to me ward / he was ſore wounded / A fals traitreſſe ſaid ſegwarides where is he become / ſir ſhe ſaid he is armed and departed on hors bak not yet hens half a myle / ye ſaye wel ſaid ſegwarydes thenne he armed hym lyghtly / and gate his hors and rode after ſyre Triſtram that rode ſtreyght waye vnto Tyntagyl /

And within a whyle he ouertoke ſire Triſtram / And thenne he badde hym torne fals traitour knyghte / and ſyr Triſtram anon torned hym ageynſt hym / And there with al ſegwarides ſmote ſyr Tryſtram with a ſpere that it alle to braſte / ¶ And

[leaf 147 verso]

thenne he ſwange oute his ſwerd / and ſmote faſt at ſyr Triſtram / Syre knyght ſaid ſyre Tryſtram I counceyle you that ye ſmyte no more how be it for the wronges that I haue done you / I wille forbere you as longe as I maye / ¶ Nay ſayd Segwarides that ſhalle not be / for outher thou ſhalt dye or I / Thenne ſyre Triſtram drewe oute his ſwerd and hurtled his hors vnto hym ſyerſly / and thorou the waſte of the body he ſmote ſyre Segwarides that he felle to the erthe in a ſwoune / And ſoo ſire Triſtram departed and lefte hym there And ſoo he rode vnto Tyntagil and tooke his lodgynge ſecretely for he wold not be knowen that he was hurte

¶ Alſo ſir Segwarides men rode after theyr maiſter / whome they fond lyenge in the feld ſore wounded / and brouȝt hym home on his ſhelde / and there he lay longe or that he were hole / but at the laſte he recouerd ¶ Alſo kynge Marke wold not be aknowen of that ſir Triſtram and he hadde mette that nyght / And as for ſyre Tryſtram he knewe not that kynge Marke had mette with hym / And ſoo the kynges aſtaūce came to ſir Triſtram to comforte hym as he laye ſeke in his bedde / But as longe as kynge Marke lyued / he loued neuer ſire Tryſtram after that / though there was fayre ſpeche / loue was there none / And thus it paſt many wekes and dayes / & alle was forgyuen and forgoten / For ſire Segwarydes durſte not haue ado with ſir Triſtram by cauſe of his noble proweſſe And alſo by cauſe he was neuewe vnto kynge Marke / therfore he lete it ouer ſlyp / for he that hath a pryuy hurte is loth to haue a ſhame outward

¶ Capitulum xv /

THenne hit befelle vpon a daye that the good knyghte Bleoberys de ganys broder to Blamore de ganys / & nyghe coſyn vnto the good knyght ſir launcelot du lake / This Bleoberys came vnto the courte of kynge Marke / & there he aſked of kynge Marke a bone to gyue hym what yeft that he wold aſke in his courte

¶ Whanne the kyng herd hym aſke ſoo / he merueilled of hys

aſkynge / but by cauſe he was a knyghte of the round table / & of a grete renomme / kynge Marke graunted hym his hole aſkynge / thenne ſaide ſire Bleoberys I wille haue the fayreſt lady in your Courte that me lyſt to cheſe / I maye not ſay nay
5 ſayd kynge marke / Now cheſe at youre aduenture

And ſoo ſir Bleoberys dyd cheſe ſyr ſegwarydes wyf / and toke her by the hand and ſoo wente his waye with her / and ſoo he tooke his hors and gart ſette her behynde his ſquyer and rode vpon his way / When ſir ſegwarydes herd telle that his la-
10 dy was gone with a knyght of kynge Arthurs courte /

¶ Thenne he armed hym and rode after that knyght for to reſcowe his lady / ſoo whan Bleoberys was gone with this lady / kyng Mark and all the courte was wroth that ſhe was awey / thenne were there certayne ladyes that knewe that there
15 was grete loue bitwene ſir Triſtram and her / and alſo that lady loued ſir Triſtram aboue alle other knyghtes / Thenne there was one lady that rebuked ſir Triſtram in the horrybleſt wyſe / and called hym coward knyghte / that he wold for ſhame of his knyghthode ſee a lady ſoo ſhamefully be taken aweye /
20 fro his vnkels courte / But ſhe ment that eyther of hem hadde loued other with entiere hert / But ſire Triſtram anſuerd her thus / Faire lady it is not my parte to haue adoo in ſuche maters whyle her lord and huſband is preſent here / And yf hit hadde ben that her lord hadde not ben here in this courte / thenne
25 for the worſhip of this courte perauentur / I wold haue ben her champyon / And yf ſo be / ſir ſegwarides ſpede not wel / it may happen that I wille ſpeke with that good knyght / or euer he paſſe from this countrey / Thenne within a whyle came one of ſir ſegwarydes ſquyers / and told in the court that ſir ſegwari-
30 des was beten ſore and wounded to the poynte of dethe / as he wold haue reſcowed his lady / ſir Bleoberis ouerthrewe hym and ſore hath wounded hym / Thenne was kynge marke heuy therof / and alle the courte / When ſire Triſtram herd of this / he was aſhamed and ſore greued / And thenne was he ſoone ar-
35 med and on horſbak / & gouernaile his ſeruaunt bare his ſhelde and ſpere / And ſoo as ſire Triſtram rode faſt / he mette with ſir Andret his coſyn that by the commaundement of kynge Marke was ſente to brynge forth & euer it laye in his power / ij /

[leaf 148 verso]

knyghtes of Arthurs Courte that rode by the countrey to ſeke their aduentures / Whan ſyr Tryſtram ſawe ſir Andret / he aſked hym what tydynges / Soo god me helpe ſaid ſyre Andret / ther was neuer worſe with me / for here by the commaundement of kynge Mark I was ſente to fetche two knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte / and that one bete me / and wounded me / and ſette nought by my meſſage / Faire coſyn ſaid ſir triſtram ryde on your way / and yf I may mete them / it may happen I ſhal reuenge you / So ſyr Andret rode in to Cornewaile And ſyr Triſtram rode after the two knyghtes the whiche one hyght Sagramor le deſyrus / & the other hyght Dodynas le ſaueage /

¶ Capitulum xvj /

THenne within a whyle ſyr Tryſtram ſawe hem afore hym two lykely knyghtes / Sir ſaid Gouernaile vnto his maiſter / ſir I wold counceile you nought to haue ado with hem / for they ben two preued knyghtes of Arthurs Courte / As for that ſaid ſyr Tryſtram haue ye no doute / but I wille haue adoo with hem to encreace my worſhip / for it is many daye ſythen I dyd ony dedes of armes / doo as ye lyſte ſaid Gouernaile / and there with alle anone ſyr Tryſtram aſked them / from whens they came / and wheder they wold / and what they dyd in tho marches / Syre Sagramore loked vpon ſyre Triſtram / and hadde ſcorne of his wordes / & aſked hym ageyne / Fair knyghte be ye a knyght of Cornewaile / where by aſke ye hit ſaid ſir Triſtram / For it is ſeldom ſene ſaid ſir Sagramore that ye Cornyſſhe knyghtes ben valyaunte men of armes / For within theſe two houres there mette vs one of you cornyſſhe knyghtes / and grete wordes he ſpak / and anon with lytel myght he was leyd to the erthe / And as I trowe ſayd ſir Sagramore ye ſhal haue the ſame handſel that he hadde Faire lordes ſaid ſire Triſtram it may ſoo happen that I maye better withſtande than he dyd / and whether ye will or nyl / I wil haue ado with you / by cauſe he was my coſyn that ye bete And therfore here do your beſt / & wete ye wel but yf ye quyte you the better here vpon this ground / one knyȝt of cornewaile ſhal bete you both / Whan ſire Dodynas le ſaueage herd hym ſaye ſoo he gatte a ſpere in his hand and ſaid / ſire knyghte

thy ſelf / And thenne they departed and came to gyders as it had ben thonder / And ſyr Dodynas ſpere braſt in ſonder / but ſyr Tryſtram ſmote hym with a more myght / that he ſmote hym clene ouer the hors croupe that nyghe he hadde broken his
5 neck / Whanne ſyre Sagramour ſawe his felawe haue ſuche a falle / he merueylled what knyȝt he myght be / And he dreſſeth his ſpere with alle his myght / and ſyr Tryſtram ageynſt hym and they came to gyders as the thonder / and ther ſir Triſtram ſmote ſyr Sagramore a ſtronge buffet that he bare his hors &
10 hym to the erthe / and in the fallyng he brake his thygh / whan this was done / ſyr Tryſtram aſked hem / Fayre knyghtes will ye ony more / Be there no bygger knyȝtes in the courte of kynge Arthur / it is to you ſhame to ſay of vs knyȝtes of Cornewayle diſhonoure / for it may happen a Cornyſſhe knyght may
15 matche you / that is trouthe ſaid ſyr Sagramore / that haue we wel preued / but I requyre the ſayd ſyre Sagramore telle vs youre ryght name by the feythe and trouthe that ye owe to the hyghe ordre of knyghthode / ye charge me with a grete thynge ſaid ſyr Tryſtram / and ſythen ye lyſt to wete hit / ye ſhal
20 knowe and vnderſtande that my name is ſyr Tryſtram de lyonas kynge Melyodas ſone / and neuewe vnto kynge Marke Thenne were they two knyghtes ſayne / that they had mette with Tryſtram / and ſoo they praid hym to abyde in their felauſhip / Nay ſaid ſire Triſtram / for I muſt haue ado with one of
25 your felawes / his name is ſyr Bleoberys de ganys / god ſpede you wel ſaid ſyr Sagramore and Dodynas / Syre Tryſtram departed and rode on ward on his waye / And thenne was he ware before hym in a valeye where rode ſyr Bleoberys with ſir Segwarydes lady that rode behynde his ſquyer vpon
30 a palfroy

¶ Capitulum xvij

THēne ſyr Tryſtram rode more than a paas vntyl that he had ouertake hym / Thenne ſpak ſyr Tryſtram abyde he ſaid knyght of Arthurs courte / brynge ageyne that lady or delyuer her to me / I wille doo neyther ſaid Ble-
35 oberys / for I drede no Cornyſſhe knyght ſoo ſore that me lyſte

[leaf 149 verso]

to delyuer her / why ſaid ſyr Triſtram may not a Cornyſſhe knyght doo as wel as another knyght / this ſame daye two knyghtes of your Courte within this thre myle mette with me / And or euer we departed / they fonde a Cornyſſh knyght good ynough for them bothe / what were their names ſaid Bleoberis / they told me ſaid ſyr Tryſtram that the one of them hyghte ſyr Sagramore le deſyrus / and the other hyghte Dodynas le ſaueage / A ſaid ſyr Bleoberys haue ye met with them Soo god me helpe they were two good knyghtes and men of grete worſhip / And yf ye haue bete them bothe / ye muſt nedes be a good knyght / but yf it ſoo be / ye haue bete them bothe / yet ſhalle ye not fere me / but ye ſhalle bete me / or euer ye haue thys lady / Thenne defende you ſaid ſyr Triſtram / ſoo they departed and came to gyder lyke thonder / and eyder bare other doune hors and alle to the erthe / Thenne they auoyded their horſes / and laſſhed to gyder egerly with ſwerdes and myghtely / now tracyng and trauerſynge on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand more than two houres / And ſomtyme they raſſhed to gyder with ſuche a myght that they laye bothe grouelynge on the ground / Thenne ſir Bleoberis de ganys ſtarte abak / and ſaid thus / Now gentyl good knyght a whyle hold your handes / & lete vs ſpeke to gyders / Saye what ye wille ſaid Tryſtram / & I wille anſuere you / Sire ſaide Bleoberys I wold wete of whens ye be / and of whom ye be come / and what is your name / Soo god me help ſaid ſyr Tryſtram I fere not to telle you my name / Wete ye wel I am kynge Melyodas ſone / and my moder is kyng Markes ſiſter / and my name is ſir Triſtram de Lyonas and kynge Marke is myn vnkel / Truly ſaid Bleoberys I am ryght gladde of you / for ye are he that ſlewe marhaus the knyght hand for hand in an Iland for the truage of Cornewaile / Alſo ye ouercame ſir Palamydes the good knyght at a turnement in an Iland / where ye bete ſir Gawayne & his nyne felawes / Soo god me helpe ſaid ſir Tryſtram wete ye wel that I am the ſame knyȝt / Now I haue told you my name / telle me yours with good will / Wete ye wel that my name is ſir Bleoberys de ganys / and my broder hyghte ſire Blamore de ganys / that is called a good knyght and we be ſyſter children vnto my lord ſir Laūcelot du lake that we calle

[leaf 150]

one of the beſt knyghtes of the world / That is trouthe ſaid ſir Triſtram / ſir Launcelot is called pierles of curtoſy and of knyghthode / and for his ſake ſaid ſir Tryſtram I will not with my good wille ſyghte no more with you for the grete loue I haue to ſir Launcelot du lake / In good feith ſaid Bleoberys / as for me / I wille be lothe to ſyghte with you / But ſythen ye folowe me here to haue this lady / I ſhal profer you kyndenys curtoſy and gentilnes right here vpon this ground / This lady ſhalle be betwixe vs bothe / and to whome that ſhe wille go / lete hym haue her in pees / I wille wel ſaid Triſtrā For as I deme ſhe wille leue you / and come to me / ye ſhalle preue hit anone ſaid Bleoberys

¶ Capitulum xviij

SOo whan ſhe was ſette betwixe them bothe / ſhe ſayd theſe wordes vnto ſir Triſtram / wete ye wel ſyr Triſtram de lyones that but late thou was the man in the world that I mooſt loued and truſted / And I wende thou haddeſt loued me ageyne aboue alle ladyes / But whan thou ſaweſt this knyght lede me awey thou madeſt no chere to reſcowe me / but ſuffred my lord Segwarydes ryde after me / but vn tyl that tyme I wend thou haddeſt loued me / And therfore now I wille leue the / and neuer loue the more / & there with alle ſhe went vnto ſir Bleoberys / Whan ſyr Triſtram ſawe her doo ſoo / he was wonderly wrothe with that lady & aſhamed to come to the courte / ſir Triſtram ſaid ſir Bleoberys ye are in the defaute / for I here by theſe ladyes wordes / ſhe before this day truſted you aboue alle erthly knyghtes / and as ſhe ſaith ye haue deceyued her / therfore wete ye wel / ther may noo man hold that wille aweye / and rather than ye ſhold be hertely diſpleaſyd with me / I wold ye had her / and ſhe wold abyde with you / Nay ſaid the lady / ſo god me help I wil neuer goo with hym / For he that I loued moſt / I wende he had loued me / And therfore ſire Tryſtram ſhe ſaid ryde as thou cam / for though thou haddest ouercome this knyȝt as ye was lykely / with the neuer wold I haue gone / And I ſhall pray this knyghte ſoo faire of his knyghthode that or euer he paſſe

[leaf 150 verso]

this countrey / that he wille lede me to the Abbeye / there my lord ſyr Segwarydes lyeth Soo god me helpe ſaid Bleoberis I lete yow wete good knyght ſire Tryſtram by cauſe kynge Marke gaf me the choyſe of a yefte in this courte / and ſo this lady lyked me beſt / Not withſtandynge ſhe is wedded and hath a lord / and I haue fulfylled my queſt / ſhe ſhall be ſent vnto her huſband ageyne / And in eſpecyal mooſt for youre ſake ſir Tryſtram / And yf ſhe wold goo with you / I wold ye had her / I thanke you ſaid ſyr Tryſtram / but for her loue I ſhal beware what manere a lady I ſhalle loue or truſte / For had her lord ſyr Segwarydes ben away from the courte I ſhold haue ben the fyrſt that ſhold haue folowed yow / but ſythen ye haue refuſed me / as I am true knyght I ſhalle her knowe paſſyngly wel that I ſhal loue or truſt / and ſoo they took theyr leue one fro thother and departed / And ſoo ſir triſtram rode vnto Tyntagyl / and ſyr Bleoberys rode vnto the abbay where ſyr ſegwarydes lay ſore wounded / and there he delyuerd his lady / and departed as a noble knyght / & whan ſir ſegwarydes ſawe his lady / he was gretely comforted / and thenne ſhe told hym that ſir Tryſtram had done grete bataill with ſyre Bleoberys / and cauſed hym to brynge her ageyne / Theſe wordes pleaſyd ſir ſegwarydes ryght wel that ſir triſtram wold doo ſoo moche / and ſoo that lady told alle the bataill vnto kynge Marke betwixe ſyr Tryſtram and ſir Bleoberys

¶ Capitulum xix

THenne whanne this was done / kynge Mark caſt alweyes in his hert how he myght deſtroye ſyr Triſtram And thenne he ymagyned in hym ſelf to ſende ſir triſtram in to Irland for la beale Iſoud / For ſir Tryſtram had ſoo preyſed her beaute and her goodnes that kynge Mark ſaid he wold wedde her / where vpon he praid ſyr Triſtram to take his wey in to Irland for hym on meſſage / And all this was done to the entente to flee ſyr Triſtram / Not withſtandynge ſyr Tryſtram wold not reffuſe the meſſage for no daūger nor peryl that myght falle for the pleaſyr of his vnkel / but

[leaf 151]

to goo he made hym redy in the moſt goodlyeſt wyſe that myght be deuyſed / For ſir Triſtram tooke with hym the mooſte goodlyeſt knyghtes that he myght fynde in the courte / & they were arayed after the gyſe that was thenne vſed in the goodlyeſt maner / So ſir Triſtram departed and toke the ſee with alle his felauſhip / And anone as he was in the brode ſee / a tempeſt toke hym and his felauſhip and droſe them bak in to the coſte of Englond / And there they arryued faſt by Camelot / and ful fayne they were to take the land / ¶ And whan they were landed ſir Triſtram ſette vp his pauelione vpon the land of Camelot / and there he lete hange his ſhelde vpon the pauelione / And that ſame day came two knyghtes of kynge Arthurs / that one was ſir Ector de marys and ſir Morganor And they touched the ſhelde / and badde hym come oute of the pauelione for to Iuſt and he wold Iuſt / ye ſhalle be anſuerd ſaid ſir Triſtram and ye wille tarye a lytel whyle / Soo he made hym redy / and fyrſte he ſmote doune ſir Ector de marys / and after he ſmote doune ſir Morganor alle with one ſpere / and ſore bryſed them / And whan they laye vpon the erthe / they aſked ſir Triſtram what he was / and of what countrey he was knyghte / Faire lordes ſaid ſir Triſtram wete ye wel that I am of Cornewaile / Allas ſaid ſire Ector now am I aſhamed / that euer ony Cornyſſhe knyghte ſhold ouercome me / And thenne for deſpyte ſyre Ector put of his armour fro hym / and wente on foot and wold not ryde

¶ Capitulum xx

THenne it felle that ſire Bleoberys and ſire Blamore de ganys that were bretheren they hadde aſſomoned the kyng Anguyſſhe of Irland for to come to Arthurs Court vpon payne of forfeture of kyng Arthurs good grace And yf the kynge of Irland came not in at the day aſſigned and ſette / the kynge ſhold leſe his landes / So by hit happend that at the day aſſigned kyng Arthur neither ſire Launcelot myght not be there for to gyue the Iugement / for kynge Arthur was with ſir launcelot at the caſtel ioyous gard / And ſo

[leaf 151 verso]

kynge Arthur aſſigned kyng Carados and the kyng of ſcottes to be there that day as Iuges / So whan the kynges were at Camelot / kynge Anguyſſhe of Irland was come to knowe his accuſars / Thenne was there Blamore de ganys and appeled the kynge of Irland of treaſon / that he hadde ſlayne a coſyn of his in his courte in Irland by treaſon / The kyng was ſore abaſſhed of his accuſacion / for why / he was come att the ſomons of kynge Arthur / And or that he came at Camelot / he wiſt not wherfore he was ſente after / And whanne the kyng herd ſir Blamor ſaye his wille / he vnderſtood wel there was none other remedy but to anſuere hym knyghtly / for the cuſtome was ſuche in tho dayes / that and ony man were appealed of ony treaſon or murther / he ſhold fyghte body for body / or els to fynde another knyght for hym / And alle maner of Murtherers in tho dayes were callid treaſon / So whan kyng Anguyſſhe vnderſtood his accuſynge / he was paſſynge heuy / for he knewe ſir Blamor de ganys that he was a noble knyght / and of noble knyghtes comen / Thenne the kynge of Irland was ſymply purueyed of his anſuere / therfore the Iuges gaf hym reſpyte by the thyrdde daye to gyue his anſuere / Soo the kynge departed vnto his lodgynge / the mean whyle ther came a lady by ſir Tryſtrams pauelione makyng grete dole / what eyleth you ſaid ſir Triſtram that ye make ſuche dole / A fayre knyght ſaid the lady I am aſhamed onles that ſom good knyght helpe me / for a grete lady of worſhip ſente by me a fayre child and a ryche vnto ſir launcelot du lake / and here by there mette with me a knyghte and threwe me doune fro my palfray and took aweye the child from me / wel my lady ſaid ſyr Triſtram / and for my lord ſyr Launcelots ſake I ſhalle gete you that child ageyne / or els I ſhalle be beten for hit / And ſoo ſire Triſtram tooke his hors / and aſked the lady whiche wey the knyght rode / And thenne ſhe tolde hym And he rode after hym / and within a whyle he ouertoke that knyght / And thenne ſyr Triſtram badde hym corne and gyue ageyne the child

¶ Capitulum xxj

[leaf 152*]

THe knyghte torned his hors / and he made hym redy to fyghte / And thenne ſir Tryſtram ſmote hym with a ſwerd ſuche a buffet / that he tombled to the erthe / And thenne he yelded hym vnto ſir Triſtram / thenne come thy waye
5 ſayd ſire Tryſtram and brynge the child to the lady ageyne / Soo he took his hors wekely and rode with ſir Tryſtram / and thenne by the way ſyr Tryſtram aſked hym his name / Thenne he ſaid my name is Breunis ſaunte pyte / Soo whanne he hadde delyuerd that child to the lady / he ſaid / ſir as in this the
10 child is wel remedyed / Thenne ſir Tryſtram lete hym goo ageyne that ſore reyentyd hym after / for he was a grete foo vnto many good knyghtes of kynge arthurs courte / ¶ Thenne whan ſir Triſtram was in his pauelione / Gouernaile his man cam / and told hym how that kynge anguyſſhe of Irland was
15 come thyder / and he was putte in grete diſtreſſe / and there gouernaile told ſir Tryſtram / how kynge anguyſſhe was ſomoned and appealed of murther / Soo god me help ſaid ſir Triſtram theſe ben the beſt tydynges that euer came to me this vii yere / for now ſhalle the kynge of Irland haue nede of my helpe
20 for I dare ſaye there is no knyght in this countrey that is not of arthurs courte dare doo bataille with ſyre Blamore de ganys / and for to wynne the loue of the kyng of Irland I wil take the batail vpon me / and therfor gouernaile brynge me I charge the to the kyng / Thenne Gouernaile wente vnto kynge
25 anguyſſhe of Irland and ſalewed hym fayre / the kynge welcomed hym / and aſked hym what he wolde / Syr ſaide Gouernaile / here is a knyghte nere hande that deſyreth to ſpeke with you / he badde me ſaye he wolde doo you ſeruyſe / what Knyght is he ſaide the Kynge / ſyr he ſaid hit is ſir Triſtram du ſyonas
30 that for your good grace ye ſhewed hym in your landes wyll rewarde you in theſe countreyes / Come on felawe ſaid the kynge with me anone / and ſhewe me vnto ſir Tryſtram / ſoo the Kyng took a lytel hackney and but fewe felauſhip with him vntyl he came vnto ſir Triſtrams pauelione / and whanne ſyre
35 Tryſtram ſawe the Kynge / he ranne vnto hym and wold haue holden his ſtyrope / But the kynge lepte from his hors lyghtly / and eyther halſed other in armes / my gracious Lord ſayde ſire Tryſtram gramercy of your grete goodneſſes ſhewed vn-

to me in your marches and landes / And at that tyme I promyſed you to doo my ſeruyſe / and euer it laye in my power / & gentyl knyght ſaid the kynge vnto ſir Triſtram / now haue I grete nede of you / neuer had I ſoo grete nede of no knyghtes helpe / How ſoo my good lord ſaid ſire Tryſtram / I ſhalle telle you ſaid the kynge I am aſſomoned and appeled fro my countrey for the deth of a knyght that was kyn vnto the good knyght ſir Launcelot / wherfor ſir Blamor de ganys broder to ſir Bleoberys hath appeled me to fyghte with hym / outher to fynde a knyght in my ſtede / And wel I wote ſaid the kyng theſe that are come of kynge Bans blood as ſir Launcelot & theſe other are paſſynge good knyghtes and hard men for to wynne in bataille as ony that I knowe now lyuynge / Syre ſaid ſir Tryſtram / for the good lordſhip ye ſhewed me in Irland and for my lady youre doughters ſake / La Beale Iſoud I wille take the bataille for you vpon this condycyon / that ye ſhalle graũte me two thynges / that one is that ye ſhal ſwere to me that ye are in the ryght that ye were neuer conſentynge to the knyȝtes dethe / Syr thenne ſaid ſir Triſtram when that I haue done this bataille yf god yeue me grace that I ſpede that ye ſhalle gyue me a reward what thynge reſonable that I wille aſke of you / Soo god me help ſaid the kyng ye ſhal haue what ſomeuer ye will aſke / It is wel ſaid / ſaid ſir Tryſtram

¶ Capitulum xxij

NOw make your anſuer that youre Champyon is redy For I ſhalle dye in your quarel rather than to be racreaunt / I haue no doubte of you ſaid the kynge / that and ye ſhold haue adoo with ſir Launcelot du lake / Syr ſaid ſir Triſtram as for ſire Launcelot he is called the nobleſt knyghte of the worlde / And wete ye wel that the knyghtes of his blood are noble men and drede ſhame / And as for Bleoberys broder to ſyr Blamor I haue done bataille with hym / therfore vpon my hede / it is no ſhame to call hym a good knyght / It is noyſed ſaid the kynge / that Blamor is the hardyer knyghte / ſire as for that lete hym be / he ſhal neuer be refuſed / & as he were

the beſt knyght that now bereth ſhelde or ſpere / Soo kyng Anguyſſhe departed vnto kynge Carados / and the kynges that were that tyme as Iuges / and told hem that he hadde fonde his champyon redy / Thenne by the commaundementes of the kynges ſir Blamor de ganys and ſire Triſtram were ſente for to here the charge / And whan they were come beforne the Iuges / there were many kynges and knyghtes biheld ſire Triſtram / and moche ſpeche they had of hym by cauſe he ſlewe ſir Marhaus the good knyght / and by cauſe he foriuſted ſir Palamydes the good knyght / ¶ So when they had taken theire charge / they withdrewe hem to make hem redy to doo bataile / Thenne ſaid ſir Bleoberys to his broder ſir Blamore / fayr dere broder remembre of what kyn we be come of / and what a man is ſir launcelot du lake / neyther ferther nor nere but brother children / and ther was neuer none of oure kyn that euer was ſhamed in bataille / and rather ſuffre deth broder than to be ſhamed / Broder ſaid Blamore haue you no doute of me / for I ſhal neuer ſhame none of my blood / hou be it I am ſure that yonder knyghte is called a paſſynge good knyght as of his tyme one of the world / yet ſhal I neuer yelde me nor ſay the lothe word / wel may he happen to ſmyte me doun with his grete myȝt of chyualry / but rather ſhalle he ſlee me than I ſhal yelde me as recreaunt / God ſpede you wel ſaid Bleoberys for ye ſhal fynde hym the myghtyeſt knyght that euer ye hadde ado with all / for I knowe hym for I haue had ado with hym God me ſpede ſaid Blamor de ganys / and therwith he tooke his hors at the one ende of the lyſtes / and ſire Tryſtram atte other ende of the lyſtes / and ſoo they feutryd theyre ſperes / & came to gyders as it had ben thonder / and there ſir Triſtram thorou grete myght ſmote doune ſir Blamore and his hors to the erthe / Thenne anone ſir Blamor auoyded his hors and pulled oute his ſwerd / and threwe his ſhelde afore hym / and badde ſir Tryſtram alyghte / for though an hors hath failed me I truſte to god the erthe wil not faile me / And thenne ſyre Tryſtram alyght and dreſſid hym vnto batail / and there they laſſhed to gyder ſtrongly as racyng and tracyng / foynynge and daſſhyng many ſad ſtrokes that the kynges and knyghtes had grete wonder that they myghte ſtande / for euer they

[leaf 153* verso]

fought lyke wood men ſo that there were neuer knyghtes ſene fyghte more fyerſly than they dyd / for ſire Blamore was ſo haſty he wold haue no reſt that alle men wondred that they had brethe to ſtande on their feet / and alle the place was blody that they fought in / And at the laſte ſyre Triſtram ſmote ſir Blamor ſuche a buffet vpon the helme that he there felle doune vpon his ſyde / and ſir Tryſtram ſtode and beheld hym /

¶ Capitulum xxiij

THenne whan ſir Blamor myghte ſpeke / he ſaid thus Syre Triſtram de Lyones I requyre the as thou art a noble knyghte and the beſt knyghte that euer I fond that thou wilt ſlee me oute / for I wold not lyue to be made lord of alle the erth / for I haue leuer dye with worſhip than lyue with ſhame / and nedes ſir Triſtram thou muſt ſlee me / or els thou ſhalt neuer wynne the feld / for I wille neuer ſaye the lothe word / And therfore yf thou dare ſlee me / ſlee me / I requyre the / Whanne ſir Triſtram herd hym ſaye ſoo knyghtely / he wyſte not what to doo with hym / he remembryng hym of bothe partyes of what blood he was comen / and for ſir Launcelots ſake he wold be lothe to ſlee hym / and in the other party in no wyſe he myghte not cheſe / but that he muſt make hym to ſaye the lothe word or els to ſlee hym / Thenne ſyre Triſtram ſtarte abak and went to the kynges that were Iuges / and ther he kneled doun to fore hem and beſoughte hem for their worſhippes and for kynge Arthurs and ſir Laūcelots ſake that they wold take this mater in theyr handes / For my fayre lordes ſaid ſir triſtram hit were ſhame and pyte / that this noble knyght that yonder lyeth ſhold be ſlayne / for ye here wel / ſhamed wille he not be / and I pray to god that he neuer be ſlayne nor ſhamed for me / And as for the kyng for whome I fyghte fore I ſhalle requyre hym as I am his true champyon and true knyght in this felde that he wille haue mercy vpon this knyghte / So god me helpe ſaid kynge Anguyſſhe I wil for your ſake ſyre triſtram be ruled as ye wylle haue me / For I knowe you for my true knyghte / ¶ And therfore I

wylle hertely pray the kynges that ben here as Iuges to take hit in theire handes / And the kynges that were Iuges called ſyr Bleoberys to them / and aſked hym his aduyſe ¶ My lordes ſaid Bleoberys / though my broder be beten and hath the wers thorou myghte of armes I dare ſaye though ſyre Tryſtram hath beten his body / he hath not beten his herte / and I thanke god he is not ſhamed this daye / And rather than he ſhold be ſhamed / I requyre you ſayd Bleoberys lete ſir Triſtram ſlee hym oute / It ſhalle not be ſoo ſaid the kynges / for his parte aduerſary bothe the kynge and the champyon haue pyte of ſyre Blamors knyghthode / My lordes ſaid Bleoberys I wille ryght wel as ye wille /

¶ Thenne the kynges called the kynge of Irland and fond hym goodely and tretabyl / And thenne by alle their aduyſes ſyre Triſtram and ſyre Bleoberys toke vp ſire Blamore / and the two bretheren were accorded with kynge Anguyſſhe / and kyſſed and made frendys for euer / And thenne ſire Blamor and ſire Tryſtram kyſſed to gyders / and there they made their othes that they wold neuer none of them two bretheren fyghte with ſyre Tryſtram / and ſyre Tryſtram made the ſame oth And for that gentyl bataille alle the blood of ſyre Launcelot loued ſire Tryſtram for euer /

¶ Thenne kynge Anguyſſhe and ſyre Triſtram toke theire leue ande ſailed in to Irland with grete nobleſſe and ioye / ¶ Soo whanne they were in Irland / the kynge lete make it knowen thoroute alle the land how and in what manere ſyre Tryſtram had done for hym ¶ Thenne the Quene and alle that there were made the mooſt of hym that they myghte / But the Ioye that la beale Iſoud made of ſyr Triſtram there myghte no tonge telle / for of alle men erthely ſhe loued hym mooſt

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

THenne vpon a daye kynge Anguyſſhe aſked ſyr Triſtram why he aſked not his bone / For what ſomeuer he had promyſed hym / he ſhold haue hit withoute fayle

[leaf 154 verso]

Syre ſayd ſire Tryſtram now is hit tyme this is alle that I wylle deſyre that ye wylle gyue me la beale Iſoud youre doughter not for my ſelf but for myn vnkel kynge Marke that ſhalle haue her to wyf / for ſoo haue I promyſed hym / Allas ſaid the kynge I had leuer than alle the land that I haue / ye wold wedde her youre ſelf / Syre and I dyd than I were ſhamed for euer in this world / and fals of my promyſe / Therfore ſaid ſire Tryſtram I praye you hold your promyſe that ye promyſed me / for this is my deſyre that ye wylle gyue me la Beale Iſoud to goo with me in to Cornewaile for to be wedded to kynge Marke myn vnkel / ¶ As for that ſayd kynge Anguyſſhe ye ſhalle haue her with you to doo with her what it pleaſe you / that is for to ſaye yf that ye lyſt to wedde her your ſelf that is me leueſt / And yf ye wille gyue her vnto kynge Marke youre vnkel that is in youre choyſe /

¶ Soo to make ſhort concluſion la beale Iſoud was made redy to goo with ſyre Tryſtram and dame Bragwayne wente with her for her chyef gentylwoman with many other / thenne the quene Iſouds moder gaf to her and dame Bragwayne her doughters gentilwoman and vnto Gouernaile a drynke and charged them that what day kynge Marke ſhold wedde that ſame daye they ſhold gyue hym that drynke / ſoo that kynge Marke ſhold drynke to la beale Iſoud / and thenne ſaid the Quene I vndertake eyther ſhalle loue other the dayes of their lyf / Soo this drynke was yeuen vnto dame Bragwayne and vnto Gouernaile / And thenne anone ſyre Tryſtram tooke the ſee / and la Beale Iſoud / and whan they were in theire caban hit happed ſoo that they were thurſty / and they ſawe a lytyl flacked of gold ſtande by them / and hit ſemed by the coloure and the taſte that it was noble wyn /

Thenne ſire Tryſtram toke the flacket in his hand / and ſayd Madame Iſoud here is the beſt drynke that euer ye drank that dame Bragwayne youre mayden and Gouernayle my ſeruaunt haue kepte for them ſelf / Thenne they lough and made good chere and eyther dranke to other frely / and they thoughte neuer drynke that euer they dranke to other was ſoo ſwete nor ſoo good / But by that theyr drynke was in their

bodyes / they loued eyther other ſo wel that neuer theyr loue departed for wele neyther for wo / And thus it happed the loue fyrſte betwixe ſire Triſtram and la beale Iſoud / the whiche loue neuer departed the dayes of their lyf / ſoo thenne they ſayled tyl by fortune they came nyghe a caſtel that hyght Pluere And there by arryued for to repoſe them wenyng to them to haue hadde good herboroug / but anon as ſir Tryſtram was within the caſtel / they were taken pryſoners / for the cuſtomme of the caſtel was ſuche who that rode by that caſtel and brought ony lady he muſt nedes fyghte with the lord that hyghte Breunor And yf it were ſoo that Breunor wanne the feld / thenne ſhold the knyght ſtraunger and his lady be putte to dethe what that euer they were / and yf hit were ſo that the ſtraunge knyghte wanne the feld of ſir Breunor / thenne ſhold he dye and his lady bothe / this cuſtome was vſed many wynters / for hit was called the caſtel pluere that is to ſaye the wepynge caſtel

¶ Capitulum xxv

THus as ſire Tryſtram and la beale Iſoud were in pryſon / hit happed a knyght and a lady came vnto them / where they were to chere them / I haue merueille ſaid Triſtram vnto the knyght and the lady what is the cauſe the lord of this Caſtel holdeth vs in pryſon / hit was neuer the cuſtome of no place of worſhip that euer I came in / whan a knyghte and a lady aſked herborugh / and they to receyue hem / & after to deſtroye them that ben his geſtes / Syr ſaid the knyght this is the old cuſtome of this caſtel that whan a knyght cometh here / he muſt nedes fyghte with our lord / and he that is weyker muſte leſe his hede / And whan that is done yf his lady that he bryngeth / be fouler than our lordes wyf / ſhe muſt leſe her heede / And yf ſhe be fayrer preued than is oure lady / thenne ſhal the lady of this caſtel leſe her heede / Soo god me help ſaid ſire Triſtram this is a fowle cuſtome and a ſhameful / But one auaũtage haue I ſaid ſir Tryſtram I haue a lady is fayre ynoug fayrer ſawe I neuer in alle my lyfe dayes / And I doubte

not for lack of beaute ſhe ſhalle not leſe her heed / and rather than I ſhold leſe my heede I wille fyghte for hit on a fayre felde / ¶ Wherfore Syre knyght I pray you telle your lord that I wille be redy as to morne with my lady and my ſelfe to doo batail yf hit be ſo I maye haue my hors and myne armour / Syre ſaid that knyght I vndertake that youre deſyre ſhalle be ſpedde ryght wel /

And thenne he ſayd take youre reſt and loke that ye be vp by tymes and make you redy and your lady / for ye ſhall wante no thynge that you behoueth / and ther with he departed and on the morne by tymes that ſame knyghte came to ſire Tryſtram and fetched hym oute and his lady & brouȝte hym hors and armour that was his owne / and badde hym make hym redy to the feld / for alle the eſtates and comyns of that lordſhip were there redy to behold that bataille and Iugement /

¶ Thenne came ſyre Breunor the lord of that Caſtel wyth his lady in his hand muffeld / and aſked ſyre Tryſtram where was his lady / for and thy lady be fayrer than myn wyth thy ſwerd ſmyte of my ladyes hede / and yf my lady be fayrer than myn / with my ſwerd I muſte ſtryke of her heed / And yf I maye wynne the / yet ſhalle thy lady be myne / and thou ſhalt leſe thy hede / ¶ Syre ſaid Tryſtram this is a fowle cuſtome and horryble / and rather than my lady ſhold leſe her heed / yet had I leuer leſe my hede /

¶ Nay nay ſaid ſire Breunor the ladyes ſhalle be ſyrſt ſhewed to gyder / and the one ſhalle haue her Iugement / Nay I wille not ſoo ſaid ſire Triſtram / For here is none that wille gyue ryghteuous Iugement / But I doubte not ſaid ſir Triſtram my lady is fayrer than thyne / And that wille I preue and make good with my hand / And who ſomeuer he be that wille ſaye the contrary I wille preue hit on his hede

And there with ſire Triſtram ſhewed la beale Iſoud / and torned her thryes aboute with his naked ſwerd in his hand And whanne ſyre Breunor ſawe that he dyd the ſame wyſe torne his lady / But whanne ſyre Breunor beheld la beale Iſoud / hym thoughte he ſawe neuer a fayrer lady / and thenne he dradde his ladyes hede ſhold be of / and ſoo al the peple

that were there preſent gaf Iugement that la beale Iſoud was the ſayrer lady and the better made / how now ſaid ſir Triſtrā me ſemeth it were pyte that my lady ſhold loſe her heed / but by cauſe thou and ſhe of long tyme haue vſed this wycked cuſ-
5 tome / and by you bothe haue many good knyghtes and ladyes ben deſtroyed / for that cauſe it were no loſſe to deſtroye you bothe / Soo god me help ſaid ſir Breunor for to ſaye the ſoȝhe / thy lady is ſayrer than myn / and that me ſore repenteth And ſoo I here the peple pryuely ſaye / for alle wymmen I
10 ſawe none ſoo fayre / and therfor and thou wilt ſlee my lady I doute not but I ſhal ſlee the and haue thy lady / ¶ Thou ſhalt wynne her ſaid ſir Tryſtram as dere as euer knyȝt wan lady / And by cauſe of thyn owne Iugement as thou woldeſt haue done to my lady yf that ſhe had ben fouler / and by cauſe
15 of the evyl cuſtome gyue me thy lady ſaid Tryſtram / & there with alle ſir Triſtram ſtrode vnto hym and toke his lady from hym / and with an auke ſtroke he ſmote of her hede clene / wel knyght ſaid ſir Breunor now haſt thou done me a deſpyte /

¶ Capitulum xxvj

NOw take thyn hors ſythen I am lady les I wil wyn
20 thy lady and I may / thenne they took their horſes / & came to gyders as hit had ben the thonder / and ſire Tryſtram ſmote ſir Breunor clene from his hors / and lyȝtely he roſe vp And as ſir Tryſtram came ageyne by hym / he threſt his hors thorou oute both the ſholders that his hors hurled here and the-
25 re / and felle dede to the ground / And euer ſir Breunor ranne after to haue ſlayne ſire Triſtram / but ſire Triſtram was lyght and nymel and voyded his hors lightely / And or euer ſir Tryſtram myght dreſſe his ſheld and his ſwerd / the other gaf hym thre or foure ſadde ſtrokes ¶ Thenne they
30 raſſhed to gyders like two bores tracyng and trauercyng myȝtely and wyſely as two noble knyghtes / For this ſire Breunor was a proued knyghte and hadde ben or than the dethe of many good knyghtes / that it was pyte that he had ſo long endured / Thus they fouȝt hurlyng here & there nyȝ two houres &

[leaf 156 verso]

eyder were wounded ſore / thenne at the laſt ſir Breunor raſſhed vpon ſir Tryſtram and tooke hym in his armes / for he truſted moche to his ſtrengthe / Thenne was ſir Tryſtram called the ſtrengeſt and the hyeſt knyght of the world / For he was called byggar than ſir laūcelot / but ſir Launcelot was better brethed / Soo anone ſire Tryſtram thruſt ſyr Breunor doune grouelynge / and thenne he vnlaced his helme / and ſtrake of his hede / And thenne al they that longed to the caſtel cam to hym and dyd hym homage and feaute prayenge hym / that he wold abyde there ſtylle a litel whyle to fordo that foule cuſtom Syr Tryſtram graunted ther to / the meane whyle one of the knyghtes of the caſtel rode vnto ſire Galahad the haut prynce the whiche was ſir Breunors ſone / whiche was a noble knyȝt and told hym what myſauenture his ſader hadde and his moder

¶ Capitulum xxvij

THenne came ſir Galahad and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes with hym / and this ſyr Galahad profered to fyghte with ſir Tryſtram hand for hand / and ſoo they made them redy to go vnto bataile on horſbak with grete courage / Thenne ſir Galahad and ſir Tryſtram mette to gyders ſoo hard that eyder bare other doune hors and alle to the erthe / And theñe they auoyded their horſes as noble knyghtes and dreſſid theire ſheldes and drewe their ſwerdes with Ire & rancour / and they laſſhed to gyder many ſadde ſtrokes / and one whyle ſtrykynge another whyle foynynge / tracynge and trauerſynge as noble knyghtes / thus they fought long nere half a day and eyder were ſore wounded / At the laſt ſire Tryſtram waxed lyghte and bygge / and doubled his ſtrokes and drofe ſyr Galahad abak on the one ſyde and on the other / ſo that he was lyke to haue ben ſlayne / With that came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes and all that felauſhip went ſyerſly vpon ſir Triſtram / whan ſir Tryſtram ſawe them comyng vpon hym / thenne he wiſt wel he myghte not endure / ¶ Thēne as a wyſe knyght of werre he ſaid to ſir Galahaud the haut prynce ſyre ye ſhewe to me no knyghthode for to ſuffre alle youre men to haue adoo with me al at ones / ¶ And as me ſemeth ye be a

noble knyghte of your handes / hit is grete ſhame to you / So god me helpe ſaid ſire Galahad there is none other waye but thou muſt yelde the to me / outher els to dye ſaid ſir Galahad to ſir Tryſtram I wille rather yelde me to you than dye / for
5 that is more for the myght of your men than of your handes / And ther with alle ſir Tryſtram tooke his owne ſuerd by the poynte / and put the pomel in the hand of ſir Galahad / there with alle came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and hard beganne to aſſaylle ſir Tryſtram / lete be ſaid ſir Galahad
10 be ye not ſoo hardy to touche hym / for I haue gyuen this knyght his lyf / that is youre ſhame ſaid the kynge with the C knyghtes / hath he not ſlayne your fader and your moder / As for that ſaid ſyre Galahad I may not wyte hym gretely for my fader had hym in pryſon / and enforced hym to doo bataill
15 with hym / and my fader had ſuche a cuſtomme that was a ſhameful cuſtome that what knyght came there to aſke herborouh his lady muſt nedes deye but yf ſhe were fayrer than my moder / And yf my fader ouercame that knyght he muſt nedes deye / This was a ſhameful cuſtomme and vſage / a knyghte
20 for his herberowe aſkynge to haue ſuche herborage / ¶ And for this cuſtomme I wold neuer drawe aboute hym / So god me helpe ſaid the kynge this was a ſhameful cuſtomme / Truly ſaid ſyre Galahad ſoo ſemed me / and me ſemed it had ben grete pyte that this knyght ſhold haue ben ſlayne / for I dare
25 ſaye he is the nobleſt man that bereth lyf / but yf it were ſir laūcelot du lake / Now fayre knyght ſaid ſir Galahad I requyre the telle me thy name / and of whens thou arte / and whyder thou wolt / Syr he ſaid my name is ſir Tryſtram du lyones & from kynge Marke of Cornewaile I was ſente on meſſage
30 vnto kynge Anguyſſhe of Irland for to fetche his doughter to be his wyf / & here ſhe is redy to go with me into Cornewaile / and her name is la beale Iſoud / and / ſir Tryſtram ſaid ſir Galahad the haut prynce / wel be ye fonde in theſe marches / & ſoo ye wille promyſe me to goo vnto ſyr Launcelot du lake /
35 and accompanye with hym / ye ſhalle goo where ye wylle / and your fayre lady with you / And I ſhalle promyſe you neuer in al my dayes ſhal ſuche cuſtommes be vſed in this caſtel as haue ben vſed / Syr ſaid ſyre Tryſtram now I lete you wete

[leaf 157 verso]

ſoo god me helpe I wende ye had ben ſyr launcelot du lake / whan I ſawe you fyrſte / and therfore I dredde you the more And ſire I promyſe you ſaid ſir Triſtram as ſoone as I may I wille ſee ſir launcelot / and enfelauſhippe me with hym / for of alle the knyghtes of the world I mooſt deſyre his felau- 5 ſhip

¶ Capitulum xxviij

AND thēne ſir Triſtram took his leue whan he ſawe his tyme and tooke the ſee / And the meane whyle word came vnto ſir Launcelot and to ſir Tryſtram that ſire Carados the myghty kynge that was made lyke a gyaunt / 10 that fought with ſir Gawayn and gaf hym ſuche ſtrokes that he ſwouned in his ſadel / and after that he took hym by the coller / and pulled hym oute of his ſadel / and faſt bounde hym to the ſadel bowe / and ſo rode his wey with hym toward his caſtell / And as he rode by fortune ſir Launcelot mette with ſire 15 Carados and anone he knewe ſire Gawayne / that lay bounde after hym / A ſaid ſir Launcelot vnto ſire Gawayne how ſtande it with you / Neuer ſo hard ſaid ſir gawayn onles that ye helpe me / for ſo god me help without ye reſcowe me I knowe no knyght that may but outher you or ſyr Tryſtram / where for ſir 20 Launcelot was heuy of ſir Gawayns wordes / And thenne ſir Launcelot bad ſir Carados leye doune that knyghte / & ſyghte with me / thou arte but a foole ſaide ſire Carados / for I wylle ſerue you in the ſame wyſe / as for that ſaid ſir Launcelot ſpare me not / for I warne the I wille not ſpare the / And then- 25 ne he bond ſir Gawayne hand and foot / and ſo threwe hym to the ground / And thenne he gate his ſpere of his ſquyer / and departed from ſyr launcelot to fetche his cours / and ſoo eyther met with other / and brake their ſperes to their handes / & thenne they pulled out ſwerdes / and hurtled to gyders on horſbak 30 more than an houre / And at the laſte ſire launcelot ſmote ſir Carados ſuche a buffet vpon the helme that it perched his brayne pan / So thenne ſir Launcelot toke ſir Carados by the coller and pulled hym vnder his hors feet / And thenne he alyȝte and pulled of his helme / and ſtrake of his hede / And thenne 35

[leaf 158]

ſir Launcelot vnbounde ſir Gawayne / ſoo this ſame tale was told to ſir Galahad and to ſir Tryſtram / here maye ye here the noblenes that foloweth ſir launcelot / Allas ſaid ſyr Tryſtram and I had not this meſſage in hand with this fayre lady / truly I wold neuer ſtynte or I had fonde ſyre Launcelot / Thenne ſire. Tryſtram and la beale Iſoud wente to the ſee & came in to Cornewaile / and there alle the barons mette hem /

¶ Capitulum xix

AND anone they were rychely wedded with grete nobley / But euer as the frenſſhe book ſayth ſir Tryſtram and la beale Iſoud loued euer to gyders / ¶ Thenne was there grete Iuſtes and grete torneyenge / and many lordes and ladyes were at that feeſt / and ſir Tryſtram was moſt preyſed of alle other / thus dured the feeſt longe / and after the feeſt was done / within a lytel whyle after by the aſſent of two ladyes that were with quene Iſoud / they ordeyned for hate and enuy for to deſtroye dame Bragwayne / that was mayden and lady vnto la beale Iſoud / and ſhe was ſente in to the foreſt for to fetche herbes / & there ſhe was mette & bounde feete and hand to a tree / and ſoo ſhe was bounden thre dayes / And by fortune ſir Palamydes fond dame Bragwayne / and there he delyuerd her from the dethe / and brought her to a nonnery there beſyde for to be recouerd / whanne Iſoud the quene myſt her mayden / wete ye wel ſhe was ryght heuy as euer was ony quene / for of alle erthely wymmen ſhe loued her beſt / the cauſe was for ſhe came with her oute of her countreye / And ſoo vpon a day quene Iſoud walked in to the foreſt to putte aweye her thoughtes / and ther ſhe wente her ſelf vnto a welle / and made grete mone / and ſodenly there came Palamydes to her / and had herd alle her complaynte / and ſayd Madame Iſoud and ye wille graunte me my bone / I ſhalle bryngе to you dame Bragwayne ſauf and ſound / And the quene was ſo glad of his profer / that ſodenly vnauyſed ſhe graũted alle his aſkynge / wel madame ſaid Palamydes I truſt to your promyſe / And yf ye wille abyde here half an houre / I ſhal brynge her to you / I ſhall abyde you ſaid la beale Iſoud

[leaf 158 verso]

And ſir Palamydes rode forth his way to that nonnery / and lyghtly he came ageyne with dame Bragwayne / but by her good wille ſhe wold not haue comen ageyne / by cauſe for loue of the quene ſhe ſtood in auēture of her lyf / Notwithſtandyng half ageynſt her wille ſhe wente with ſir Palamydes vnto the quene / And whan the quene ſawe her / ſhe was paſſyng glad Now madame ſaid Palamydes remembre vpon your promyſe / for I haue fulfilled my promyſe / Sir Palamydes ſaid the quene I wote not what is your deſyre / But I wille that ye wete how be it I promyſed you largely I thought none euyl nor I warne you none ylle wille I doo / Madame ſaid ſir palamydes / as at this tyme ye ſhalle not knowe my deſyre / but bifore my lord your huſband there ſhalle ye knowe that I wil haue my deſyre that ye haue promyſed me / And therwith the quene departed and rode home to the kynge / and ſir palamydes rode after her / And whan ſyr Palamydes came before the kynge / he ſaid ſir kyng I requyre you as ye be a ryghteuous kynge that ye wille Iuge me the ryght / Telle me your cauſe ſaid the kynge and ye ſhalle haue ryght /

¶ Capitulum xxx

SYre ſaid Palamydes I promyſed your Quene Iſoud to brynge ageyne dame Bragwayne that ſhe had loſt vpon this couenaunt that ſhe ſhold graunte me a bone that I wold aſke / and without grutchynge outher auyſemēt ſhe graunted me / what ſaye ye my lady ſaid the kynge / hit is as he ſaith ſoo god me help ſaid the quene / to ſaye the ſothe / I promyſed hym his aſkynge for loue and ioye that I had to ſee her / Wel madame ſaid the kynge / and yf ye were haſty to graunte hym what bone he wold aſke / I wylle wel that ye performe your promyſe / Thenne ſaid Palamydes I will that ye wete that I wille haue your quene to lede her and gouerne her where as me lyſt / There with the kynge ſtood ſtyll and bethought hym of ſir Tryſtram / and demed that he wold reſcowe her / And thenne haſtely the kynge anſuerd take her with the aduētures that ſhal falle of hit / for as I ſuppoſe thou wylt

[leaf 159]

not enioye her noo whyle / As for that ſaid Palamydes I dare ryght wel abyde the aduenture / and ſoo to make ſhort tale / ſir Palamydes toke her by the hand / and ſaid Madame grutche not to goo with me / for I deſyre no thynge but your own promyſe / As for that ſaid the quene I fere not gretely to go with the / hou be it thou haſt me at auauntage vpon my promyſe / For I doute not I ſhalle be worſhipfully reſcowed from the / As for that ſaid ſir Palamydes be it as it be maye / So quene Iſoud was ſette behynde Palamydes / and rode his way / anon the kynge ſente after ſyr Tryſtram / but in no wyſe he coude be foūde / for he was in the foreſt an huntyng / for that was alweyes his cuſtome / but yf he vſed armes / to chaſe and to hunte in the foreſtes / Allas ſaid the kynge now I am ſhamed for euer that by myn owne aſſente my lady and my quene ſhalle be deuoured / Thenne came forth a knyght his name was lambegus / and he was a knyght of ſyr Tryſtram / My lord ſayd this knyght ſythe ye haue truſte in my lord ſire Triſtram / wete ye wel for his ſake I wille ryde after your quene and reſcowe her / or els I ſhal be beten / Gramercy ſaide the kynge / & I lyue ſir Lambegus I ſhal deſerue hit / And thenne ſir Lambegus armed hym / and rode after as faſt as he myghte / And thenne within a whyle he ouertoke ſir Palamydes / And thenne ſir Palamydes lefte the quene / what arte thou ſaide Palamydes / arte thou Tryſtram / nay he ſaide I am his ſeruaunte / and my name is Lambegus / that me repenteth ſaide Palamydes / I hadde leuer thou haddeſt ben ſire Tryſtram / I bileue you wel ſaid Lambegus / but when thou meteſt with ſir Tryſtram thou ſhalt haue thy handes ful / And thenne they hurtled to gyders and alle to braſte their ſperes / and thenne they pulled oute their ſwerdes / and hewed on helmes and hauberkes / At the laſte ſire Palamydes gaf ſir Lambegus ſuche a wound that he felle doun lyke a dede knyghte to the erthe / Thenne he loked after la beale Iſoud / and thēne ſhe was gone he nyſt where / wete ye wel ſir Palamydes was neuer ſoo heuy / So the quene ranne in to the foreſt / and there ſhe fond a wel / and theryn ſhe hadde thoughte to haue drouned her ſelf / And as good fortune wold ther came a knyght to her that hadde a Caſtel therby his name was ſire Adtherp / And when he fonde the quene

[leaf 159 verso]

in that meſchyef / he reſcowed her / and broughte her to his caſtel / And whanne he wyſt what ſhe was he armed hym / and took his hors and ſaid / he wold be auengyd vpon palamydes and ſoo he rode on tyll he mette with hym / and there ſir Palamydes wounded hym ſore / and by force he made hym to telle hym the cauſe why he dyd bataille with hym / and how he had ladde the quene vnto his caſtel / Now brynge me there ſaid palamydes or thou ſhalt dye of my handes / Sir ſaid ſir Adtherp I am ſoo wounded I may not folowe / but ryde you this way and hit ſhalle brynge you in to my caſtel / and there within is the quene / Thenne ſire Palamydes rode ſtyll tyl he came to the Caſtel / And at a wyndowe La Beale Iſoud ſawe ſir Palamydes / thenne ſhe made the yates to be ſhette ſtrongly / And whan he ſawe he myght not come within the caſtel / he putte of his brydel and his ſadel / and putte his hors to paſture / and ſette hym ſelf doune atte gate lyke a man that was oute of his wytte that retchyd not of hym ſelf /

¶ Capitulum xxxj

NOw torne we vnto ſir Triſtram that whanne he was come home / and wyſte la Beale Iſoud was gone with ſyr Palamydes wete ye wel he was wrothe oute of meſure / Allas ſaid ſir Tryſtram I am this day ſhamed / Thenne he cryed to Gouernaile his man / haſte the that I were armed and on horſbak / for wel I wote Lambegus hath no myghte nor ſtrengthe to withſtande ſir Palamydes / Allas that I haue not ben in his ſtede / Soo anone as he was armed and horſed ſir Triſtram and Gouernaile rode after in to the foreſt / and within a whyle he fond his knyght Lambegus al mooſt woūded to the dethe / and ſyre Tryſtram bare hym to a foſter / and charged hym to kepe hym wel / And thenne he rode forth and there he fond ſyr Adtherp ſore wounded / and he told hym hou the quene wold haue drouned her ſelf had not he ben / And how for her ſake & loue he had taken vpon hym to doo bataille with ſir Palamydes / where is my lady ſaid ſire Tryſtram / Syr ſaid the knyght ſhe is ſure ynough within my Caſtel / &

[leaf 160]

ſhe can hold her within hit / Gramercy ſaid ſyre Tryſtram of thy grete goodenes / and ſoo he rode tyl he came nyghe to that Caſtel / and thenne ſyr Tryſtram ſawe where ſyr Palamydes ſat at the gate ſlepynge / and his hors paſtured faſt afore hym
5 Now goo thou Gouernaile ſaid ſire Triſtram / and byd hym awake / and make hym redy / So Gouernayle rode vnto hym / and ſaid ſir Palamydes aryſe and take to the thyn harneis but he was in ſuche a ſtudy he herd not what Gouernayle ſaid So Gouernaile came ageyne and told ſyre Tryſtram he ſle-
10 pte or els he was madde / Goo thou ageyne ſaid ſire Triſtram / and bydde hym aryſe / and telle hym that I am here his mortal foo / So Gouernaile rode ageyne and putte vpon hym the but of his ſpere / and ſaid ſir Palamydes make the redy / for wete ye wel ſyr Triſtram houeth yonder and ſendeth the word
15 he is thy mortal foo / And there with all ſire Palamydes aroſe ſtylly withoute wordes and gate his hors / and ſadeled hym / and brydeled hym / and lyghtely he lepte vpon / and gat his ſpere in his hand / and eyder feutryd their ſperes and hurtled faſte to gyders / and there Triſtram ſmote doune ſire Pa-
20 lamydes ouer his hors tayle / Thenne lightely ſire Palamydes putte his ſheld afore hym and drewe his ſwerd / And there beganne ſtronge bataill on bothe partyes / for both they fought for thr loue of one lady / and euer ſhe laye on the walles and behelde them / hou they foughte oute of meſure / and eyther we-
25 re woūded poſſyng ſore / but Palamydes was moche ſorer woūded / thus they fought tracynge and trauercyng more than two houres that wel nygh for dole and ſorowe la beale Iſoud ſwouned / ¶ Allas ſhe ſaid that one I loued and yet doo / and the other I loue not / yet it were grete pyte that I ſhold ſee ſir pa-
30 lamydes ſlayne / for wel I knowe by that tyme the ende be done ſir Palamydes is but a dede knyȝt / by cauſe he is not cryſtened I wold be lothe that he ſhold dye a ſaraſyn / And there with alle ſhe came doune and biſought ſire Tryſtram to fyghte no more / A madame ſaide he what meane you / wille ye haue
35 me ſhamed / wel ye knowe I wille be ruled by you / I wylle not your diſhonour ſaide la beale Iſoud but I wold that ye wold for my ſake ſpare this vnhappy ſaraſyn Palamydes / Madame ſaid ſyre Tryſtram I wille leue fyghtynge at this

[leaf 160 verso]

tyme for your ſake / ¶ Thenne ſhe ſaid to ſire Palamydes this ſhalle be your charge that thou ſhalt goo oute of this countrey whyle I am therin / I wille obeye your commaundement ſaid ſire Palamydes / the whiche is ſore ageynſt my wylle ¶ Thenne take thy waye ſaid la beale Iſoud vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur / and there recommaūde me vnto quene Gueneuer / and telle her that I ſend her word / that ther be withyn this land but four louers / that is ſire Launcelot du lake and Quene Gueneuer and ſire Tryſtram de lyonas and quene Iſoud

¶ Capitulum xxxij

AND ſoo ſyre Palamydes departed with grete heuynes And ſir Triſtram took the quene and brouȝte her ageyne to kynge Marke / And thenne was there made grete Ioye of her home comynge / who was cheryſſhed but ſir Tryſtram / Thenne ſir Tryſtram lete fetche ſyr Lambegus his knyȝte fro the foſters hous and hit was longe or he was hole / but at the laſt he was wel recouerd / thus they lyued with Ioye and play a long whyle / But euer ſir Andred that was nygh coſyn to ſyr Tryſtram lay in a watche to wayte betwix ſir Tryſtram and la beale Iſoud for to take hem and ſklaundre hem / Soo vpon a day ſyr Triſtram talked with la beale Iſoud in a wyndowe / and that aſpyed ſir Andred and told it to the kynge / Thenne kynge Marke took a ſwerd in his hand and came to ſir Triſtram and called hym fals traitour / and wold haue ſtryken hym / But ſir Tryſtram was nyghe hym and ranne vnder his ſwerd and tooke hit oute of his hande / And thenne the kynge cryed where are my knyghtes and my men / I charge you ſlee this traitour / But at that tyme there was not one wold meue for his wordes / Whanne ſyre Tryſtram ſawe that there was not one wold be ageynſt hym / he ſhoke the ſwerd to the kynge and made countenaunce as though he wold haue ſtryken hym / And thenne kynge Marke fledde / and ſire triſtram folowed hym and ſmote vpon hym ſyue or ſixe ſtrokes flatlynge on the neck that he made hym to falle vpon the noſe / & thenne ſir Triſtram yede his waye and armed hym and tooke

his hors and his men / and ſoo he rode in to that foreſt / And there vpon a daye ſyr Tryſtram mette with two bretheren that were knyghtes with kynge Marke / and there he ſtrake of the hede of the one / & wounded the other to the dethe / and he maade hym to bere his broders hede in his helme vnto the kynge / and thyrtty moo there he wounded / And whan that knyght came before the kynge to ſaye his meſſage / he there dyed afore the kynge and the quene / Thenne kynge Marke called his counceill vnto hym / and aſked aduyſe of his barons what was beſt to doo with ſire Tryſtram / Syr ſaid the barons in eſpecyal Syre Dynas the Seneſchal / ſyr / we wille yeue you counceyll for to ſende for ſir Triſtram / for we wille that ye wete / many men wille holde with ſyre Tryſtram / and he were hard beſtad And ſyr ſaid ſire Dynas ye ſhalle vnderſtande that ſir Triſtram is called pyerles and makeles of ony Cryſten knyghte / and of his myghte and hardynes we knewe none ſoo good a knyght / but yf hit be ſire Launcelot du lake / And yf ye departe from your Courte and goo to kynge Arthurs courte / wete ye wel he wille gete hym ſuche frendes there that he wylle not ſette by your malyce / And therfore ſyre I counceyle yow to take hym to youre grace / I wylle wel ſaid the kynge that he be ſente for / that we maye be frendes / Thenne the Barons ſente for ſyr Triſtram vnder a ſauf conduyte / And ſoo whan ſyre Triſtram came to the kynge / he was welcome / and no reherſail was made / and there was game and playe / and thenne the kynge and the quene wente on huntynge and ſir Triſtram

¶ Capitulum xxxiij

THe kynge and the quene made their pauelions & theire tentes in that foreſt beſyde a Ryuer / and ther was dayly huntynge and Iuſtynge / for there were euer xxx knyghtes redy to Iuſte vnto alle them that came in at that tyme / And there by fortune came ſire Lamerak de galys and ſir Dryaunt / and there ſyre Dryaunt Iuſted ryght wel / but at the laſte he had a falle / Thenne ſire Lamerak profered to Iuſte / And whan he began he ferd ſo with the thyrtty knyȝtes

[leaf 161 verso]

that there was not one of hem but that he gaf hym a falle / and
ſomme of them were ſore hurte / I merueyle ſaid kyng Mark
what knyght he is that doth ſuche dedes of armes / Sir ſaid ſire
Triſtram / I knowe hym wel for a noble knyght / as fewe now
ben lyuynge / and his name is ſir Lamorak de Galys / it were 5
grete ſhame ſaide the kynge that he ſhold goo thus aweye on-
les that ſomme of you mette with hym better / Syre ſaid ſyre
Triſtram me ſemeth it were no worſhip for a noble man to ha-
ue adoo with hym / And for by cauſe at this tyme he hath done
ouer moche for ony meane knyght lyuynge / therfore as me ſe- 10
meth hit were grete ſhame and vylony to tempte hym ony mo-
re at this tyme / in ſoo moche as he and his hors are wery bothe
For the dedes of armes that he hath done this daye and they be
wel conſydered / it were ynough for ſir Launcelot du lake /
¶ As for that ſaid kynge Marke I requyre you as ye loue 15
me and my lady the Quene La beale Iſoud take youre ar-
mes and Iuſte with ſire Lamorak de Galys / ¶ Syre ſaid ſir
Triſtram ye byd me doo a thynge that is ageynſt knyghthode /
And wel I can deme that I ſhal gyue hym a falle / For hit
is no mayſtry / for my hors and I ben freſſhe bothe / and ſo is 20
not his hors and he / and wete ye wel / that he wil take hit for
grete vnkyndenes / For euer one good is lothe to take another
at diſauauntage / But by cauſe I wil not diſpleaſe yow / as
ye requyre me / ſoo wille I doo and obeye your commaundemēt
And ſoo ſire Triſtram armed hym and took his hors / & putt 25
hym forth / and there ſire Lamerak mette hym myghtely / and
what with the myght of his owne ſpere / and of ſire Triſtram
ſpere ſyr Lamoraks hors felle to the erthe / and he ſyttynge in
the ſadel / Thenne anone as lyghtly as he myghte he auoyded
the ſadel and his hors / and put his ſhelde afore hym and dre- 30
we his ſwerd / And thenne he badde ſir Triſtram alyghte thou
knyght and thou darſt / Nay ſaid ſire Triſtram I wil no more
haue adoo with the / for I haue done to the ouer moche vnto
my diſhonour and to thy worſhip / ¶ As for that ſaid ſir
Lamorak I can the no thanke / ſyn thou haſt foriuſted me on 35
horſbak I requyre the and I biſeche the / and thou be ſir Triſ-
tram / fyghte with me on foote / ¶ I wylle not ſoo

ſaid ore Triſtram / And wete ye wel my name is ſire Triſtrā de lyones / and wel I knowe ye be ſire Lamorak de Galys / And this that I haue done to you was ageynſt my wylle / but I was requyred therto / but to ſaye that I wille doo atte youre requeſt / as at thys tyme I will haue no more ado with you / for me ſhameth of that I haue done / ¶ As for the ſhame ſaid ſire Lamorak on thy party or on myne / beare thou hit & thou wilt / For though a marys ſone hath fayled me / now a Quenes ſone ſhalle not fayle the / And therfore and thou be ſuche a knyghte as men calle the / I requyre the / alyghte / and fyghte with me / Syre Lamorak ſaid ſire Triſtram I vnderſtande youre herte is grete / and cauſe why ye haue / to ſaye the ſothe / for hit wold greue me and ony knyght ſhold kepe hym freſſhe / and thenne to ſtryke doune a wery knyghte / for that knyghte nor hors was neuer fourmed that alwey myght ſtāde or endure / And therfore ſaid ſire Triſtram I wille not haue adoo with you / for me forthynketh of that I haue done / as for that ſaid ſire Lamorak I ſhal quyte you and euer I ſee my tyme /

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

NOo he departed from hym with ſire Dryaun / and by the weye they mette with a knyȝt that was ſente from Morgan le fay vnto kynge Arthur / and this knyght hadde a fayre horne harneſt with gold / and the horne had ſuche a vertue that there myght no lady ne gentilwoman drynke of that horne / but yf ſhe were true to her huſband / And yf ſhe were fals ſhe ſhold ſpylle alle the drynke / And yf ſhe were true to her lord ſhe myght drynke peaſyble / and by cauſe of the quene Gueneuer and in deſpyte of ſire Launcelot this horne was ſente vnto kynge Arthur / and by force ſire Lamorak made that knyghte to telle alle the cauſe why he bare that horne / ¶ Now ſhalte thou bere this horn ſayd Lamorak vnto kyng Marke or els cheſe thou to dye for it / For I telle the playnly in deſpyte and repreef of ſire Triſtrams thou ſhalte bere that horne vnto kynge Marke his vnkel / and ſay thou to hym that

I ſent hit hym for to aſſay his lady / ¶ And yf ſhe be true to hym he ſhal preue her / Soo the knyghte wente his waye vnto kynge Marke and broughte hym that ryche horne / and ſayd that ſir Lamorak ſente hit hym / and there to he told hym the vertue of that horne ¶ Thenne the kynge maade Quene Iſoud to drynke therof / and an honderd ladyes / and there were but four ladyes of alle tho that dranke clene / ¶ Allas ſaide kynge Marke this is a grete deſpyte / and ſware a grete othe / that ſhe ſhold be brente and the other ladyes / ¶ Thenne the Barons gadred them to gyder and ſaid playnly they wold not haue tho ladyes brente for an horne maade by ſorcery that came from as fals a ſorcereſſe and wytche as tho was lyuynge / For that horne dyd neuer good but cauſed ſtryf and debate / and alweyes in her dayes ſhe had ben an enemy to alle true louers / Soo there were many knyghtes made their auowe / and euer they met with Morgan le fay that they wold ſhewe her ſhort curtoſye / ¶ Alſo ſir Triſtram was paſſynge wrothe that ſire Lamorak ſente that horne vnto kynge Marke for wel he knewe that hit was done in the deſpyte of hym / And therfor he thoughte to quyte ſire Lamorak / ¶ Thenne ſyre Triſtram vſed dayly and nyghtely to go to quene Iſoud whanne he myght / and euer ſyre Andred his coſyn watched hym nyght and daye for to take hym with la Beale Iſoud / And ſoo vpon a nyght ſyre Andred aſpyed the houre and the tyme whan ſir Tryſtram wente to his lady / ¶ Thenne ſyre Andred gate vnto hym twelue knyghtes / and at mydnyghte he ſette vpon ſire Triſtram ſecretely and ſodenly / and there ſire Triſtram was take naked a bedde with la beale Iſoud / and thenne was he boūd hande and foot / and ſoo was he kepte vntyl daye / ¶ And thenne by the aſſent of kynge Marke and of ſyr Andred and of ſomme of the Barons ſyre Triſtram was ledde vnto a chappel that ſtode vpon the ſee rockes there for to take his Iugement / and ſoo he was ledde bounden with fourty knyghtes / And whan ſire Triſtram ſawe that there was none other boote / but nedes that he muſt dye / thenne ſaid he fayr lordes remembre what I haue done for the Countreye of Cornewaile / and in what Ieopardy I haue ben in for the wele of you alle / For whan I fouȝt for the truage of cornewaile with

ſir Marhaus the good knyght / I was promyſed for to be better rewarded / whanne ye alle reffuſed to take the bataille / therfore as ye be good gentyl knyghtes / ſee me not thus ſhamefully to dye / for it is ſhame to alle knyghthode thus to ſee me dye / For I dare ſaye ſaid ſire Triſtram that I neuer met with no knyght but I was as good as he / or better / Fy vpon the ſaid ſir Andred fals traitour that thou arte with thyn auaūcynge / for alle thy booſt thou ſhalt dye this daye / O Andred Andred ſaid ſir Triſtram thou ſholdeſt be my kynneſman / and now thou art to me ful vnfrendely / but and there were no mo but thou and I / thou woldeſt not putte me to deth / No ſaid ſir Andred / and ther with he drewe his ſwerd / and wold haue ſlayne hym / Whanne ſir Triſtram ſawe hym make ſuche countenaunce / he loked vpon bothe his handes that were faſt bounden vnto two knyghtes / and ſodenly he pulled them bothe to hym / and vnwraſt his handes / and thenne he lepte vnto his coſyn ſyr Andred and wrothe his ſwerd oute of his handes / thenne he ſmote ſir Andred that he ſylle to the erthe / and ſoo ſir Triſtram foughte tyl that he hadde kylled x knyghtes / So thenne ſir Triſtram gate the chappell and kepte hit myghtely / thenne the crye was grete / and the peple drewe faſte vnto ſire Andred moo than an honderd / whanne ſir Triſtram ſawe the peple drawe vnto hym he remembryd he was naked / & ſperd faſt the chappel dore and brake the barrys of a wyndowe / and ſoo he lepte oute and ſylle vpon the crackys in the ſee / And ſo at that tyme ſir Andred nor none of his felawes myghte gete to hym at that tyme /

¶ Capitulum xxxv

SOo whanne they were departed / Gouernaile and ſire Lambegus and ſire Sentraille de luſhon that were ſir Triſtrams men ſoughte their maiſter / whanne they herd he was eſcaped / thenne they were paſſynge gladde / and on the rockes they fond hym / and with tuels they pulled hym vp / And thenne ſire Triſtram aſked hem where was la beale Iſoud / for he wende ſhe had ben had aweye of Andreds peple / Syr ſaid Gouernaile ſhe is put in a lazar cote ¶ Allas

[leaf 163 verso]

ſaid ſyre Tryſtram this is a ful vngoodely place for ſuche a fayre lady / And yf I maye ſhe ſhalle not be longe there / And ſoo he took his men and wente there as was la Beale Iſoud / and fette her aweye and broughte her in to a foreſt to a fayre manoyre / and ſire Triſtram there abode with her / Soo the good knyghte badde his men goo from hym / For att this tyme I maye not helpe you / ſoo they departed alle ſauf Gouernaile / And ſoo vpon a daye ſir Triſtram yede in to the foreſt for to diſporte hym / and thenne hit happend / that there he felle on ſlepe / And there came a man that ſire Triſtram afore hand had ſlayne his broder / And whan this man hadde foūd hym he ſhotte hym thorou the ſholder with an arow / and ſir Triſtram lepte vp and kylled that man / And in the meane tyme it was told kynge Marke / how ſir Triſtram and la beale Iſoud were in that ſame manoir / and as ſoone as euer he myght thyder he came with many knyȝtes to ſlee ſir Triſtram And whanne he came there / he fond hym gone / and there he took la beale Iſoud home with hym / and kepte her ſtrayte that by no meane neuer ſhe myght wete nor ſende vnto Tryſtram nor he vnto her / And thenne whanne ſyre Triſtram came toward the old manoir / he fond the trak of many horſes / and ther by he wiſte his lady was gone / And thenne ſir Triſtram took grete ſorou / and endured with grete payne long tyme / for the arowe that he was hurte with al was enuenymed / Thenne by the meane of la Beale Iſoud ſhe told a lady that was coſyn vnto dame Bragwayne / and ſhe came to ſir Triſtram and told hym that he myght not be hole by no meanes / For thy lady la beale Iſoud maye not helpe the / therfor ſhe byddeth you haſte in to Bretayne to kynge Howel / and there ye ſhal fynde his douȝter Iſoud le blaunche maynys / and ſhe ſhal helpe the / Thenne ſir triſtram and gouernaile gat them ſhyppyng / and ſoo ſailed in to Bretayne / And whan kynge Howel wiſt that it was ſir triſtram / he was ful gladde of hym / Syre he ſaid I am comen in to this countrey to haue help of your doughter / For hit is tolde me / that there is none other may hele me but ſhe / and ſoo within a whyle ſhe heled hym /

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

THere was an Erle that hyghte Gryp / And this Erle maade grete werre vpon the kynge / and putte the kynge to the werſe / and byſeged hym / And on a tyme ſyre kehydyus that was ſone to kynge Howel / as he yſſued oute / he was ſore wounded nyghe to the dethe /

¶ Thenne Gouernaile wente to the kynge and ſaid / ſyre I counceyle you to deſyre my lord ſyre Triſtram as in your nede to helpe you / I wille doo by your counceylle ſaid the kynge / and ſoo he yede vnto ſyr Tryſtram and praid hym in his warris to helpe hym / for my ſone kehydyus may not goo in to the felde ¶ Sire ſaid ſir Triſtram I wille goo to the feld and doo what I maye / Thenne ſir Triſtram yſſued out of the towne with ſuche felauſhip as he myght make / and dyd ſuche dedes that alle Bretayne ſpake of hym / And thēne at the laſt by grete myghte and force he ſlewe the Erle Gryp with his owne handes / and moo than an honderd knyghtes he ſlewe that daye / And thenne ſire Triſtram was receyued worſhipfully with proceſſion ¶ Thenne kynge Howel enbraced hym in his armes / and ſaid ſire Triſtram alle my kyngdome I wille reſygne to the / God defende ſaid ſir Triſtram / For I am beholden vnto you for youre doughters ſake to doo for you / ¶ Thenne by the grete meanes of kynge Howel & kehydyus his ſone by grete profers there grewe grete loue betwixe Iſoud and ſire Tryſtram / for that lady was bothe good and fayre / and a woman of noble blood & fame ¶ And for by cauſe ſir Triſtram had ſuche chere and Rycheſſe and alle other pleſaunce that he hadde / all mooſt he hadde forſaken la beale Iſoud / And ſoo vpon a tyme ſir Tryſtram agreed to wedde Iſoud la blaunche maynys / And at the laſte they were wedded / and ſolempnly held theyr maryage / And ſoo whanne they were abedde bothe / ſire Triſtram remembryd hym of his old lady la beale Iſoud / And thenne he toke ſuche a thought ſodenly that he was alle deſmayed / and other chere maade he none but with clyppynge and kyſſynge as for other fleſſhly luſtes ſire Tryſtram neuer thoughte nor hadde adoo with her / ſuche mencyon maketh the frenſſhe booke

[leaf 164 verso]

Alſo it maketh mencyon that the lady wende there had ben no pleaſyr but kyſſynge and clyppynge / ¶ And in the meane tyme there was a knyght in Bretayne his name was Suppynabyles / and he came ouer the ſee in to Englond / And thenne he came in to the court of kynge Arthur / and he met with ſir Launcelot du lake / and told hym of the maryage of ſyre Triſtram / Thenne ſaid ſire Launcelot / Fy vpon hym vntrue knyghte to his lady that ſoo noble a knyghte as ſir Tryſtram is ſhold be foūde to his fyrſt lady fals / la beale Iſoud / quene of Cornewaile / But ſaye ye hym this / ſaid ſire Launcelot that of alle knyghtes in the world I loued hym mooſt / and had mooſt ioye of hym / and alle was for his noble dedes / and lete hym wete the loue bitwene hym and me is done for euer / And that I gyue hym warnyng from this daye forth as his mortal enemy

¶ Capitulum xxxvij

THenne departed ſyr Suppynabyles vnto Bretayne ageyne / and there he fond ſir Triſtram / and told hym / that he had ben in kynge Arthurs courte / Thenne ſaid ſir Triſtram herd ye ony thynge of me / Soo god me help ſaide ſyre Suppynabyles / there I herd ſire Launcelot ſpeke of you grete ſhame / and that ye be a fals knyght to your lady / and he bad me doo you to wete that he wille be your mortal enemy in euery place where he may mete you / That me repenteth ſaid Triſtram / for of alle knyghtes I loued to be in his felauſhip / Soo ſyre Triſtram made grete mone and was aſhamed that noble knyghtes ſhold deffame hym for the ſake of his lady / And in this meane whyle la beale Iſoud maade a letter vnto Quene Gueneuer complaynyng her of the vntrouthe of ſir Triſtram and how he hadde wedded the kynges doughter of Bretayne / Quene Gueneuer ſente her another letter / and badde her be of good chere / for ſhe ſhold haue Ioye after ſorou / for ſire triſtram was ſo noble a knyȝt called / that by craftes of ſorcery ladyes wolde make ſuche noble men to wedde them / but in the ende Quene Gueneuer ſaid hit ſhal be thus / that he ſhalle hate her / and loue you better than euer he dyd to fore ¶ So leue

we ſire Tryſtram in Bretayne and ſpeke we of ſire Lamerak de galys / that as he ſayled his ſhyp felle on a rok and peryſſhed all / ſaue ſire Lamerak and his ſquyer / and there he ſwam myghtely / and fyſſhers of the yle of ſeruage toke hym vp and his ſquyer was drouned / and the ſhip men had grete laboure to ſaue ſire Lamoraks lyf / for alle the comfort that coude doo / and the lord of that yle hyght ſyre Nabon le noyre a grete myghty gyaunt / And this ſir Nabon hated alle the knyghtes of kynge Arthurs / and in no wyſe he wold doo hem ſauoure / And theſe fyſſhers told ſir Lamorak alle the gyſe of ſyre Nabon / how there came neuer knyghte of kynge Arthurs but he deſtroyed hym / And atte laſt bataille that he dyd was ſlayne ſyr Nanowne le petyte / the which he put to a ſhameful dethe in deſpyte of kynge Arthur / for he was drawen lymme meale / That forthynketh me ſaid ſir Lamerak for that knyghtes dethe / for he was my coſyn / And yf I were at myn eaſe as wel as euer I was I wold reuenge his dethe / Pees ſayd the fyſſhers and make here no wordes / for or euer ye departe from hens ſyre Nabon muſt knowe that ye haue ben here / or els we ſhold dye for your ſake / So that I be hole ſaid Lamorak of my diſeaſe / that I haue taken in the ſee / I wille that ye telle hym that I am a knyȝt of kynge Arthurs / for I was neuer aferd to reneye my lord /

¶ Capitulum xxxviij

NOw tourne we vnto ſire Tryſtram that vpon a daye he took a lytel Barget and his wyf Iſoud la blaūche maynys with ſire kay hedyus her broder to playe hem in the coſtes / And whan they were from the land / there was a wynde drofe hem in to the coſte of walys vpon this yle of ſeruage / where as was ſyre Lamorak and there the Barget all to roſe and there dame Iſoud was hurte / and as wel as they myȝte they gate in to the foreſt / and there by a welle he ſawe Segwarydes and a damoyſel / And thenne eyther ſalewed other / ſyre ſayde Segwarydes I knowe you for ſire Triſtram de Lyones the man in the world that I haue mooſt cauſe to hate by cauſe

[leaf 165 verso]

ye departed the loue bitwene me and my wyf / but as for that
ſayd Segwarydes I wil neuer hate a noble knyȝt for a lyȝt
lady / And therfore I pray you be my frende and I wille be
yours vnto my power / for wete ye wel / ye are hard beſtad in
this valey / and we ſhalle haue ynough to doo eyther of vs to 5
ſocoure other / And thenne ſir Segwarydes brought ſir Tryſ-
tram to a lady there by that was borne in Cornewaile / and
ſhe told hym alle the peryls of that valey / and how ther cam
neuer knyght there but he were taken pryſoner or ſlayne / wete
you wel fair lady ſaid ſir Tryſtram that I ſlewe ſire Marhaus 10
and delyuerd Cornewaile from the truage of Irland / And
I am he that delyuerd the kynge of Irlande from ſire Bla-
mor de ganys / and I am he that bete ſire Palamydes / and we-
te ye wel I am ſire Tryſtram de lyones that by the grace of
god ſhalle delyuer this woful yle of ſeruage / So ſir Triſtram 15
was wel eaſed / thenne one told hym there was a knyghte of
kyng Arthur ꝑt had wrackyd on the rockes / what is his name
ſaid ſir Triſtram / we wote not ſaid the fyſſhers but he kepeth it
no counceil but that he is a knyghte of Kynge Arthurs / and
by the myghty lord of this yle he ſetteth nought by / I praye 20
you ſaid ſir Tdeſtram and ye maye brynge hym hyder that I
maye ſee hym / And yf he be ony of the Knyghtes of Arthurs
I ſhalle knowe hym / Thenne the lady prayed the fyſſhers to
brynge hym to her place / Soo on the morowe they brouȝt hym
thyder in a fyſſhers rayment / And as ſoone as ſire Triſtram 25
ſawe hym he ſmyled vpon hym and knewe hym wel / but he
knewe not ſir Triſtram / Fair ſir ſaide ſire Triſtram me ſemeth
by your chere ye haue ben diſeaſed but late / and alſo me thyn-
keth I ſhold knowe you here to fore / I wille wel ſaid ſir La-
morak that ye haue ſene me and mette with me / Fair ſir ſaide 30
ſir triſtram telle me your name / vpon a couenaunt I wil telle
you ſaid ſir Lamorak / that is / that ye wil telle me whether ye
be lord of this Iland or noo that is called Nabon le noyre /
For ſothe ſaid ſir triſtram I am not he nor I hold not of hym
I am his foo as wel as ye be / and ſoo ſhal I be foūde or I de- 35
parte out of this yle / Wel ſaid ſir Lamorak ſyn ye haue ſaide
ſoo largely vnto me / My name is ſire Lamorak de galis ſone
vnto kynge Pellinore / forſothe I trowe wel ſaid ſir triſtram /
[leaf 166]

for and ye ſaid other / I knowe the contrary / What are ye ſaid ſyre Lamorak that knoweth me / I am ſir Tryſtram de lyones / A ſyre remembre ye not of the falle ye dyd yeue me ones / and after ye refuſed me to fyghte on foot / that was not for fere I had of you ſaid ſire Triſtram / but me ſhamed att that tyme to haue more a doo with you / for me ſemed ye hadde ynough / but ſire Lamorack for my kyndenes many ladyes ye putte to a repreef / whan ye ſente the horne from Morgan le fay to kynge Marke where as ye dyd this in deſpyte of me / Well ſaid he / and it were to doo ageyne / ſoo wold I doo / for I had leuer ſtryf and debate felle in kyng Marks courte rather than Arthurs courte / for the honour of bothe courtes be not y lyke As to that ſaid ſir Triſtram I knowe wel / ¶ But that that was done it was for deſpyte of me / but alle youre malyce I thanke god hurte not gretely / Therfor ſaid ſir Triſtram ye ſhal leue alle your malyce / and ſoo wille I and lete vs aſſay hou we may wynne worſhip bitwene you and me vpon this gyaunt ſir Nabon le noyre / that is lord of this Iland to deſtroye hym / Sir ſaid ſir Lamorak now I vnderſtande your knyghthode / it maye not be fals that alle men ſaye / for of your bounte nobles and worſhip of alle knyghtes ye are pyerles / And for your curtoſy and gentilnes I ſhewed you vngentilneſſe / & that now me repenteth

¶ Capitulum xxxix

IN the meane tyme there cam word that ſir Nabon had made a crye that alle the peple of that yle ſhold be at his caſtel the ſyfthe day after / ¶ And the ſame daye the ſone of Nabon ſhold be made knyghte / and alle the knyghtes of that valey and there about ſhold be there to Iuſte and all tho of the Royamme of Logrys ſhold be there to Iuſte with them of Northwalys / and thyder came ſyue honderd knyghtes / and they of the countrey brought thyder ſyre Lamorak and ſir Triſtram and ſyre kehydyus and ſire Segwarides / for they durſt none other wyſe doo / and thenne ſir Nabon lent ſire Lamorak hors and armour at ſire Lamoraks deſyre / and ſire Lamorak Iuſted and dyd ſuche dedes of armes that Nabon and all the

[leaf 166 verso]

peple ſaid there was neuer knyȝt that euer they ſawe do ſuche dedes of armes / for as the Frenſſhe book ſaith he foriuſted alle that were there for the mooſt party of ſyue honderd knyghtes that none abode hym in his ſadel Thenne ſir Nabon profered to playe with hym his playe / for I ſawe neuer no knyghte doo ſoo muche vpon a daye / I wille wel ſaid ſire Lamorak playe as I may but I am wery and ſore bryſed / and there eyther gate a ſpere / but Nabon wold not encountre with ſire Lamorak / but ſmote his hors in the forhede and ſoo ſlewe hym / and thenne ſire Lamorak yede on foote and torned his ſhelde and drewe his ſwerd / and there beganne ſtronge bataill on foote / But ſir Lamorak was ſo ſore bryſed and ſhorte brethed that he tracyd and trauercyd ſomwhat abak / Fair felawe ſaid ſyre Nabon hold thy hand and I ſhalle ſhewe the more curtoſye / than euer I ſhewed knyght by cauſe I haue ſene this daye thy noble knyghthode / And therfore ſtand thou by and I wil wete whether ony of thy felawes wille haue adoo with me / Thenne whan ſir Triſtram herd that / he ſtepte forth and and ſaid Nabon lende me hors and ſure armour and I wille haue adoo with the Wel felawe ſaid ſir Nabon goo thou to yonder pauelione and arme the of the beſt thou ſyndeſt there / and I ſhalle playe a merueillous playe with the / Thenne ſaid ſire Triſtram loke ye playe wel or els peraduentur I ſhalle lerne you a newe play that is wel ſaid felawe ſaid ſir Nabon / So whan ſir Triſtram was armed as hym lyked beſt and wel ſhelded and ſwerded / he dreſſid to hym on foote / For wel he knewe ſyr Nabon wold not abyde a ſtroke with a ſpere / therfore he wold ſlee alle knyghtes horſes / Now fair felawe ſaid ſir Nabon lete vs playe / Soo thenne they foughte longe on foote tracynge and trauercynge ſmytynge and foynynge longe withoute ony reſt / Atte laſt ſir Nabon praid hym to telle hym his name / Syre Nabon I telle the my name is ſir Triſtram de lyones a knyȝt of Cornewail vnder kynge Marke / thou art welcome ſaid ſir nabon / for of alle knyghtes I haue mooſt deſyred to fyghte with the or with ſir Launcelot / Soo thenne they wente egerly to gyders and ſire triſtram ſlewe ſire nabon / and ſoo forth with he lepte to his ſone / and ſtrake of his hede / and thenne al the countrey ſayde / they wold holde of ſire Triſtram / nay ſaide ſire Triſtram

[leaf 167]

I wille not ſoo / here is a worſhipfull knyght ſir Lamorak de galys that for me he ſhalle be lord of this countreye / for he hath done here grete dedes of armes / nay ſaid ſir Lamorak I wil not be lord of this countrey / for I haue not deſerued it as wel as ye / therfore gyue ye hit where ye wille for I will none haue / Wel ſaide ſire Triſtram ſyn ye nor I wille not haue hit / lete vs yeue hit to hym that hath not ſo wel deſerued hit / Doo as ye lyſt ſaid Segwarydes / for the yefte is yours for I wil none haue and I had deſerued hit / Soo was it yeuen to ſegwarydes wherof he thanked hem / and ſoo was he lord / & worſhipfully he dyd gouerne hit / And thenne ſir Segwarydes delyuerd alle pryſoners and ſette good gouernaunce in that valey / and ſoo he torned in to Cornewaile / and told kynge Mark and la beale Iſoud how ſir Triſtram had auaunced hym to the yle of ſeruage / and there he proclamed in al Cornewaile of alle the aduentures of theſe two knyghtes / ſo was hit openly knowen / But ful wo was la Beale Iſoud when ſhe herde telle that ſire Triſtram was wedded to Iſoud la blaunche maynys

¶ Capitulum xl

SOo torne we vnto ſir Lamorak that rode toward Arthurs courte / and ſire Triſtrams wyf and Kehydyus took a veſſel and ſailed in to Bretayne vnto kynge Howel where he was welcome / And whan he herd of theſe aduētures they merueilled of his noble dedes / Now torne we vnto ſir Lamorak that whan he was departed from ſire Triſtram / he rode oute of the foreſt tyll he came to an hermytage / whan the heremyte ſawe hym / he aſked hym from whens he came / ſir ſaid ſir Lamorak I come fro this valey / ſir ſaid the hermyte therof I merueille / For this xx wynter I ſawe neuer no knyght paſſe this countrey / but he was other ſlayne or vylaynouſly wounded or paſſe as a poure pryſoner / Tho ylle cuſtoms ſaid ſir lamorak are fordone / for ſir Triſtram ſlewe your lord ſir Nabon and his ſone / thenne was the heremyte gladde and all his bretheren / for he ſaid ther was neuer ſuche a tyraunt among cryſten men / And therfor ſaid the hermyte this valey and fraūceis

[leaf 167 verso]

we wille holde of ſire Triſtram / Soo on the morowe ſir Lamorak departed / And as he rode he ſawe four knyghtes fyghte ageynſt one / and that one knyght defended hym wel but atte laſt the four knyghtes had hym doune / And thenne ſir Lamorak wente betwixe them / and aſked them why they wold ſlee that one knyght / and ſaid hit was ſhame four ageynſt one / Thou ſhalt wel wete ſaid the four knyghtes that he is fals / that is youre tale ſaid ſir Lamorak / And whanne I here hym alſo ſpeke / I wille ſay as ye ſaye / ¶ Thenne ſaid Lamorak / a knyght can ye not excuſe you / but that ye are a fals knyghte / Syr ſaid he yet can I excuſe me both with my word & with my handes / that I wille make good vpon one of the beſt of them my body to his body / ¶ Thenne ſpake they al attones / we wil not Ieopardy our bodyes as for the / But wete thou wel they ſaide and kynge Arthur were here hym ſelf it ſhold not lye in his power to ſaue his lyf / That is to moche ſaid / ſaid ſire Lamorak / but many ſpeke behynde a man more than they wylle ſaye to his face / And by cauſe of your wordes ye ſhalle vnderſtande that I am one of the ſympleſt of kynge Arthurs courte / in the worſhip of my lord now doo your beſt / and in deſpyte of you I ſhalle reſcowe hym / And thenne they laſſhed alle at ones to ſir Lamorak / but anone at two ſtrokes ſyre Lamorak had ſlayne two of them / and thenne the other two fledde ¶ Soo thenne ſire Lamorak torned ageyne to that knyghte / & aſked hym his name / ſyre he ſayde my name is ſire Frolle of the oute Iles / thenne he rode with ſire Lamorak and bare hym company / And as they rode by the waye / they ſawe a ſemely knyght rydynge ageynſt them / and all in whyte / A ſaid Frol yonder knyght Iuſted late with me and ſmote me doune / therfore I wil Iuſte with hym / ye ſhal not doo ſoo ſaid ſire Lamorak by my counceil / and ye wille telle me your quarel whether ye Iuſted at his requeſt / or he at yours / Nay ſaid ſir Frol / I Iuſted with hym at my requeſt / Syr ſaid Lamorak / thēne wil I coūceile you dele no more with hym / for me ſemeth by his countenaunce he ſhold be a noble knyght / and no Iaper / for me thynketh / he ſhold be of the table round / therfor I wil not ſpare ſaid ſir Frol / and thenne he cryed and ſaid / ſir knyȝt make

the redy to Iuſt / That nedeth not ſaid the whyte knyghte / For I haue no luſte to Iuſte with the / but yet they feutryd theyr ſperes / and the whyte knyghte ouerthrewe ſire Frol / and thēne he rode his waye a ſofte paas / Thenne ſir Lamorak rode after hym / and praid hym to telle hym his name / for me ſemeth ye ſhold be of the felauſhip of the round table / Vpon a couenaunt ſaid he I wille telle you my name / ſoo that ye wylle not diſcouer my name / and alſo that ye wille telle me yours / Thenne ſaid he my name is ſir Lamorak de galys / And my name is ſir Launcelot du lake / thenne they putte vp their ſuerdes / and kyſſed hertely to gyders / and eyder made grete Ioye of other / Syr ſaid ſir Lamorak and hit pleaſe you I wyll do you ſeruyſe / God defende ſaid Launcelot that ony of ſoo noble a blood as ye be ſhold doo me ſeruyſe / Thenne he ſaide more I am in a queſt that I muſt doo my ſelf alone / Now god ſpede you ſaid ſir Lamorak / and ſo they departed / Thenne ſir Lamorak came to ſir Frol and horſed hym ageyne / what knyght is that ſaid ſir Frol / ſir he ſaid it is not for you to knowe nor it is no poynte of my charge / ye are the more vncurteis ſaide ſire Frol / and therfore I wille departe fro yow / ye may doo as ye lyſt ſaid ſir Lamorak / and yet by my company ye haue ſaued the fayreſt floure of your garland / ſoo they departed

¶ Capitulum xlj

THenne within two or thre dayes ſyr Lamorak fond a knyghte at a welle ſlepynge / and his lady ſate with hym and waked / Ryght ſo came ſir Gawayne and toke the knyghtes lady / and ſette her vp behynde his ſquyer / Soo ſyre Lamorak rode after ſyre Gawayne / and ſaid ſire Gawayne / torne ageyne / And thenne ſaid ſir Gawayne what wylle ye do with me / for I am neuewe vnto kyng Arthur / ſyre ſaid he for that cauſe I wil ſpare you / els that lady ſhold abyde wyth me / or els ye ſhold Iuſte with me / Thenne ſire Gawayne torned hym and ranne to hym that ought the lady with his ſpere / but the knyght with pure myght ſmote doune ſyre Gawayne / and took his lady with hym / Alle this ſir Lamorak ſaw and ſaid to hym ſelf / but I reuenge my felawe / he will ſay of

[leaf 168 verso]

me diſhonour in kynge Arthurs courte / Thenne ſire Lamorak retorned and profered that knyght to Iuſte / Syr ſaid he I am redy / and there they came to gyders with alle their myght / and there ſir Lamorak ſmote the knyght thorou both ſydes / that he ſylle to the erthe dede / thenne that lady rode to that knyghtes 5 broder that hyght Belliaūce le orgulus / that duelled faſt ther by / and thenne ſhe told hym how his broder was ſlayne / Allas ſaid he I wille be reuengyd / and ſoo he horſed hym / & armed hym / and within a whyle he ouertook ſyre Lamorak / and badde hym torne and leue that lady / for thou and I muſt 10 playe a newe playe / for thou haſt ſlayne my broder ſyre Froll that was a better knyghte than euer were thou / It myghte wel be ſaid ſir Lamorak / but this day in the felde I was foūd the better / Soo they rode to gyder / and vnhorſed other / & torned their ſheldes / and drewe their ſwerdes / and foughte myghtely 15 as noble knyghtes preued by the ſpace of two houres / So thēne ſir Bellyaunce prayed hym to telle hym his name / Syr ſaid he my name is ſire Lamorak de galys / A ſaid ſyr Bellyaunce / thou arte the man in the world that I mooſt hate / for I ſlewe my ſones for thy ſake / where I ſaued thy lyf / and 20 now thou haſt ſlayne my broder ſyr Frol / Allas how ſhold I be accorded with the / therfore defende the / for thou ſhalt dye ther is none other remedy / ◐ Allas ſaid ſir Lamorak ful wel me ought to knowe you / for ye are the man that mooſt haue done for me / And there with alle ſire Lamorak knelyd doune / and 25 biſought hym of grace / Aryſe ſaid ſir Bellyaunce / or els there as thou kneleſt I ſhalle ſlee the / That ſhal not nede ſaide ſire Lamorak / for I wyl yelde me vnto you / not for fere of yow / nor for your ſtrengthe / but your goodenes maketh me ful loth to haue adoo with you / wherfore I requyre you for goddes ſa- 30 ke / and for the honour of knyghthode forgyue me al that I haue offended vnto you / Allas ſaid Belleaunce leue thy knelynge or els I ſhal ſlee the withoute mercy / Thenne they yede ageyne vnto batail / and either wounded other that al the ground was blody there as they foughte / And at the laſte Bel- 35 leaunce withdrewe hym abak and ſette hym doune ſoftely vpon a lytil hylle / for he was ſo faynte for bledyng that he myght not ſtande / Thenne ſir lamorak threwe his ſhelde vpon his

bak / and aſked hym what chere / wel ſaid ſyr Belliaunce / A ſyr yet ſhalle I ſhewe you faueour in your male eaſe / A knyght ſyr Belliaunce ſaid ſyr Lamorak thou arte a foole / for and I had had the at ſuche auauntage as thou haſt done me I ſhold ſlee the / but thy gentylnes is ſo good and ſo large / that I muſt nedes forgyue the myn euylle wille / And thenne ſire Lamorak knelyd adoune / and vnlaced fyrſt his vmberere / and thenne his owne / and thenne eyther kyſſed other with wepynge teres / Thenne ſire Lamerak ledde ſir Belliaūce to an Abbay faſt by / and there ſire Lamorak wold not departe from Bellyaunce tyl he was hole / And thenne they ſware to gyders that none of hem ſhold neuer fyghte ageynſt other / So ſyre Lamorak departed and wente to the courte of kynge Arthur /

¶ Here leue we of ſire Lamorak and of ſir Triſtram

¶ And here begynneth the hiſtorye of La cote male tayle

¶ Capitulum primum

T the Courte of kynge Arthur there cam a yonge man and bygly made / and he was rychely byſene / and he deſyred to be made knyghte of the kyng but his ouer garmēt ſat ouerthwartly / how be hit / hit was ryche clothe of gold /

¶ What is your name ſaid kynge Arthur / Syre ſaide he / my name is Breunor le noyre / and within ſhorte ſpace ye ſhalle knowe that I am of good kyn / It maye wel be ſaid ſir kay the Seneſchal / but in mockage ye ſhalle be called la cote male tayle / that is as moche to ſaye the euyl ſhapen cote / Hit is a grete thynge that thou aſkeſt ſaid the kyng / And for what cauſe wereſt thou that ryche cote / telle me / for I can wel thynke for ſomme cauſe hit is / Syre he anſuerd I had a fader a noble knyght / And as he rode on huntynge vpon a daye hit happed hym to leye hym doune ſlepe / And there came a knyght that had ben longe his enemy / And whan he ſawe he was faſt on ſlepe / he alle to hewe hym / And this ſame cote had my fader

[leaf 169 verso]

on the ſame tyme / and that maketh this cote to ſytte ſoo evyll vpon me / for the ſtrokes ben on hit as I fond hit / and neuer ſhalle be amendyd for me / Thus to haue my faders dethe in remembraunce I were this cote tyl I be reuengyd / and by cauſe ye are callyd the mooſt nobleſt kynge of the world I come to you that ye ſhold make me knyght / Sir ſaid ſir Lamorak and ſir Gaherys / hit were wel done to make hym knyght / for hym beſemeth wel of perſone / and of countenaunce / that he ſhall preue a good man and a good knyght / and a myghty for ſire and ye be remembryd euen ſuche one was ſire launcelot du lake / whanne he came ſyrſte in to this Courte / and full fewe of vs knewe from whens he came / and now is he preued the man of mooſt worſhip in the world / and all your courte and alle your Round table is by ſire launcelot worſhipped and amended more than by ony knyghte now lyuynge / that is trouthe ſaide the kynge / and to morou att your requeſt I ſhalle make hym knyght ¶ So on the morou there was an herte founden / and thyder rode kynge Arthur with a company of his knyghtes to ſlee the herte / And this yonge man that ſire kay named la cote male tayle was there lefte behynd with Quene Gueneuer / and by ſodeyne aduenture ther was an horryble lyon kepte in a ſtronge Toure of ſtone and it happend that he at that tyme brake loos / and came hurlynge afore the Quene & her knyghtes ¶ And whanne the Quene ſawe the lyon / ſhe cryed and fledde / and praide her knyghtes to reſcowe her / And there was none of hem alle but twelue that abode / and alle the other fledde / ¶ Thenne ſaide La cote male tayle Now I ſee wel that alle coward knyghtes ben not dede / and there with alle he drewe his ſwerd / and dreſſid hym afore the lyon / and that lyon gaped wyde and came vpon hym raumppynge to haue ſlayne hym / And he thenne ſmote hym in the mydde of the hede ſuche a myghty ſtroke / that it claſe his hede in ſonder / and daſſhed to the erthe / ¶ Thenne was hit tolde the Quene how the yonge man that ſire kay named by ſcorne La cote male tayle hadde ſlayne the lyon / With that the kyng came home / ¶ And whanne the Quene tolde hym of that aduenture / he was wel pleaſed / and ſaid / vpon payne of myn hede he ſhalle preue a noble man and a feythful Knyghte

and true of his promyſe / thenne the kynge forth with al made hym knyght / Now ſire ſaid this yonge knyght I requyre you and alle the knyghtes of youre courte / that ye calle me by none other name but la cote male tayle / in ſoo moche that
5 ſyr kay hath ſoo named me / ſoo wille I be called / I aſſente me wel therto ſaid the kynge

¶ Capitulum ſecundum

THenne that ſame daye there came a damoyſel in to the courte / and ſhe brought with her a grete black ſhelde / with a whyte hand in the myddes holdynge a ſwerd
10 Other pyctour was there none in that ſhelde / whan kyng Arthur ſawe her / he aſked her from whens ſhe came / and what ſhe wold / Syr ſhe ſaid I haue ryden longe and many a day with this ſheld many wayes / and for this cauſe I am come to your courte / There was a good knyght that ought this ſheld / &
15 this knyght had vndertake a grete dede of armes to enchieue hit / and ſoo it myſſortuned hym / another ſtronge knyght met with hym by ſodeyne aduenture / and there they fought longe / & eyther wounded other paſſynge ſore / and they were ſoo wery / that they lefte that bataille euen hand / Soo this knyghte that
20 ought this ſhelde ſawe none other way but he muſt dye / & thēne he commaunded me to bere this ſhelde to the Courte of kynge Arthur / he requyrynge and prayenge ſomme good knyȝt to take this ſhelde / and that he wold fulfylle the queſt that he was in / Now what ſaye ye to this queſt ſaid kynge Arthur /
25 Is there ony of you here that wille take vpon hym to welde this ſhelde / ¶ Thenne was there not one that wold ſpeke one word / thenne ſir kay took the ſhelde in his handes / Sire knyȝt ſaid the damoyſel what is your name / Wete ye wel ſaid he my name is ſir kay the feneſchal that wyde where is knowen /
30 Syre ſaid that damoyſel laye doune that ſhelde / for wete ye wel it falleth not for you / for he muſt be a better knyȝt than ye / that ſhalle welde this ſhelde / damoyſel ſayd ſyr kay wete ye wel I toke this ſheld in my handes by youre leue / for to behold it

[leaf 170 verso]

not to that entent / but goo where ſomeuer thou wilt / for I will not go with you / Thenne the damoyſel ſtode ſtylle a grete whyle / and byheld many of tho knyghtes / Thenne ſpak the knyght La cote male tayle / fayre damoyſel I wille take the ſhelde and that aduenture vpon me / ſoo I wyſt I ſhold knowe / wheder ward my iourney myght be / for by cauſe I was thys daye made knyght I wold take this aduenture vpon me / What is your name fayre yonge man ſaid the damoyſel / My name is ſaid he la cote male tayle / wel mayſt thou be called ſo ſaid the damoyſel / the knyȝt with the euylle ſhapen cote / but & thou be ſoo hardy to take vpon the to bere that ſhelde and to folowe me / wete thou wel / thy ſkyn ſhalle be as wel hewen as thy cote / As for that ſaid la cote male tayle whan I am ſoo hewen I wille aſke you no ſalue to hele me with alle / And forth with all ther came in to the Court two ſquyers & brouȝt hym grete horſes and his armour and his ſperes / and anone he was armed and tooke his leue / ¶ I wold not by my will ſaid the kynge that ye took vpon you that hard aduenture / ſir ſaid he / this aduenture is myn / and the fyrſt that euer I took vpon me / and that wille I folowe what ſomeuer come of me ¶ Thenne that damoyſel departed / and la cote male tayle faſt folowed after / And within a whyle he ouertook the damoyſell and anone ſhe myſſaid hym in the fowleſt maner

¶ Capitulum Tercium /

THenne ſire kay ordeyned ſir dagonet / kynge Arthurs foole to folowe after la cote male taile / and there ſir kay ordeyned that ſir Dagonet was horſed and armed and bad hym folowe la cote male taile / and profer hym to Iuſte and ſoo he dyd / and whan he ſawe la cote male tayle he cryed and badde hym make hym redy to Iuſte / Soo ſir la cote male tayle ſmote ſir Dagonet ouer his hors croupe / Thenne the damoyſel mocked la cote male tayle / and ſaid fy for ſhame / now art thou ſhamed in Arthurs courte / whan they ſende a foole to haue adoo with the / and ſpecially at thy fyrſt Iuſtes / thus ſhe rode longe and chyde / ¶ And within a whyle there

came ſir Bleoberys the good knyght / and there he Iuſted with la cote male tayle / and there ſyre Bleoberys ſmote hym ſo ſore that hors and alle felle to the erth / Thenne la cote male tayle aroſe vp lyghtely and dreſſid his ſheld / and drewe his ſuerd and wold haue done bataill to the vtteraũce / for he was wode wrothe / Not ſoo ſaid Bleoberys de ganys / as at this tyme I wille not fyghte vpon foote / Thenne the damoyſel Maledyſaũt rebuked hym in the fouleſt maner / and badde hym torne ayene coward / A damoyſel he ſaid I pray you of mercy to myſſay me no more / my gryef is ynough though ye gyue me no more / I calle my ſelf neuer the wers knyght / whan a marys ſone fayleth me / and alſo I compte me neuer the wers knyght for a falle of ſir Bleoberys / Soo thus he rode with her two dayes / and by fortune there came ſir Palomydes and encountred with hym / and he in the ſame wyſe ſerued hym as dyd Bleoberys to fore hand / ¶ What doſt thou here in my felauſhip ſaide the damoyſel maledyſaunt / thou canſt not ſytte no knyghte / nor withſtande hym one buffet / but yf hit were ſir dagonet / A fair damoyſel I am not the wers to take a falle of ſire Palamydes / and yet grete diſworſhip haue I none / for neyder Bleoberys nor yet palamydes wold not fyghte with me on foote / As for that ſaid the damoyſel wete thou wel they haue deſdayne and ſcorne to lyghte of their horſes to fyghte with ſuche a lewde knyght as thou arte / Soo in the meane whyle ther cam ſir Mordred / ſir Gawayns broder / and ſoo he felle in the felauſhip with the damoyſel maledyſaunt / And thenne they came afore the caſtel Orgulous / and there was ſuche a cuſtomme that there myght no knyght come by that caſtel / but outher he muſt Iuſte or be pryſoner / or at the leſt to leſe his hors and his harneis / and there came oute two knyghtes ageynſt them / and ſir Mordred Iuſted with the formeſt / and that knyght of the caſtel ſmote ſire Mordred doune of his hors / and thenne la cote male tayle Iuſted with that other / and eyther of hem ſmote other doune hors and alle to the erthe / And whanne they auoyded their horſes / thenne eyther of hem took others horſes /

¶ And thenne la cote male tayle rode vnto that knyght that ſmote doune ſire Mordred and Iuſted with hym / And there ſyre La cote male tayle hurte & wounded hym paſſynge ſore

[leaf 171 verso]

and putte hym from his hors as he had ben dede / So he torned vnto hym that mette hym afore / and he took the flyght toward the caſtel / and ſire la cote male tayle rode after hym in to the Caſtel Orgulous / and there la cote male tayle ſlewe hym

¶ Capitulum iiij

AND anone there came an honderd knyȝtes about hym and aſſaylled hym / and whan he ſawe his hors ſhold be ſlayne / he alyghte and voyded his hors / & putte the brydel vnder his feete / and ſo put hym out of the gate / And whan he had ſoo done / he hurled in amonge hem / and dreſſid his bak vnto a ladyes chamber walle / thynkynge hym ſelf that he had leuer dye there with worſhip / than to abyde the rebukes of the damoiſel Maledyſaunt / And in the meane tyme as he ſtood & fouȝt that lady whos was the chamber wente out ſlyly at her poſterne / and without the gates ſhe fond la cote male tayles hors and lyghtly ſhe gate hym by the brydel / and teyed hym to the poſterne / And thenne ſhe wente vnto her chambre ſlyly ageyn for to behold hou that one knyght fought ageynſt an honderd knyghtes / And whan ſhe had behold hym longe / ſhe wente to a wyndowe behynde his bak / and ſaid thou knyght thou fyghteſt wonderly wel / but for alle that at the laſt thou muſt nedes dye / But and thou canſt thorou thy myȝty proweſſe wynne vnto yonder poſterne / for there I haue faſtned thy hors to abyde the / but wete thou wel thou muſt thynke on thy worſhip / & thynke not to dye / for thou maiſte not wynne vnto that poſterne without thou doo nobly and myghtly / Whan la cote male tayle herd her ſaye ſo / he gryped his ſwerd in his handes and put his ſheld fayre afore hym / & thorou the thyckeſt prees he thrulled thorou them / And whan he came to the poſterne he fond there redy four knyghtes / and at two the fyrſt ſtrokes he ſlewe two of the knyghtes / & the other fledde / & ſoo he wanne his hors and rode from them / and alle as it was it was reherced in kynge Arthurs courte / hou he ſlewe twelue knyghtes within the caſtel Orgulous / and ſo he rode on his waye / And in the meane whyle the damoyſel ſaid to ſir Mordred I wene my foolyſſhe knyȝt be outher ſlayn or takē pryſoner / thēne were they ware where he came rydyng / And whan he was come

to them / he told alle how he hadde ſpedde / and eſcaped in deſpyte of them alle / and ſomme of the beſt of hem wille telle no tales / Thou lyeſt falſly ſaide the damoyſel / that dare I make good / but as a foole and a daſtard to alle knyghthode / they haue lete the paſſe / that may ye preue ſaid La cote male tayle / With that ſhe ſente a currour of hers that rode alweye with her for to knowe the trouthe of this dede / and ſoo he rode thydder lyghtly / and aſked how and in what maner that la cote male tayle was eſcaped oute of the caſtel / ¶ Thenne alle the knyghtes curſyd hym and ſaid that he was a fende and noo man / For he hath ſlayne here twelue of oure beſt knyghtes / & we wende vnto this daye that hit ben to moche for ſir laūcelot du lake or for ſire Triſtram de lyones / And in deſpyte of vs alle he is departed from vs and maulgre oure hedes /

¶ With this anſuer the currour departed and came to Maledyſaunt his lady / and told her alle how ſyr la cote male tayle had ſpedde at the caſtel Orgulous / Thenne ſhe ſmote doun her heed / and ſayd lytel / By my hede ſaid ſir Mordred to the damoyſel ye are gretely to blame ſo to rebuke hym / for I warne you playnly he is a good knyghte / and I doubte not / but he ſhalle preue a noble knyghte / but as yet he may not yet ſytt ſure on horſbak / for he that ſhalle be a good horſman / hit muſt come of vſage and excercyſe / But whan he cometh to the ſtrokes of his ſwerd / he is thenne noble and myghty / and that ſawe ſire Bleoberys and ſir Palamydes / for wete ye wel they are wyly men of armes / and anon they knowe when they ſee a yonge knyghte by his rydyng / how they ar ſure to yeue hym a falle from his hors or a grete buffet / But for the mooſt party they wille not lyghte on foote with yonge knyghtes / For they are wyght and ſtrongly armed / For in lyke wyſe ſir launcelot du lake whan he was fyrſte made knyghte / he was often putte to the werſe vpon horſbak / but euer vpon foote he recouerd his renomme / and ſlewe and deſoyled many knyghtes of the round table / And therfor the rebukes that ſir Launcelot dyd vnto many knyghtes cauſeth them that be men of proweſſe to beware / for often I haue ſene the old preued knyghtes rebuked and ſlayne by them that were but yonge begynners / Thus they rode ſure talkynge by the way to gyders /

[leaf 172 verso]

¶ Here leue we of a whyle of this tale and speke we of sire Launcelot du lake /

¶ Capitulum Quintum

THat whan he was come to the courte of kynge Arthur thenne herd he telle of the yonge knyghte la cote male tayle how he slewe the lyon / & how he tooke vpon hym the aduenture of the black shelde / the whiche was named atte that tyme the hardyest aduenture of the world / Soo god me saue said sir Laūcelot vnto many of his felawes / it was shame to alle the noble knyghtes to suffre suche a yonge knyghte to take suche aduenture vpon hym for his destructyon / for I wille that ye wete said sire launcelot / that that damoysel maledysaunt hath born that shelde many a day for to seche the most proued knyghtes / and that was she that Breunys saunce pyte took that sheld from her / and after Tristram de lyones rescowed that shelde from hym / and gaf it to the damoysell ageyne A lytil afore that tyme that sir Tristram fought with my neuewe sire Blamore de Ganys for a quarel that was betwixe the kynge of Irland and hym / Thenne many knyghtes were sory that sir La cote male tayle was gone forth to that aduenture / Truly said sir launcelot I cast me to ryde after hym / and within seuen dayes sir launcelot ouertook la cote male tayle / And thenne he salewed hym / and the damoysel maledysaunt / And whan sir Mordred sawe sir laūcelot / thenne he lefte their felauship / and soo sir launcelot rode with hem al a day / and euer that damoysel rebuked la cote male taile / and thenne sire launcelot answerd for hym / thenne she lefte of / and rebuked sir launcelot / Soo this meane tyme syre Tristram sente by a damoysel a letter vnto sire launcelot excusynge hym of the weddynge of Isoud le blaunche maynys / and said in the letter as he was a true knyȝt / he hadde neuer adoo flesshly with Isoud la blaunche maynys / and passynge curtoisly & gentyly sir tristram wrote vnto sire launcelot / euer bysechyng hym to be his good frende / & vnto la beale Isoud of Cornewaile / and that sire

Launcelot wold excuſe hym yf that euer he ſawe her / ¶ And within ſhorte tyme by the grace of god ſaid ſir Triſtram that he wold ſpeke with la Beale Iſoud and with hym ryghte haſtely / Thenne ſire Launcelot departed from the damoyſel / & from ſyr la cote male taile for to ouerſee that letter / and to wryte another letter vnto ſyre Triſtram de lyones / and in the meane whyle la cote male tayle roode with the damoyſel vntyl they came to a caſtel that hyght Pendragon / and there were ſyxe knyghtes ſtode afore hym / and one of hem profered to Iuſte with la cote male tayle / And there la cote male tayle ſmote hym ouer his hors croupe / ¶ And thenne the fyue knyghtes ſette vpon hym all at ones with their ſperes / & there they ſmote la cote male tayle doune hors and man / And thenne they alyght ſodenly / and ſette their handes vpon hym all attones / and toke hym pryſoner / and ſoo ledde hym vnto the caſtel / & kepte hym as pryſoner / And on the morne ſir Launcelot aroſe and delyuerd the damoyſel with letters vnto ſir Triſtram / & thenne he took his way after la cote male tayle / & by the waye vpon a brydge there was a knyghte profered ſire Launcelot to Iuſte / and ſire Launcelot ſmote hym doune / and thenne they foughte vpon foote a noble batail to gyders and a myghty / & at the laſte ſire Launcelot ſmote hym doune grouelynge vpon his handes and his knees / And thenne that knyghte yelded hym / and ſire launcelot receyued hym ſayre / Syr ſaid the knyght I requyre the telle me your name / for moche my herte yeueth vnto you / Nay ſaid ſire Launcelot as at this tyme I wil not telle you my name / onles thenne that ye telle me your name / Certaynly ſaid the knyght my name is ſir Nerouens that was made knyght of my lord ſir Launcelot du lake / A Nerouens de lyle ſaid ſire Launcelot I am ryght gladde that ye ar proued a good knyghte / for now wete ye wel my name is ſir Launcelot du lake / Allas ſaid ſire Nerouens de lyle what haue I done / and there with al flatlyng he ſelle to his feet / and would haue kyſt them / but ſir Launcelot wold not lete hym / & thenne eyther made grete ioye of other / And thenne ſire Nerouens told ſir Launcelot that he ſhold not goo by the caſtel of Pendragon / for there is a lord a myghty knyght / and many knyghtes with hym / and this nyght I herd ſay that they toke

[leaf 173 verso]

a knyght pryſoner yeſterday that rode with a damoyſel / & they ſaye he is a knyghte of the round table

¶ Capitulum vj

A Said ſir Launcelot that knyght is my felawe / & hym ſhalle I reſcowe or els I ſhalle leſe my lyf therfore And there with alle he rode faſt tyl he came before the Caſtel of Pendragon / and anone there with alle there cam vj knyghtes / and alle made hem redy to ſette vpon ſire Launcelot at ones / thenne ſire Laūcelot feutryd his ſpere / and ſmote the formeſt that he brake his bak in ſonder / and thre of them hytte and thre fayled / And thenne ſire launcelot paſt thorou them / and lyghtly he torned in ageyne / and ſmote another knyghte / thorugh the breſt and thorou oute the bak more than an ell / & ther with alle his ſpere brak / Soo thenne alle the remenaunt of the four knyghtes drewe their ſwerdes and laſſhed at ſyre Launcelot / And at euery ſtroke ſire launcelot beſtowed ſo his ſtrokes that at four ſtrokes ſondry they auoyded theyr ſadels paſſynge ſore wounded / and forthe with alle rode hurlynge in to that caſtel / And anon the lord of the caſtel that was that tyme cleped ſir Bryan de les yles the which was a noble mā and grete enemy vnto kyng arthur / within a whyle he was armed and vpon horſbak / And thenne they feutryd their ſpe-res and hurled to gyders ſoo ſtrongly that bothe theire horſes raſſhed to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their ſadels / & dreſſid their ſheldes and drewe theire ſwerdes and flange to gyders as wood men / and there were many ſtrokes yeuen in a whyle / at the laſt ſir launcelot gaf to ſir Bryan ſuche a buffet that he kneled vpon his knees / and thenne ſir launcelot raſ-ſhed vpon hym / and with grete force he pulled of his helme / and whanne ſire Bryan ſawe that he ſhold be ſlayne he yelded hym and put hym in his mercy and in his grace / Thenne ſire launcelot made hym to delyuer alle his pryſoners that he had within his caſtel / and therin ſir laūcelot fonde of arthurs kn-yghtes thyrtty / and / xl / ladyes / and ſoo he delyuerd hem / and thenne he rode his waye / and anon as la cote male tayle was delyuerd he gat his hors and his harneis / and his damoyſel

[leaf 174]

Maledyſaunt / the meane whyle ſyre Neroueus that ſir Launcelot had foughten with alle afore at the brydge / he ſente a damoyſel after ſir Launcelot to wete hou he ſpedde at the Caſtell of Pendragon / And thenne they within the caſtel merueylled what knyght he was whan ſir Bryan and his knyghtes delyuerd alle tho pryſoners / haue ye no merueille ſaid the damoyſel / for the beſt knyghte in this world was here / and dyd this iourney / and wete ye wel ſhe ſaid it was ſire launcelott Thenne was ſir Bryan ful gladde and ſoo was his lady / & alle his knyghtes / that ſuche a man ſhold wynne them / And whan the damoyſel and la cote male tayle vnderſtood that it was ſyr Launcelot du lake that had ryden with them in felauſhip / ¶ And that ſhe remembryd her hou ſhe had rebuked hym and callyd hym coward / thenne was ſhe paſſynge heuy

¶ Capitulum ſeptimum

SOo thenne they took their horſes and rode forth a pas aſter ſire Launcelot / And within two myle they ouertook hym / and ſalewed hym / and thanked hym / and the damoyſel cryed ſir Launcelot mercy of her euyll dede / and ſayenge / for now I knowe the floure of alle knyghthode is departed euen bitwene ſire Triſtram and you / For god knoweth ſaid the damoyſel that I haue ſoughte you my lord ſir Launcelot and ſir Triſtram longe / and now I thanke god I haue mette with you / and ones at Camelot I mette with ſir Triſtram / and there he reſcowed this blak ſhelde with the whyte hand holdynge a naked ſwerd / that ſir Bruyns ſaunce pyte had taken from me / Now fayre damoyſel ſaid ſir Launcelot who told you my name / Syre ſaid ſhe / there came a damoyſell from a knyghte that ye fought with all at the brydge / and ſhe told me your name was ſir Launcelot du lake / blame haue ſhe thenne ſaid ſire Launcelot / but her lord ſire Neroueus hath told her / But damoyſel ſaid ſire Launcelot vpon this couenaunt I wille ryde with you / ſo that ye wille not rebuke this knyght ſir La cote male tayle nomore / for he is a good knyght and I doubte not he ſhalle preue a noble knyght / and for his

[leaf 174 verso]

ſake and pyte that he ſholde not be deſtroyed / I folowed hym to ſocoure hym in this grete nede / A / Iheſu thanke you ſaid the damoyſel / for now I wil ſay vnto you and to hym both / I rebuked hym neuer for no hate that I hated hym / but for grete loue that I had to hym / For euer I ſupooſed that he had ben to yonge and to tendyr to take vpon hym theſe aduentures / And therfore by my wille I wold haue dryuen hym aweye for Ialouſy that I had of his lyf / for it maye be no yong knyghtes dede that ſhal enchyeue this aduenture to the ende / Perdieu ſaid ſire Launucelot hit is wel ſaid / and where ye are called the damoyſel Maledyſaunt I wille calle you the damoyſel Bien penſaunt / and ſoo they rode forthe a grete whyle vnto they came to the Bordoure of the countrey of Surluſe / and there they fond a fayr vyllage with a ſtronge brydge lyke a fortreſſe / And whanne ſir launcelot and they were at the bridge / there ſtarte forth aſore them of gentilmen and yomen many that ſaide / Faire lordes ye maye not paſſe this brydge and this fortreſſe by cauſe of that black ſhelde that I ſee one of you bere / And therfore there ſhalle not paſſe but one of you at ones / therfore cheſe you whiche of you ſhalle entre withynne this brydge fyrſte / Thenne ſir Launcelot profered hym ſelf fyrſt to entre within this brydge / Syr ſaid La cote male tayle I biſeche you lete me entre within this fortreſſe / and yf I may ſpede wel / I wille ſende for you / and yf it happend that I be ſlayn there it goth / And yf ſoo be that I am a pryſoner taken / thenne maye ye reſcowe me / I am lothe ſaid ſir launcelot to lete you paſſe this paſſage / Syre ſaid la cote male tayle I praye you lete me putte my body in this aduenture / Now goo youre waye ſaid ſire Laūcelot / and Iheſu be your ſpede / So he entrid and anone there mette with hym two bretheren / the one hyȝte ſyr Playne de force and the other hyght ſir Playne de amours And anone they mette with ſir la cote male tayle / and fyrſte la cote male tayle ſmote doune Playne de force / and after he ſmote doune playne de amours / and thenne they dreſſid them to their ſheldes and ſwerdes / and badde la cote male tayle alyghte / and ſoo he dyd / and there was daſſhyng and foynyng with ſwerdes / and ſoo they began to aſſaile ful hard la cote male tayle / and many grete woundes they gaf hym vpon his

[leaf 175]

heed and vpon his breſt and vpon his ſholders / And as he myght euer amonge he gaf ſadde ſtrokes ageyne /

And thenne the two bretheren traced and trauercyd for to be of bothe handes of ſire la cote male tayle / but he by fyne force & knyghtly proweſſe gate hem afore hym / And thenne whan he felte hym ſelf ſoo wounded / thenne he doubled his ſtrokes / & gaf them ſoo many woundes that he feld them to the erthe / & wold haue ſlayne them had they not yelded them / And ryȝt ſoo ſire la cote male tayle tooke the beſt hors that there was of them thre / and ſoo rode forth his waye to the other fortreſſe & brydge and there he mette with the thyrd broder whoos name was ſire Plenorius / a ful noble knyghte / and there they Iuſted to gyder / and eyther ſmote other doune hors and man to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their horſes / and dreſſid their ſheldes / and drewe their ſwerdes / and gaf many ſad ſtrokes / and one whyle the one knyght was afore on the brydge / and an other whyle the other / And thus they foughte two houres and more / and neuer reſted / And euer ſire Launcelot and the damoyſel beheld them / ¶ Allas ſaid the damoyſel my knyghte ſyghteth paſſynge ſore and ouer longe / ¶ Now may ye ſee ſaid ſir Launcelot that he is a noble knyghte for to conſydre his ſyrſte bataile / and his greuous woundes / And euen forth with all ſo wounded as he is / it is merueile that he may endure this longe batail with that good knyghte /

¶ Capitulum Octauum

THis meane whyle ſyre la cote male tayle ſanke ryghte doun vpon the erthe / what forwounded and what forbled he myghte not ſtande / Thenne the other knyghte hadde pyte of hym / and ſayd fayr yonge knyghte deſmaye you not / for had ye ben freſſhe whan ye mette with me / as I was / I wote wel that I ſhold not haue endured ſo longe as ye haue done / and therfore / for youre noble dedes of armes / I ſhall ſhewe to you kyndenes and gentylneſſe in alle that I maye / And forth with al this noble knyght ſir Plenorius took hym vp in his armes / and ledde hym in to his toure / And thenne

[leaf 175 verso]

he commaunded hym the wyn / and made to ſarche hym and to ſtoppe his bledynge woundes / ¶ Syre ſaid la cote male tayle withdrawe you from me / and hyhe you to yonder brydge ageyne / for there wille mete with you another maner knyght than euer was I / why ſaid Plenorius / is there another maner knyght behynde of your felauſhip / ye ſaid la cote male tayle / ther is a moche better knyght than I am / what is his name ſayd Plenorius / ye ſhalle not knowe for me / ſaid la cote male tayle Wel ſaid the knyght / he ſhalle be encountred with alle / what ſomeuer he be / Thenne ſir Plenorius herd a knyght calle / that ſayd ſyr Plenorius where art thou / outher thou muſt delyuer me the pryſoner that thou haſt led vnto thy toure / or els come and doo bataile with me / Thenne Plenorius gat his hors / and came with a ſpere in his hand walloppynge toward ſyr launcelot / and thenne they beganne to feutre their ſperes / and came to gyders as thonder / and ſmote eyther other ſo myghtely that their horſes felle doune vnder them / And thenne they auoyded their horſes / and pulled out their ſwerdes / & lyke two bulles they laſſhed to gyders with grete ſtrokes and foynes / but euer ſyr launcelot recouerd ground vpon hym / and ſire Plenorius traced to haue gone aboute hym / But ſire launcelot wold not ſuffer that / but bare hym backer and backer / tyll he came nyyhe his toure gate / And thenne ſaid ſire launcelot I knowe the wel for a good knyght / but wete thou wel / thy lyf and dethe is in my hand / and therfore yelde the to me / and thy pryſoner The other anſuerd no word / but ſtrake myȝtely vpon ſir laūcelots helme that the fyre ſprange out of his eyen / thenne ſyre Launcelot doubled his ſtrokes ſoo thyck / and ſmote at hym ſo myghtely that he made hym knele vpon his knees / And there with ſir launcelot lepte vpon hym / and pulled hym grouelyng doune / Thenne ſir Plenorius yelded hym / and his toure / and alle his pryſoners at his wille / thenne ſir launcelot receyued hym and took his trouthe / and thēne he rode to the other brydge / and there ſir launcelot Iuſted with other thre of his bretheren / the one hyght Pilloune / and the other hyght Pellogris and the thyrdde ſir Pellandris / and fyrſt vpon horſbak ſir launcelot ſmote hem doune / and afterward he bete them on foote / and made them to yelde them vnto hym / and thenne he retorned

[leaf 176]

vnto ſir Plenorius / and there he fond in his pryſon kyng Carados of ſcotland and many other knyghtes / and alle they were delyuerd / And thenne ſire la cote male tayle came to ſire launcelot / and thenne ſir launcelot wold haue yeuen hym alle theſe fortreſſes and theſe brydges / Nay ſaid la cote male tayle I wille not haue ſire Plenorius lyuelode / with that he wylle graunte you my lord ſire launcelot to come vnto kynge Arthurs courte and to be his knyght and alle his bretheren I will pray you my lord to lete hym haue his lyuelode / I wille wel ſaid ſire launcelot / with this that he wille come to the Courte of kynge Arthur and bicome his man / and his bretheren fyue / And as for you ſir Plenorius I wille vndertake ſaid ſir Launcelot at the next feeſt ſoo there be a place voyded that ye ſhalle be knyght of the round table / Syr ſaid Plenorius atte next feeſt of Pentecoſt I wille be at Arthurs courte / and at that tyme I wille be guyded and ruled as kynge Arthur & ye wille haue me / Thenne ſir Launcelot and ſire la cote male tayle repoſed hem there vnto the tyme ſire la cote male tayle was hole of his woundes / and there they hadde mery chere and good reſt and many good gamys / and there were many ſayre ladyes /

¶ Capitulum Nonum /

AND in the meane whyle came ſir kay the ſeneſchal and ſire Brandyles / and anone they felauſhypped wyth them / And thenne within ten dayes thēne departed tho knyghtes of Arthurs Courte from theſe fortreſſes / And as ſir laūcelot came by the caſtel of Pendragon / there he putte ſir Bryan de les yles from his landes / for cauſe he wold neuer be withhold with kynge Arthur / and alle that caſtel of Pendragon / and alle the landes therof he gaf to ſire la cote male tayle / & thēne ſir launcelot ſente for Neroueus that he made ones knyghte / and he made hym to haue alle the rule of that caſtel / & of that countrey vnder la cote mayle tayle / and ſoo they rode to Arthurs courte al holy to gyders / And at Pentecoſt next folowynge there was ſire Plenorius and ſir la cote male tayle called otherwyſe by ryght ſyr Breunes le noyre bothe maade

[leaf 176 verso]

knyghtes of the table round / and grete londes kynge Arthur gaf them / and there Breune le noyre wedded that damoyſell Maledyſaunt / And after ſhe was called Beau viuante / but euer after for the more party he was called la cote male tayle and he preued a paſſynge noble knyghte and myghty / & many worſhipful dedes he dyd after in his lyf / and ſire Plenorius proued a noble knyght and ful of proweſſe / and alle the dayes of their lyf for the mooſt party they awayted vpon ſir laūcelot / and ſire Plenorius bretheren were euer knyghtes of kynge Arthur / and alſo as the frenſſhe book maketh mencyon / ſyr la cote male tayle auengyd his faders dethe /

¶ Capitulum x

NOw leue we here ſire la cote male tayle / and torne we vnto ſir Triſtram de lyones that was in Bretayne / whanne la beale Iſoud vnderſtode that he was wedded / ſhe ſent to hym by her mayden Bragwayne as pyteous letters as coude be thoughte and made / and her concluſion was / that / and hit pleaſyd ſyr Triſtram / that he wold come to her courte / and brynge with hym Iſoud la blaunche maynys / and they ſhold be kepte as wel as ſhe her ſelf / Thenne ſir Triſtram called vnto hym ſir kehydius / and aſked hym whether he wold go with hym in to Cornewaile ſecretely / He anſuerd hym that he was redy at al tymes / And thenne he lete ordeyne pryuely / a lytel veſſel / and therin they wente ſyr Triſtram / kehydius / Dame Bragwayne and Gouernaile ſir Triſtrams ſquyer / So when they were in the ſee / a contraryous wynde blewe hem on the coſtes of Northwalys nygh the caſtel peryllous / Thenne ſayd ſir Triſtram here ſhalle ye abyde me theſe ten dayes / and Gouernaile my ſquyer with you / And yf ſo be I come not ageyne / by that daye / take the next way in to Cornewaile / for in thys foreſt are many ſtraunge aduentures / as I haue herd ſaye / & ſomme of hem I caſte me to preue or I departe / And whanne I maye / I ſhalle hyhe me after you / Thenne ſir Triſtram and kehydius took their horſes and departed from their felauſhip / And ſoo they rode within that foreſt a myle and more / And

at the laſt ſir Triſtram ſawe afore hym a lykely knyȝt armed ſyttynge by a welle / and a ſtronge myghty hors paſſyng nyghe hym teyed to an Oke and a man houynge and rydynge by hym ledynge an hors lade with ſperes / And this knyghte that ſatte atte welle / ſemed by his countenaunce to be paſſyng heuy / Thenne ſire Triſtram rode nere hym / and ſaid fayr knyȝt why ſytte ye ſoo droupyng / ye ſeme to be a knyght erraunt by your armes and harneis / and therfor dreſſe you to Iuſte with one of vs or with bothe / There with all that knyght made noo wordes / but took his ſhelde and bokeled hit aboute his neck / and lyghtely he took his hors and lepte vpon hym / And thēne he took a grete ſpere of his ſquyer / and departed his waye a furlonge / Sire kehydius aſked leue of ſir Triſtram to Iuſte fyrſt / doo your beſt ſaid ſire Triſtram / ſoo they mette to gyders and there ſir kehydius had a falle / and was ſore wounded / on hyghe aboue the pappys / ¶ Thenne ſir Triſtram ſaid / knyȝt that is wel Iuſted / Now make you redy vnto me / I am redy ſaid the knyght / And thenne that knyght took a gretter ſpere in his hand / and encountred with ſir Triſtram / and there by grete force that knyght ſmote doune ſir Triſtram from his hors and had a grete falle / Thenne ſir Triſtram was ſore aſhamed / and lyghtly he auoyded his hors / and put his ſheld afore his ſholder and drewe his ſwerd / And thenne ſire Tryſtram requyred that knyghte of his knyghthode to alyghte vpon foote and fyghte with hym / I wille wel ſaid the knyght and ſoo he alyghte vpon foote / and auoyded his hors / and caſt his ſhelde vpon his ſholder / and drewe his ſwerd / and there they fought a longe bataile to gyder ful nyghe two houres /

¶ Thenne ſir Triſtram ſaid fayr knyght hold thyn hand / & telle me of whens thou arte / and what is thy name / ¶ As for that ſaid the knyght / I wille be auyſed / but and thou wolt telle me thy name / peraduenture I wille telle the myn /

¶ Capitulum xj

NOw fayr knyght he ſaid / my name is ſire Triſtram de lyones / Syre ſaide the other knyght / and my name is ſir lamorak de galys / A ſir lamorak ſaid ſir Triſtram / well

[leaf 177 verso]

be we mette / and bethynke the now of the deſpyte thou dydeſt me of the ſendyng of the horne vnto kynge Markes courte to the entente to haue ſlayne or diſhonoured my lady the Quene la Beale Iſoud / and therfore wete thou wel ſaid ſir Triſtram the one of vs ſhalle dye or we departe / Sire ſaid ſir Lamorak remembre that we were to gyders in the yle of ſeruage / and at that tyme ye promyſed me grete frendſhip / thenne ſire Triſtram wold make no lenger delayes but laſſhed at ſir Lamorak / & thus they foughte longe / tyl eyder were wery of other / Thenne ſir Triſtram ſeid to ſir Lamorak in alle my lyf mette I neuer with ſuche a knyght that was ſoo bygge and well brethed as ye be / therfore ſaid ſyre Triſtram hit were pyte / that ony of vs both ſhold here be meſchyeued Syr ſaid ſire Lamorak for youre renomme and name I wille that ye haue the worſhip of this bataille / and therfor I will yelde me vnto you / And ther with he took the poynte of his ſwerd to yelde hym / Nay ſaid ſir triſtram ye ſhalle not doo ſoo / for wel I knowe your profers and more of your gentylneſſe than for my fere or drede ye haue of me / And there with alle ſir Triſtram profered hym his ſwerde and ſaid ſire Lamorak as an ouercomen knyghte I yelde me vnto you / as to a mā of the moſt noble proweſſe / that euer I mette with alle / Nay ſaid ſir Lamorak I wille doo you gentylneſſe / I requyre yow lete vs be ſworne to gyders that neuer none of vs ſhalle after this day haue adoo with other / and there with alle ſyre Triſtram and ſire Lamorak ſware that neuer none of hem ſhold fyghte ageynſt other nor for wele / nor for woo

¶ Capitulum xij

AND this meane whyle there came ſire Palomydes the good knyght folowynge the queſtynge beeſt that hadde in ſhap a hede lyke a ſerpentes hede / and a body lyke a lybard / buttocks lyke a lyon / and foted lyke an herte / and in his body there was ſuche a noyſe as hit had ben the noyſe of thyrtty coupel of hoūdes queſtyng / and ſuche a noyſe that beeſt made where ſomeuer he wente / & this beeſt euermore ſyr palomydes folowed / for hit was called his queſt / & ryȝt ſo as he folowed this beeſt / it came by ſyr Triſtram / and ſoone after cam

Palamydes / and to breue this matere / he ſmote doune ſir triſtram and ſir Lamorak bothe with one ſpere / and ſoo he departed after the beſte Glatyſaunt / that was called the queſtynge beeſt / wherfore theſe two knyghtes were paſſynge wrothe / that ſir Palomydes wold not fyghte on foote with hem /

¶ Here men may vnderſtande / that ben of worſhip that he was neuer fourmed that alle tymes myght ſtande / but ſomtyme he was putte to the werſe by male fortune / And at ſomme tyme the wers knyghte putte the better knyghte to a rebuke / Thenne ſire Triſtram and ſire Lamorak gate ſire kehydius vpon a ſheld betwixe them bothe / and ledde hym to a foſters lodge / & there they gaf hym in charge to kepe hym well / and with hym they abode thre dayes / Thenne the two knyghtes toke their horſes / and at the croſſe they departed / And thenne ſaid ſir Triſtram to ſire Lamorak I requyre you yf ye happe to mete wyth ſir Palamydes / ſay hym that he ſhal fynde me atte ſame welle there I mette hym / and there I ſire Triſtram ſhalle preue whether he be better knyght than I / and ſoo eyther departed from other a ſondry way / and ſire triſtram rode nyghe there as was ſire kehydius / and ſire Lamorak rode vn tyl he came to a chappel / and there he putte his hors vnto paſture / and anone there came ſir Melyagaunce that was kynge Bagdemagus ſone / & he there putte his hors to paſture / and was not ware of ſir lamorak / and thenne this knyght ſire Melliagaunce maade his mone of the loue that he hadde to quene Gueneuer / and there he made a woful complaynte / All this herd ſire Lamorak / and on the morne ſir lamorak took his hors and rode vnto the foreſt / and there he mette with two knyghtes houynge vnder the wood ſhawe / Faire knyghtes ſaid ſire Lamorak what doo ye houynge here and watchynge / And yf ye be knyghtes arraunt that wille Iuſte / loo I am redy / Nay ſir knyght they ſaid / not ſoo / we abyde not here for to Iuſte with you / but we lye here in a wayte of a Knyghte that ſlewe our broder /

¶ What knyght was that ſaid ſir Lamorak that ye wold fayne mete with all / Syre they ſaid / hit is ſire launcelot that ſlewe oure broder / And yf euer we maye mete with hym / he ſhal not eſcape but we ſhalle ſlee hym / ¶ Ye take vpon you a

[leaf 178 verso]

grete charge ſaide ſir Lamorak / for ſire launcelot is a noble proued knyȝt / As for that we doute not / for there nys none of vs but we are good ynough for hym I will not bileue that ſaid ſir Lamorak / For I herd neuer yet of no knyght the dayes of my lyf but ſir launcelot was to bygge for hym

¶ Capitulum xiij /

RYyght ſoo as they ſtode talkynge thus / ſyre Lamorak was ware hou ſyr launcelot came rydynge ſtreyghte toward them / thenne ſire Lamorak ſalewed hym / and he hym ageyne / And thenne ſire lamorak aſked ſir launcelot / yf there were ony thynge that he myght doo for hym in theſe marches / Nay ſaid ſire launcelot not at this tyme / I thanke you / thenne eyther departed from other / and ſir Lamorak rode ageyn ther as he lefte the two knyghtes / and thenne he fond them hydde in the leued woode / Fy on you ſaid ſir Lamorak fals cowardes / pyte and ſhame it is / that ony of you ſhold take the hyhe ordre of knyghthode / Soo ſir Lamorak departed fro them / and within a whyle he mette with ſire Melyagaunce / And thenne ſyre Lamorak aſked hym / why he loued Quene Gueneuer as he dyd / for I was not fer from you whanne ye made your complaynte by the chappel / Dyd ye ſoo ſaid ſir Melyagaūce / thenne wille I abyde by hit / I loue quene gueneuer what wille ye with hit / I wille preue and make good / that ſhe is the fayreſt lady and mooſt of beaute in the world / ¶ As to that ſaid ſire Lamorak I ſay nay therto / for quene Morgauſe of Orkeney moder to ſire Gawayne and his moder is the fayreſt quene and lady that bereth the lyf / That is not ſo ſayd ſyre Melyagaunce / and that wille I preue with my handes vpon thy body / Wille ye ſoo ſaid ſire Lamorak / and in a better quarel kepe I not to ſyghte / Thenne they departed eyther from other in grete wrathe / And thenne they came rydyng to gyder as hit had ben thonder / and eyther ſmote other ſo ſore that their horſes felle bakward to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their horſes and dreſſid their ſheldes / and drewe their ſwerdes And thenne they hurtled to gyders as wylde bores / and thus

they fought a grete whyle / For Melyagaunce was a good man and of grete myght / but ſire Lamorak was hard bygge for hym / and putte hym alweyes a bak / but eyther had wounded other ſore / ¶ And as they ſtode thus fyghtynge / by fortune came ſire Launcelot and ſire Bleoberys rydynge / And thenne ſire launcelot rode betwixe them / and aſked them / For what cauſe they fought ſoo to gyders / and ye are bothe knyghtes of kynge Arthur /

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SYr ſaid Melyagaunce I ſhalle telle you for what cauſe we doo this bataille / I prayſed my lady Quene Gueneuer / and ſaid ſhe was the fayreſt lady of the world / and ſire Lamorak ſaid nay therto / For he ſaid quene Morgauſe of Orkeney was fayrer than ſhe and more of beaute / A ſyre Lamorak why ſaiſt thou ſoo / hit is not thy parte to diſprayſe thy prynceſſe that thou arte vnder theire obeyſſaunce dn we alle / and there with he alyghte on foote / and ſayd for this quarel make the redy / For I wille preue vpon the / that Quene Gueneuer is the fayreſt lady and mooſt of bounte in the world ¶ Syre ſaid ſire Lamorak I am loth to haue adoo with you in this quarell / For euery man thynketh his owne lady fayreſt / and though I prayſe the lady / that I loue mooſt / ye ſhold not be wrothe / For though my lady quene Gueneuer be fayreſt in your eye / wete ye wel Quene Morgauſe of Orkeney is fayreſt in myn eye / and ſoo euery knyght thynketh his owne lady fayreſt / and wete ye wel ſyr ye are the man in the world excepte ſire Triſtram / that I am mooſt lotheſt to haue adoo with alle / But and ye wille nedes fyghte with me I ſhal endure you as long as I may /

¶ Thenne ſpake ſire Bleoberys / and ſaid / my lord ſire Laūcelot / I wyſte you neuer ſoo myſauyſed as ye are now / For ſyre Lamorak ſaith you but reaſon and knyghtely / ¶ For I warne you I haue a lady / and me thynketh that ſhe is the fayreſt lady of the world / were this a grete reaſon that ye ſhold be wrothe with me for ſuche langage / And wel ye wote / that ſyr Lamorak is as noble a knyght as I knowe / and he

[leaf 179 verso]

hath oughte you and vs euer good wille / and therfore I praye you be good frendes / ¶ Thenne ſire Launcelot ſayd vnto ſir lamerak / I pray you foryeue me myn euylle wylle / And yf I was myſauyſed I wille amende hit / Syre ſayde ſir Lamorak the amendys is ſoone made betwixe you and me And ſoo ſir Launcelot and ſire Bleoberys departed / and ſyr Melyagaunce and ſir Lamorak took their horſes / and eyther departed from other / And within a whyle came kynge Arthur and mette with ſir Lamorak and Iuſted with hym / and there he ſmote doune ſire Lamorack / and wounded hym ſore with a ſpere / and ſoo he rode from hym / wherfore ſir Lamorak was wrothe that he wold not ſyghte with hym on foote / hou be it that ſire Lamorak knewe not kynge Arthur

¶ Capitulum xv

NOw leue we of this tale / and ſpeke we of ſire Triſtram / that as he rode he mette with ſir kay the ſeneſchal and there ſire kay aſked ſir Triſtram of what coũtrey he was / he anſuerd that he was of the countrey of Cornewail Hit maye wel be ſaid ſir kay / for yet herd I neuer that euer good knyghte came oute of Cornewaile / that is euyl ſpoken ſaid ſir Triſtram / but and it pleaſe you to telle me your name I requyre you / Syre wete ye wel ſaid ſire kay that my name is ſire kay the ſeneſchal / Is that your name ſaid ſir Triſtram / now wete ye well that ye are named the ſhamefulleſt knyghte of youre tonge that now is lyuynge / how be it ye are called a good knyght / but ye are called vnfortunate / and paſſyng ouerthwarte of your tonge / And thus they rode to gyders tyl they came to a brydge / And there was a knyghte wold not lete hem paſſe / tyl one of hem Iuſted with hym / and ſo that knyȝt Iuſted with ſir kay / and there that knyght gaf ſir kay a falle / his name was ſire Tor ſyre Lamoraks half broder / and thenne they two rode to theyre lodgynge / And there they fonde ſire Brandyles / and ſir Tor came thyder anone after /

¶ And as they ſatte atte ſouper theſe foure knygtes / thre of

them ſpak alle ſhame by Cornyſſhe knyghtes / ¶ Syr Triſtram herd alle that they ſaide / and he ſayd but lytell / but he thoughte the more / but at that tyme he diſcouerd not his name / Vpon the morne ſir Triſtram took his hors / and abode them vpon their way / And there ſyre Brandyles proferd to Iuſte with ſir Triſtram / and ſir Triſtram ſmote hym doune hors and alle to the erthe / Thenne ſire Tor le fyſe de vayſhoure encountred with ſyre Triſtram / and there ſire Triſtram ſmote hym doune / and thenne he rode his waye / and ſir kay folowed hym / but he wold not of his felauſhip / Thenne ſire Brandyles came to ſir kay / and ſaid I wold wete fayne what is that knyghtes name / Come on with me ſaid ſir kay / and we ſhall praye hym to telle vs his name / Soo they rode to gyders / tylle they came nyghe hym / and thenne they were ware where he ſat by a welle / and had putte of his helme to drynke at the welle And whanne he ſawe them come / he laced on his helme lyghtly / and took his hors / and proferd hem to Iuſte / Nay ſaid ſyre Brandyles we Iuſted late ynough with you / we come not in that entent / But for this we come to requyre you of knyghthode to telle vs your name / My fayre knyghtes ſythen that is your deſyre / and to pleaſe you ye ſhal wete that my name is ſir Triſtram de lyones neuewe vnto kynge Mark of Cornewayle / In good tyme ſaide ſire Brandyles / and wel be ye fonden / and wete ye wel that we be ryght gladde that we haue fonde you / and we be of a felauſhip that wold be ryȝt glad of your company / For ye are the knyghte in the world that the noble felauſhip of the round table mooſte deſyreth to haue the company of / God thanke them ſaid ſir Triſtram of theyre grete goodenes / but as yet I feale wel that I am vnabyl to be of their felauſhip / For I was neuer yet of ſuche dedes of worthynes to be in the company of ſuche a felauſhip / A ſayde ſire kay and ye be ſyre Tryſtram de lyones ye are the man called now mooſt of proweſſe excepte ſir launcelot du lake / For he bereth not the lyf cryſten ne hethen that can fynde ſuche another knyght to ſpeke of his proweſſe and of his handes and his trouthe with alle / For yet coude there neuer creature ſaye of hym diſhonour and make hit good / ¶ Thus they talked a grete whyle / and thenne they departed eyther from

[leaf 180 verso]

other ſuche weyes as hem ſemed beſt /

¶ Capitulum xvj /

NOw ſhall ye here what was the cauſe that kynge Arthur cam in to the foreſt perillous / that was in Northwalys by the meanes of a lady / her name was Annowre / and this lady came to kynge Arthur at Cardyf / and ſhe by fayre promyſe and fayre biheſtes maade kynge Arthur to ryde with her in to that foreſt perillous / and ſhe was a grete forcereſſe / and many dayes ſhe hadde loued kynge arthur / and by cauſe ſhe wold haue hym to lye by her / ſhe came in to that Countrey / Soo whanne the kynge was gone with her / many of his knyghtes folowed after kynge arthur / whan they myſt hym / as ſir launcelot Braundyles and many other / and when ſhe had brought hym to her toure / ſhe deſyred hym to lye by her and thenne the kynge remembryd hym of his lady / and wold not lye by her for no craſte that ſhe coude doo / Thenne euery daye ſhe wolde make hym ryde in to that foreſt with his owne knyghtes to the entent to haue had kynge arthur ſlayne / For whan this lady annoure ſawe that ſhe myȝt not haue hym at her wille / thenne ſhe laboured by fals meanes to haue deſtroyed kynge arthur and ſlayne / Thenne the lady of the lake that was alwey frendely to kynge arthur / ſhe vnderſtoode by her ſubtyl craftes that kynge arthur was lyke to be deſtroyed And therfore this lady of the lake that hyght Nyneue cam in to that foreſt to ſeke after ſire Launcelot du lake / or ſire Triſtram for to helpe kynge arthur / for as that ſame day this lady of the lake knewe wel that kynge arthur ſhold be ſlayne / onles that he hadde helpe of one of theſe two knyȝtes / and thus ſhe rode vp and doune tyl ſhe mette with ſire Triſtram / and anone as ſhe ſawe hym / ſhe knewe hym / O my lord ſir Triſtram ſhe ſaid well be ye mette / and bleſſid be the tyme that I haue mette with you / for this ſame day / and within theſe two houres ſhalle be done the fouleſt dede that euer was done in this land O fair damoyſel ſaid ſir Triſtram maye I amende hit / Come on with me ſhe ſaid and that in alle the haſte ye maye / for ye ſhal ſee the moſt worſhipfulleſt knyȝt of the world hard beſtad

¶ Thenne ſaid ſire Triſtram I am redy to helpe ſuche a noble man / he is neither better ne wers ſaid the lady of the lake but the noble kynge Arthur hym ſelf / God defende ſaid ſir Tryſtram that euer he ſhold be in ſuche diſtreſſe / Thenne they rode to gyders a grete pas vntyl they came to a lytel turret a caſtel / & vndernethe that caſtel they ſawe a knyghte ſtandynge vpon foote fyghtynge with two knyghtes / And ſoo ſir Triſtram biheld them / and at the laſte the two knyghtes ſmote doune the one knyghte / and that one of hem vnlaced his helme to haue ſlayne hym / And the lady Annoure gat kyng Arthurs ſuerd in her hand to haue ſtryken of his hede / And there with alle came ſire Triſtram with alle his myghte / cryenge / Traytreſſe / Traitreſſe leue that / And anone there ſire Triſtram ſmote the one of the knyghtes thorou the body that he felle dede / and thēne he raſſhed to the other / and ſmote his bak in ſonder / and in the meane whyle the lady of the lake cryed to kyng Arthur lete not that fals lady eſcape / Thenne kynge Arthur ouertoke her / and with the ſame ſwerd he ſmote of her heed / and the lady of the lake took vp her heed and henge it vp by the heyre of her ſadel bowe / And thenne ſir Triſtram horſed kyng Arthur / and rode forth with hym / but he charged the lady of the lake not to diſcouer his name as at that tyme / Whan the kynge was horſed / he thanked hertely ſire Triſtram / and deſyred to wete his name / but he wold not telle hym / but that he was a poure knyght auenturous / and ſoo he bare kynge Arthur felauſhip tyl he met with ſomme of his knyghtes / And within a whyle he mette with ſir Ector de marys / and he knewe not kynge Arthur nor ſir Triſtram / and he deſyred to Iuſte with one of hem / Thenne ſire Triſtram rode vnto ſir Ector / and ſmote hym from his hors / And whanne he hadde done ſoo / he cam ageyne to the kynge / and ſaid my lord yonder is one of your knghtes / he may bere you felauſhip / and another day that dede that I haue done for you I truſte to god ye ſhalle vnderſtande that I wold do you ſeruyſe / Allas ſaid kyng Arthur lete me wete what ye are / Not at this tyme ſaid ſir Triſtram / Soo he departed and leſte kynge Arthur and ſir Ector to gyders

[leaf 181 verso]

¶ Capitulum xvij

And thenne at a day ſette ſire Triſtram and ſire Lamorak mette at the welle / and thenne they took kehydius at the foſters hous / and ſoo they rode with hym to the ſhip / where they lefte dame Brangwayne and Gouernayle and ſoo they ſayled in to Cornewaile all holy to gyders / and by aſſent and enformacyon of dame Brangwayn whan thye were landed they rode vnto ſire Dynas the ſeneſchal / a truſty frende of ſir Triſtrams / and ſo dame Brangwayne and ſyre Dynas rode to the courte of kynge Marke / and told the quene la Beale Iſoud that ſir triſtram was nyghe her in that countrey / thenne for very pure Ioye la beale Iſoud ſwouned / & whan ſhe myghte ſpeke / ſhe ſaid gentyl knyȝt Seneſchall help that I myght ſpeke with hym / outher my herte wille braſt / ¶ Thenne ſir Dynas and dame Brangwayne broughte ſyre triſtram and kehydius pryuely vnto the courte vnto a chambre where as la beale Iſoud hadde aſſygned hit / and to telle the ioyes that were betwixe la beale Iſoud and ſire triſtram / there is no tonge can telle it / nor herte thynke hit / nor pen wryte hit / And as the Frenſſhe book maketh mencyon at the fyrſt tyme that euer ſir kehydius ſawe la beale Iſoud / he was ſoo enamoured vpon her / that for very pure loue he myghte neuer withdrawe hit / And at the laſt as ye ſhall here or the book be ended / ſire Kehydius dyed for loue of la beale Iſoud / and thenne pryuely he wrote vnto her lettres and ballades of the mooſt goodlyeſt that were vſed in tho dayes / ¶ And whanne La beale Iſoud vnderſtood his letters ſhe hadde pyte of his cōplaynt / and vnauyſed ſhe wrote another letter to comforte hym with alle / And ſire triſtram was alle this whyle in a turret at the commaundement of la beale Iſoud / and whan ſhe myght / ſhe came vnto ſire triſtram / So on a day kynge Mark played at the cheſſe vnder a chamber wyndowe / and at that tyme ſire triſtram and ſire Kehydius were within the chamber ouer Kyng Marke / and as it myſhapped ſir triſtram fonde the letter that Kehydius ſent vnto la beale Iſoud / alſo he had found the letter that ſhe wrote vnto Kehydius / & at that ſame tyme la Beale Iſoud was in the ſame chamber / Thenne ſir triſtram

[leaf 182]

came vnto la Beale Iſoud and ſaid / Madame here is a letter that was ſente vnto you / and here is the letter that ye ſent vnto hym that ſente you that letter / Allas madame the good loue that I haue loued you / and many landes and rycheſſe haue I forſaken for your loue / and now ye are a traytreſſe to me the whiche dothe me grete payne / but as for the ſir kehydius I broughte the oute of Bretayne in to this Coūtrey / and thy fader kynge Howel I wanne his landes / how be it I wedded thy ſyſter Iſoud le blaunche maynys for the goodenes ſhe dyd vnto me / And yet as I am true knyghte ſhe is a clene mayden for me / but wete thou wel ſyr Kehydius for this falſhede and treaſon thou haſt done me / I wille reuenge hit vpon the / And there with alle ſir Triſtram drewe oute his ſwerd / and ſaid ſire kehydius kepe the / and thenne la Beale Iſoud ſwouned to the erthe / And whanne ſir kehydius ſawe ſir triſtram come vpon hym / he ſawe none other bote / but lepte oute at a bay wyndowe euen ouer the hede where ſat kynge Marke playenge at the cheſſes / And whanne the kynge ſawe one come hurlynge ouer his hede / he ſayd / Felawe what arte thou / and what is the cauſe thou lepeſt oute at that wyndowe / ¶ My lord the kynge ſaid Kehydius / hit fortuned me that I was a ſlepe in the wyndowe aboue your hede / and as I ſlepte I ſlommeryd / and ſoo I felle doune / And thus ſir kehydius excuſed hym

¶ Capitulum xiij

THenne ſir Triſtram dredde ſore leſt he were diſcouerd vnto the kynge that he was there / wherfore he drewe hym to the ſtrengthe of the Toure / and armed hym in ſuche armour as he had to ſyghte with hem that wold withſtande hym / And ſoo whanne ſire Triſtram ſawe / there was no reſyſtence ageynſt hym / he ſente Gouernaile for his hors and his ſpere / and knyghtely he rode forth oute of the caſtel openly that was called the caſtel of Tyntagil / And euen atte gate he mette with Gyngalyn ſyr Gawayns ſone / And anone ſir Gyngalyn putte his ſpere in his reyſte / and ranne vpon ſire Tryſtram and brake his ſpere / and ſire Triſtram at that

[leaf 182 verso]

tyme had but a ſwerd / and gaf hym ſuche a buffet vpon the helme that he fylle doune from his ſadel / and his ſwerd flode adoune / and carf a ſonder his hors neck / And ſoo ſire triſtram rode his waye in to the foreſt / and alle this doynge ſawe kyng Mark / And thenne he ſente a ſquyer vnto the hurte knyghte and commaunded hym to come to hym / and ſoo he dyd / And whanne kynge Marke wyſt that it was ſir Gyngalyn / he welcomed hym / and gaf hym an hors / and aſked hym what knyght hit was that had encoūtred with hym / Syr ſaid ſir gyngalyn / I wote not what knyȝt he was / but wel I wote that he ſygheth and maketh grete dole / Thenne ſir Triſtram within a whyle mette with a knyght of his owne that hyghte ſir Fergus / And whan he had mette with hym he made grete ſorowe in ſo moche that he felle doune of his hors in a ſwoune / and in ſuche ſorowe he was in thre dayes and thre nyghtes / Thenne at the laſte ſir Triſtram ſent vnto the courte by ſir Fergus for to ſpere what tydynges / And ſo as he rode by the way he met with a damoyſel that came from ſir Palamydes to knowe and ſeke how ſir Triſtram dyd / Thenne ſir Fergus told her / how he was al moſt out of his mynde / ¶ Allas ſaid the damoyſel where ſhalle I ſynde hym / In ſuche a place ſaid ſire Fergus ¶ Thenne ſir Fergus fond Quene Iſoud ſeke in her bedde / makynge the gretteſt dole that euer ony erthely woman made And whan the damoyſel fonde ſire Triſtram / ſhe made grete dole by cauſe ſhe myȝt not amende hym / for the more ſhe made of hym / the more was his payne / And at the laſt ſir Triſtram toke his hors and rode aweye from her / And thenne was it thre dayes or that ſhe coude ſynde hym / And thenne ſhe broughte hym mete and drynke / but he wold none / and thenne another tyme ſir Triſtram eſcaped awey from the damoyſel / and it happed hym to ryde by the ſame caſtel where ſire Palamydes and ſir Triſtram dyd bataille whan la beale Iſoud departed them / And there by fortune the damoyſel mette with ſire Triſtram ageyne makynge the gretteſt dole that euer erthely creature made / and ſhe yede to the lady of that caſtel / and tolde her of the myſauenture of ſire Triſtram / allas ſaid the lady of that caſtel where is my lord ſir triſtram / Ryght here by your caſtel ſaid the damoyſel / In good tyme ſaide the lady / is he ſoo nyghe me / he

[leaf 183]

ſhalle haue mete and drynke of the beſt / and an harp I haue of his / where vpon he taught me / For of goodely harpynge he bereth the pryce in the world / So this lady and damoiſel brought hym mete and drynke / but he ete lytel therof / Thenne vpon a nyght he putte his hors from hym / And thenne he vnlaced his armour / and thenne ſir Triſtram wold go in to the wilderneſſe and braſt doune the trees and bowes / and otherwhyle whan he fond the harp that the lady ſente hym / thenne wold he harpe and playe therupon / and wepe to gyders / and ſomtyme whan ſire Triſtram was in the woode that the lady wyſt not where he was / thenne wold ſhe ſytte her doune and playe vpon that harp / Thenne wold ſire Triſtram come to that harp / and herken ther to / and ſomtyme he wold harpe hym ſelf Thus he there endured a quarter of a yere / thēne at the laſt he ranne his way / and ſhe wiſte not where he was become / And thenne was he naked and waxed lene / and poure of fleſſhe / and ſoo he felle in the felauſhip of herd men and ſheepherdes / and dayly they wold gyue hym ſomme of their mete / & drynke / And whan he dyd ony ſhrewd dede / they wold bete hym with roddes / and ſoo they clypped hym with ſheres and made hym lyke a foole

¶ Capitulum xix

And vpon a day Dagonet kynge Arthurs foole came in to Cornewaile with two ſquyers with hym / and as they rode thorugh that foreſt / they came to a fayre welle / where ſir Triſtram was wonte to be / and the whether was hote / and they alyghte to drynke of that welle / and in the meane whyle their horſes brake lous / ¶ Ryght ſoo ſire Triſtram came vnto them / and ſyrſt he ſouſyd ſire Dagonet in that welle / & after his ſquyers / and there at lough the ſheepherdes / and forth with al he ranne after their horſes and broughte hem ageyne / one by one / and ryghte ſoo wete as they were / he made hem lepe vp / and ryde their wayes / ¶ Thus ſire Triſtram endured there an halfe yere naked / and wold neuer come in town / ne vyllage / The meane whyle the damoyſel that ſyre Palomydes ſente to ſeke ſir Triſtram ſhe yede vnto ſir Palomydes / and told

[leaf 183 verso]

hym alle the meſchyef that ſir Triſtram endured / Allas ſayd ſir Palomydes hit is grete pyte that euer ſoo noble a Knyght ſhold be ſoo meſcheued for the loue af a lady / But neuertheles I wille goo and ſeke hym / and comforte hym and I may ¶ Thenne a lytel before that tyme la Beale Iſoud had co*m*- 5 maunded ſir Kehydius oute of the Countrey of Cornewaile / Soo ſir Kehydius departed with a dolorous herte / and by aduenture he mette with ſir Palomydes / and they enſelauſhypped to gyder / and eyther complayned to other of theire hote loue that they loued la beale Iſoud / Now lete vs ſaid ſir Palomy- 10 des ſeke ſire triſtram that loued her as wel as we / and lete vs preue whether we maye recouer hym / Soo they rode in to that foreſt / and thre dayes and thre nyghtes they wold neuer take their lodgynge but euer ſoughte ſir triſtram / And vpon a tyme by aduenture they mette with Kynge Mark that was 15 ryden from hys men al alone / whanne they ſawe hym / ſyre palomydes knewe hym / but ſir Kehydius knewe hym not / A fals kynge ſaid ſir Palomydes / it is pyte thou haſt thy lyf / For thou arte a deſtroyer of alle worſhipful Knyghtes / and by thy meſchyef and thy vengeaunce thou haſt deſtroyed the mooſte 20 noble Knyght ſire triſtram de lyones / And therfor defende the ſaid ſir Palomydes / for thou ſhalt dye this day / that were ſhame ſaid Kyng Mark / for ye two are armed and I am vnarmed / As for that ſaid ſir Palomydes I ſhalle fynde a remedy therfore / here is a Knyȝt with me / and thou ſhalt haue his har- 25 neis / Nay ſaid kyng Mark I wille not haue adoo with yow for cauſe haue ye none to me / For alle the myſeaſe that ſir triſtram hath / was for a letter that he fond / for as to me I dyd to hym no diſpleaſyre / and god knoweth I am ful ſory for his diſeaſe and malady / Soo when the kyng had thus *e*xcuſed 30 hym / they were frendes / and kyng Mark wold haue had them vnto tyntagil / but ſyr Palomydes wolde not but torned vnto the Realme of Logrys / and ſir kehydius ſaide that he wolde goo in to Bretayn / ¶ Now torne we vnto ſir Dagonet ayene that whanne he and his ſquyers were vpon horſbak / he demyd 35 that the ſheepherdes had ſente that ſoole to araye hem ſo / by cauſe that they laughed at hem / and ſoo they rode vnto the kepers of beeſtes and alle to bete them / Syr triſtram ſawe them bete

[leaf 184]

that were wonte to gyue hym mete and drynke / thenne he ran thyder / and gat ſir Dagonet by the hede / and gaf hym ſuche a falle to the erthe / that he bryſed hym ſore ſo that he lay ſtylle / And thenne he wraſt his ſwerd oute of his hand / And therwith he ranne to one of his ſquyers / and ſmote of his hede / & the other fled / And ſoo ſir Triſtram took his waye with that ſwerd in his hand rennynge as he hadde ben wylde woode / ¶ Thenne ſir Dagonet rode to kyng Mark and told hym hou he had ſpedde in that foreſt / And therfore ſaid ſir Dagonet / Beware kynge Mark that thou come not aboute that welle / in the foreſt / For there is a foole naked / and that foole and I foole mette to gyders / and he hadde almoſt ſlayn me / ¶ A ſaid kynge Mark / that is ſir Matto le breune / that felle oute of his wytte by cauſe he loſt his lady / For whan ſir Gaherys ſmote doune ſir Matto and wanne his lady of hym / Neuer ſyns was he in his mynde / and that was pyte / for he was a good knyght /

¶ Capitulum xx

THenne ſir Andred that was coſyn vnto ſir Triſtram / made a lady that was his peramour to ſay and to noyſe hit that ſhe was with ſire Triſtram or euer he dyed / And this tale ſhe broughte vnto kynge markes courte that ſhe buryed hym by a welle / and that or he dyed / he beſoughte kynge Marke to make his coſyn ſir Andred kynge of the countre of Lyonas / of the whiche ſir Tryſtram was lord of / Alle this dyd ſir Andred by cauſe he wold haue had ſire triſtrams lādes / ¶ And whanne kynge Mark herd telle / that ſir triſtram was dede / he wepte / and made grete dole / But whanne quene Iſoud herd of theſe tydynges / ſhe maade ſuche ſorowe / that ſhe was nyghe oute of her mynde / And ſoo vpon a daye ſhe thought to flee her ſelf / and neuer to lyue after ſir triſtrams deth And ſoo vpon a day la beale Iſoud gat a ſwerd pryuely / and bare hit in to her gardyn / and there ſhe pyghte the ſwerd thorugh a plumme tree vp to the hyltes / ſoo that hit ſtak faſt and hit ſtode breſt hyhe / And as ſhe wold haue ronne vpon the ſwerd and to haue ſlayne her ſelf / ¶ Alle this aſpyed kyng

[leaf 184 verso]

Marke / how ſhe kneled doune and ſaide / ſwete lord Iheſu haue mercy vpon me / for I maye not lyue after the dethe of ſyr Triſtram de lyones / for he was my fyrſt loue / and he ſhalle be the laſt / and with theſe wordes came Kyng mark and took her in his armes / and thenne he took vp the ſwerd / and bare her away with hym in to a Toure / and there he made her to be kept and watched her ſurely / and after that ſhe lay longe ſeke nyȝ at the poynte of dethe / This meane whyle ranne ſir Triſtram naked in the foreſt with the ſwerd in his hand / and ſoo he cam to an hermytage / and there he leid hym doun and ſlepte / and in the meane whyle the heremyte ſtale aweye his ſwerd / and leid mete doune by hym / Thus was he kepte there a ten dayes And at the laſt he departed and came to the herd men ageyne / And there was a gyaunt in that countre that hyght Tawleas And for fere of ſir Triſtram more than ſeuen yere he durſt neuer moche goo at large / but for the mooſt party he kepte hym in a ſure caſtel of his owne / and ſoo this Tauleas herd telle / that ſir Triſtram was dede by the noyſe of the courte of kynge Marke / Thenne this Tauleas wente dayly at large / And ſoo he happed vpon a daye he came to the herd men wandryng and langerynge / And there he ſette hym doun to reſte among them The meane whyle ther cam a knyght of Cornewaile that ledde a lady with hym / and his name was ſir Dynaunt / & whanne the gyaunt ſawe hym / he wente from the herd men and hydde hym vnder a tree / and ſoo the knyght came to that welle / and there he alyghte to repoſe hym / And as ſoone as he was from his hors / this gyaunt Tauleas came betwixe this knyght and his hors / and toke the hors and lepte vpon hym / So forth with he rode vnto ſir Dynaunt / and took hym by the coller / & pulled hym afore hym vpon his hors / and there wolde haue ſtryken of his hede / Thenne the herd men ſaid vnto ſire Triſtram / helpe yonder knyght / helpe ye hym ſeid ſir triſtram / we dare not ſaid the herd men / Thenne ſir triſtram was ware of the ſwerd of the knyght there as hit lay / and ſoo thyder he ranne / and took vp the ſwerd and ſtroke of ſir tauleas hede and ſo he yede his way to the herd men

¶ Capitulum xxj

THenne the knyght took vp the gyaunts hede / and bare hit with hym vnto kynge Marke / and told hym / what aduenture betyd hym in the foreſt / and how a naked man reſcowed hym / from the grymly gyaunt Tauleas where hadde ye this aduenture ſaid kynge Marke / forſothe ſaid ſyr Dynaunt at the fayre fontayne in your foreſte / where many aduenturous knyȝtes mete / and there is the madde man wel ſaid kyng Mark I wille ſee that wild man / So within a day or two kynge Marke commaunded his knyghtes / & his hunters that they ſhold be redy on the morne for to hunte / and ſoo vpon the morne he wente vnto that foreſt / And whanne the kynge came to that welle / he fonde there lyenge by that welle a fayr naked man / and a ſwerd by hym / Thenne kyng Mark blewe and ſtraked / and there with his knyghtes came to hym / and thenne the kynge commaunded his knyghtes to take that naked man with fayrenes / and brynge hym to my caſtel / Soo they did ſaufly & fayre and caſt mantels vpon ſir Triſtram and ſoo ledde hym vnto Tyntagyll / and there they bathed hym and waſſhed hym and gaf hym hote ſuppynges til they had brought hym wel to his remembraunce / but alle this whyle there was no creature that knewe ſir Triſtram nor what man he was / Soo hit felle vpon a daye that the quene la beale Iſoud herd of ſuche a man / that ranne naked in the foreſte / and how the kynge had brought hym home to the Courte / Thenne la Beale Iſoud called vnto her dame Brangwayne and ſaid come on with me / For we wille goo ſee this man / that my lord brought from the foreſt the laſt daye / So they paſſed forthe / and ſpered where was the ſeke man / And thenne a ſquyer told the quene that he was in the gardyn / takynge his reſt / and repoſe hym ageynſt the ſonne / Soo whan the quene loked vpon ſir Triſtram ſhe was not remembryd of hym / but euer ſhe ſeid vnto dame Brangwayne / me ſemeth I ſhold haue ſene hym here to fore in many places / but as ſoone as ſir Triſtram ſawe her / he knewe her wel ynough / And thenne he torned awey his vyſage / and wepte / Thenne the quene hadde alweyes a lytel brachet with her that ſir Triſtram gaf her the ſyrſt tyme that euer ſhe came in to Cornewaile / & neuer wold that brachet departe from her / but yf ſyre Triſtram was nyghe

[leaf 185 verso]

there as was la Beale Iſoud / and this brachet was ſente from the kynges doughter of Fraunce vnto ſyre Triſtram for grete loue / and anone as this lytel brachet felte a ſaueour of ſyr Triſtram ſhe lepte vpon hym and lycked his learys and his erys / and thēne he whyned and queſted and ſhe ſmelled at his feet and at his handes / and on all partyes of his body that ſhe myghte come to / A my lady ſayd dame Brangwayn vnto la beale Iſoud / Allas allas ſaid ſhe I ſee it is myn own lord ſyr Triſtram / And therupon Iſoud felle doune in a ſwoune and ſoo laye a grete whyle / And whan ſhe myght ſpeke ſhe ſaid / my lord ſir Triſtram bleſſid be god ye haue your lyf / and now I am ſure ye ſhalle be diſcouerd by this lytel brachet / for ſhe wille neuer leue you / And alſo I am ſure as ſoone as my lord kynge Mark doo knowe you / he wil bannyſſh you oute of the countrey of Cornewaile / or els he will deſtroye you / For goddes ſake myn owne lord / graunte kynge Marke his wille / and thenne drawe you vnto the Courte of kyng arthur / for there are ye byloued / and euer whan I maye I ſhalle ſende vnto you / And whan ye lyſt ye may come to me / and at alle tymes erly and late I wille be at your commaundement / to lyue as poure a lyf as euer dyd quene or lady / O madame ſaid ſir Triſtram goo from me / for mykel anger and daunger haue I eſcaped for your loue

¶ Capitulum xxij

THenne the quene departed / but the brachet wold not from hym / and there with alle came kynge Marke and the brachet ſat vpon hym / and bayed at them all / There with al ſyr Andred ſpak and ſaid ſyr this is ſir Triſtram I ſee by the brachet / Nay ſaid the kyng I can not ſuppoſe that / Thenne the kyng aſked hym vpon his feith what he was / and what was was his name / ¶ So god me help ſaid he / my name is ſir Triſtram de lyones / now do by me what ye lyſt / A ſaide kyng Mark me repenteth of your recouer / & thenne he lete calle his barons to Iuge ſir Triſtram to the dethe / thēne many of his barons wold not aſſente therto / and in eſpecyal ſyr Dynas the ſeneſchal / & ſir Fergus / And ſo by thaduyſe of them al ſir Triſtram was banyſſhed out of the coūtrey for x yere / & therupon he took his oth vpon a book before the kyng & his barons /

And ſoo he was made to departe oute of the Countrey of Cornewaile / and there were many barons brought hym vnto hys ſhyp / of the whiche ſomme were his frendes / & ſomme his foes / And in the meane whyle there came a knyghte of kynge Arthurs / his name was Dynadan / and his comyng was for to ſeke after ſir Triſtram / thenne they ſhewed hym where he was armed at alle poyntes goynge to the ſhyp / Now fayre knyȝte ſaid ſir Dynadan or ye paſſe this courte that ye will Iuſte with me / I requyre the / with a good wille ſaid ſir Triſtram / & theſe lordes wille gyue me leue / Thenne the Barons graunted therto / and ſoo they ranne to gyders / and there ſire Triſtram gaf ſire Dynadan a falle / And thenne he praid ſir Triſtram to gyue hym leue to goo in his felauſhip / ye ſhalle be ryght welcome ſaid thenne ſire Triſtram / and ſoo they took theyr horſes and rode to their ſhyppes to gyders / and whanne ſire Triſtram was in the ſee / he ſaid / Grete wel kyng Marke and all myn enemyes / and ſaye hem I wille come ageyne whan I maye / And wel am I rewarded for the ſyghtynge with ſire Marhaus / and delyuerd all this countrey from ſeruage / and wel am I rewarded for the fetchyng and coſtes of Quene Iſoud oute of Irland / and the daunger that I was in fyrſt & laſt and by the way comynge home what daunger I had to brynge ageyne Quene Iſoud from the caſtel Pluere / and well I am rewarded whanne I foughte with ſir Bleoberys for ſyre Segwarydes wyf / and well am I rewarded whan I fouȝt with ſyre Blamore de ganys for kynge Anguyſſhe / fader vnto la Beale Iſoud / and well am I rewarded whan I ſmote doune the good knyghte ſyre Lamorak de galys at Kyng Markes requeſt / And wel am I rewarded whan I fought with the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and the kynge of Northgalys / and bothe theſe wold haue put his land in ſeruage / and by me they were put to a rebuke / and wel I am rewarded for the ſleynge of Tauleas the myghty gyaunte and many other dedes haue I done for hym / and now haue I my waryſon / And telle Kynge Mark that many noble knyghtes of the table roūd haue ſpared the barons of this countrey for my ſake / Alſo am I not wel rewarded whan I fought with the good knyght ſir Palomydes and reſcowed quene Iſoud

[leaf 186 verso]

from hym / And at that tyme kynge Marke ſaid afore all his barons I ſhold haue ben better rewarded / nad forth with alle he took the ſee /

¶ Capitulum xiij

ANd at the next landynge faſte by the ſee / there mette with ſir Triſtram & with ſir Dynadan ſir Ector de marys and ſir Bors de ganys / and there ſir Ector Iuſted with ſyr Dynadan / and he ſmote hym and his hors doun And thenne ſir Triſtram wold haue Iuſted with ſyre Bors and ſir Bors ſaid that he wolde not Iuſte with no Cornyſſhe knyghtes / for they are not called men of worſhip / and all this was done vpon a brydge / and with this came ſire Bleoberys and ſyr Dryaunt / and ſir Bleoberys profered to Iuſte with ſyr Triſtram / and there ſir Triſtram ſmote doune ſyr Bleoberys / Thenne ſaid ſire Bors de ganys / I wiſt neuer Cornyſſh knyghte of ſoo grete valoure nor ſoo valyaunt as that knyȝt that bereth the trappours enbroudred with crounes / And thenne ſir Triſtram and ſyr Dynadan departed fro them in to a foreſt / and there mette them a damoyſel that came for the loue of ſire launcelot to ſeke after ſomme noble knyghtes of kyng Arthurs courte for to reſcowe ſir launcelot / and ſoo ſir launcelott was ordeyned / for by the treaſon of quene Morgan le fay to haue ſlayne ſir launcelot / and for that cauſe ſhe ordeyned thyrtty knyghtes to lye in a wayte for ſir launcelot / and this damoyſel knewe this treaſon / And for this cauſe the damoyſel came for to ſeke noble knyghtes to helpe ſyr Launcelot / For that nyght or day after ſyr launcelot ſhold come where theſe xxx knyghtes were / And ſoo this damoyſel mette with ſyre Bors and ſire Ector and with ſir Dryaunt / and there ſhe told hem alle four of the treaſon of Morgan le fay / and thenne they promyſed her that they wold be nyghe where ſire launcelot ſhold mete with the xxx knyȝtes / & yf ſoo be they ſet vpon hym / we wil do reſcowes as we can / ſo the damoyſel departed / and by aduenture the damoiſel met with ſir triſtram & with ſir Dynadan / & there the damoyſel told hem al the treaſon that was ordeyned for ſir launcelot / Fair damoyſel ſaid ſir triſtram bryng me to that ſame place where they ſhold mete with ſir launcelot Thenne ſaid ſir Dynadan what will ye do / hit is not for vs to fyghte with thyrtty knyghtes / and wete you wel I wylle

not thereof / as to matche one knyght two or thre is ynough and they be men / But for to matche xv knyghtes that wille I neuer vndertake / fy for ſhame ſaid ſire Triſtram / doo but youre parte / Nay ſaid ſir Dynadan I will not therof / but yf ye wil lene me your ſheld / for ye bere a ſheld of Cornewaile / and for the cowardyſe that is named to the knyȝtes of Cornewaile by your ſheldes ye be euer forborne / Nay ſaid ſyr Triſtram I will not departe from my ſheld for her ſake that gaf it me / But one thyng ſaid ſir Triſtram I promyſe the ſyr Dynadan / but yf thou wilt promyſe me to abyde with me / here I ſhalle ſlee the For I deſyre no more of the / but anſuer one knyghte / And yf thy herte wille not ſerue the / ſtande by and loke vpon me and them / Syre ſaid ſyre Dynadan I promyſe you to loke vpon & to doo what I may to ſaue my ſelf / but I wold I had not mette with you / Soo thenne anone theſe thyrtty knyghtes cam faſt by theſe four knyghtes / and they were ware of them / and eyther of other / And ſoo theſe thyrtty knyghtes lete for thys cauſe that they wold not wrathe them yf caas be that they had adoo with ſyr launcelot / and the four knyghtes lete them paſſe to this entent that they wold ſee and beholde what they wold doo with ſyr launcelot / and ſoo the thyrtty knyghtes paſte on / and came by ſir Triſtram and by ſir Dynadan / and thenne ſir Triſtram cryed on hyghe / loo here is a knyght ageynſte you for the loue of ſire launcelot / and there he ſlewe two with one ſperd and ten with his ſwerd / And thenne came in ſyre Dynadan and he dyd paſſynge wel / and ſoo of the thyrtty knyghtes there wente but ten awey / and they fledde / Al this bataille ſawe ſir Bors de ganys and his thre felawes / and thenne they ſawe wel hit was the ſame knyghte that Iuſted with hem at the brydge / thenne they took their horſes and rode vnto ſyr Triſtram and prayſed hym and thanked hym of his good dedes / and they alle deſyred ſyre Triſtram to goo wyth hem to their lodgynge / and he ſaid nay / he wold not go to no lodgynge / Thenne they alle four knyghtes praid hym to telle hem his name / Faire lordes ſaid ſyr Triſtram / as at this tyme I wille not telle you my name / ¶ **Capitulum xxiiij /**

THēne ſir Triſtram & ſir Dynadan rode forth theire weye tyl they came to the ſheepherdes & to the herde men / & the-

[leaf 187 verso]

re they aſked hem yf they knewe ony lodgynge or herberough there nyghe hand / ¶ Forſothe ſyrs ſayde the herdemen / here by is good lodgynge in a caſtel / But there is ſuche a cuſtomme that there ſhalle no knyghte be herberowed but yf he Iuſte with two knyghtes / and yf he be but one knyghte / he muſt Iuſte with two / And as ye be therin ſoone ſhalle ye be matched / There is ſhrewde herberowe ſaid ſyre Dynadan / lodge where ye will / for I wille not lodge there / Fy for ſhame ſayd ſir Triſtram are ye not a knyghte of the table round / wherfore ye may not with your worſhip refuſe your lodgynge / Not ſoo ſaid the herd men / for and ye be beten / and haue the wers ye ſhalle not be lodged there / and yf ye bete them ye ſhalle be wel herberowed A ſaid ſyr Dynadan they are two ſure knyghtes / Thenne ſire Dynadan wold not lodge there in no manere / but as ſire Triſtram requyred hym of his knyghthode / and ſo they rode thyder / and to make ſhorte tale ſyr Triſtram and ſir Dynadan ſmote hem doune bothe / and ſoo they entred in to the caſtel and had good chere / as they coude thynke or deuyſe / And whanne they were vnarmed and thought to be mery and in good reſt / there came in at the yates ſyre Palomydes and ſyre Gaherys requyrynge to haue the cuſtomme of the caſtel / what aray is this ſaid ſire Dynadan / I wold haue my reſt / that may not be ſaid ſir Triſtram / Now muſt we nedes defende the cuſtomme of this caſtel / in ſoo moche as we haue the better of the lordes of this caſtel / and therfore ſaide ſire Triſtram / nedes muſte ye make you redy / In the deuyls name ſaid ſir Dynadan came I in to your company / and ſo they made them redy And ſir Gaherys encountred with ſire Triſtram / and ſyr Gaherys had a falle / and ſir Palamydes encountred with ſir Dynadan / and ſir Dynadan had a falle / thenne was hit fall for falle / Soo thenne muſte they ſyghte on foote / that wold not ſyr Dynadan / for he was ſo ſore bryſed of the falle that ſyre Palomydes gaf hym / Thenne ſir Triſtram vnlaced ſyre Dynadans helme / and praid hym to helpe hym / I wille not ſayde ſyr Dynadan for I am ſore wounded of the thyrtty knyghtes that we hadde but late agoo to doo with alle ¶ But ye fare ſaid ſire Dynadan vnto ſyr Triſtram as a madde man and as a man þt is oute of his mynde þt wold caſt hym ſelf awey

and I may curſe the tyme that euer I ſawe you / For in al the world are not two ſuche knyghtes that ben ſo wode as is ſire launcelot and ye ſyr Triſtram / for ones I felle in the felauſhip of ſyr launcelot as I haue done now with you and he ſet me a werke that a quarter of a yere I kepte my bedde / Iheſu defende me ſaid ſyr Dynadan from ſuche two knyghtes / and ſpecially from your felauſhip / Thenne ſaid ſyre Triſtram I will ſyghte with hem both / Thenne ſyr Triſtram badde hem come forth both / for I wille ſyghte with you / thenne ſyr Palomydes and ſyr Gaherys dreſſid them / and ſmote at hem bothe / thenne Dynadan ſmote at ſyr Gaherys a ſtroke or two / and torned from hym / nay ſaid ſir Palomydes / it is to moche ſhame for vs two knyghtes to ſyghte with one / And thenne he dyd byd ſyr Gaherys ſtande a ſyde with that knyght that hath no lyſte to ſyghte / Thenne they rode to gyders and fought longe / and atte laſt ſyr Triſtram doubled his ſtrokes / and droſe ſyre Palomydes a bak / more than thre ſtrydes / And thenne by one aſſente ſyre Gaherys and ſyr Dynadan wente betwixe them / and departed them in ſonder / And thenne by aſſent of ſyr Triſtram they wold haue lodged to gyders / But ſyre Dynadan wold not lodge in that caſtel / And thenne he curſed the tyme that euer he came in their feauſhip / and ſoo he took his hors / and his harneis / and departed / thenne ſir Triſtram prayd the lordes of that caſtel to lene hym a man to brynge hym to a lodgynge / and ſoo they dyd / and ouertoke ſir Dynadan / and rode to their lodgynge two myle thens with a good man in a pryory / and there they were wel at eaſe / And that ſame nyght ſir Bors and ſire Bleoberys and ſir Ector and ſyre Dryaunt / abode ſtylle in the ſame place there as ſire Triſtram fouȝt with the thyrtty knyghtes / and there they mette with ſyr Launcelot the ſame knyght / and had made promyſe to lodge with ſyr Colgreuaunce the ſame nyght /

¶ Capitulum xxv

BVt anone as the noble Knyghte ſyre launcelot herd of the ſhelde of Cornewayle thenne wyſt he wel that hyt

[leaf 188 verso]

was ſire Triſtram that fought with his enemyes / And thenne ſyre Launcelot prayſed ſyre Triſtram / and called hym the man of mooſt worſhip in the world / ¶ Soo there was a knyght in that pryory that hyght Pellinore / and he deſyred to wete the name of ſire Triſtram / but in no wyſe he coude not / and ſo ſyr Triſtram departed and lefte ſir Dynadan in the pryory / for he was ſoo wery and ſoo ſore bryſed that he myghte not ryde / Thenne this knyght ſyre Pellinore ſaid to ſire Dynadan / ſythen that ye wille not telle me that knyghtes name I will ryde after hym / and make hym to telle me his name / or he ſhall dye therfore / Beware ſir knyght ſaid ſir Dynadan / for and ye folowe hym / ye ſhalle repente hit / Soo that knyghte ſire Pellinore rode after ſire Triſtram and requyred hym of Iuſtes / thēne ſir Triſtram ſmote hym doune and wounded hym thoruȝ the ſholder / and ſoo he paſt on his way / And on the next day folowyng ſyr Triſtram mette with purſyuaūts / and they told hym that there was made a grete crye of turnement bitwene kynge Carados of ſcotland and the kynge of Northwalys / & eyther ſhold Iuſte ageyne other at the caſtel of maydens / and theſe purſyuaūtes ſought alle the coūtrey after the good knyȝtes / and in eſpecyal kynge Carados lete make ſekynge for ſir launcelot du lake / and the kyng of Northgalys lete ſeke after ſir Triſtram de lyonas / ¶ And at that tyme ſyr Triſtram thought to be at that Iuſtes / and ſoo by aduenture they mette with ſire kay the ſeneſchal and ſyr Sagramor le deſyrus / and ſyr kay requyred ſir Triſtram to Iuſte / and ſire Triſtram in a maner refuſed hym / by cauſe he wold not be hurte nor bryſed ageynſte the grete Iuſtes that ſhold be biſore the caſtel of maydens / and therfore he thought to repoſe hym and to reſte hym / And alway ſir kay cryed ſir knyȝt of Cornewaile Iuſt with me / or els yelde the to me as recreaunte / whan ſir Triſtram herd hym ſaye ſoo / he torned to hym / and thenne ſire kay refuſed hym and torned his bak / Thenne ſyr Triſtram ſaid as I ſynde the / I ſhalle take the / Thenne ſire Kay torned with euylle wylle / and ſyre Triſtram ſmote ſyr kay doune / and ſoo he rode forthe / ¶ Thenne ſyre Sagramore le deſyrus rode after ſyre Triſtram / and maade hym to Iuſte with hym / and there ſyre Triſtram ſmote doune ſyre Sagramor le deſyrus from his hors

and rode his way / and the ſame day he mette with a damoyſel that told hym that he ſhold wynne grete worſhip of a knyȝt aduenturous that dyd moche harme in alle that countrey /

¶ Whanne ſir Triſtram herd her ſay ſoo / he was gladde to goo with her to wynne worſhip / So ſire Triſtram rode with that damoyſel a vj myle / and thenne mette hym ſyre Gawayne / and there with alle ſyre Gawayne knewe the damoyſel / that ſhe was a damoyſel of Quene Morgan le fay / Thenne ſir Gawayne vnderſtode that ſhe ladde that knyght to ſomme meſchyef / Faire knyght ſaid ſire Gawayne whyder ryde you now wyth that damoyſel / Syr ſaid ſire Triſtram I wote not whyder I ſhalle ryde / but as the damoyſel wylle lede me / Syr ſaide ſyre Gawayne ye ſhalle not ryde with her / for ſhe and her lady did neuer good but ylle / And thenne ſir Gawayne pulled oute his ſwerd / and ſaid / damoyſel / but yf thou telle me anon / for what what cauſe thou ledeſt this knyȝt with the thou ſhalt dye for hit ryght anone / I knowe alle your ladyes treaſon / & yours / Mercy ſyre Gawayne ſhe ſaid / and yf ye wille ſaue my lyf / I wille telle you / Saye on ſaid ſir Gawayne / and thow ſhalte haue thy lyf / Syre ſhe ſaid Quene Morgan le fay my lady hath ordeyned a xxx ladyes to ſeke & to aſpye after ſir laūcelot or ſir triſtram / & by þe trainys of theſe ladyes who þt may fyrſt mete ony of theſe two knyghtes they ſhold torne hem vnto Morgan le fays caſtel / ſayenge that they ſhold doo dedes of worſhip / & yf ony of tho two knyȝtes cam there / there be xxx knyghtes lyenge and watchyng in a toure to wayte vpon ſir launcelot or vpon ſyre triſtram / Fy for ſhame ſaid ſire Gawayne that euer ſuche fals treaſon ſhold be wrought or vſed in a quene and a kynges ſyſter / and a kynge and quenes doughter

¶ Capitulum xxvj

SYr ſaid ſire Gawayne wille ye ſtande with me / and we wille ſee the malyce of theſe thyrtty knyghtes / ſyr ſaid ſir triſtram goo ye to hem / and hit pleaſe you / and ye ſhal ſee I wille not fayle you / for hit is not long a go ſyn I and a felawe mette with thyrtty knyȝtes of that quenes felauſhip

[leaf 189 verso]

And god ſpede vs ſoo that we may wynne worſhip / So thē-
ne ſir Gawayne and ſire triſtram rode toward the caſtel where
Morgan le fay was / and euer ſir Gawayne demed wel that
he was ſire triſtram de lyones by cauſe he herd that two kn-
yghtes had ſlayne and beten thyrtty knyghtes / And whanne 5
they came afore the caſtel ſir Gawayn ſpak on hyghe / and ſa-
id Quene Morgan le fay ſende oute youre knyghtes / that ye
haue leyd in a watche for ſir laūcelot & for ſir triſtram / Now
ſaid ſir Gawayne I knowe your fals treaſon / and thorou all
places where that I ryde men ſhall knowe of your fals trea- 10
ſon / And now lete ſee ſir Gawayn / whether ye dare come out of
your caſtel ye thyrtty knyghtes / thenne the quene ſpak and al
the thyrtty knyghtes attones / and ſaid / ſir Gawayne ful wel
weteſt thou what thou doſt and ſaiſt / For by god we knowe
the paſſynge wel / But alle that thou ſpekeſt / and doſt / thow 15
ſaiſt hit vpon pryde of that good Knyghte that is there with
the / For there be ſomme of vs that knowen full wel the han-
des of that knyght ouer alle wel / And wete thou wel ſir ga-
wayne / hit is more for his ſake than for thyn that we wylle
not come oute of this caſtel / For wete ye wel ſir Gawayne 20
the Knyght that bereth the armes of Cornewaile / we knowe
hym / and what he is / thenne ſir Gawayne and ſir triſtram de-
parted and rode on their wayes a day or two to gyders / and
there by aduenture they met with ſyr Kay and ſyr Sagramor
le deſyrus / And thenne they were glad of ſyr gawayne / and 25
he of them / but they wiſte not what he was with the ſhelde of
Cornewaile / but by demynge / And thus they rode to gyders a
daye or two / And thenne they were ware of ſyr Breuſe ſaū-
ce pyte chacynge a lady for to haue ſlayne her / for he had ſlayn
her peramour afore / Hold you all ſtylle ſaid ſyr Gawayne & 30
ſhewe none of you forthe / and ye ſhalle ſee me reward yonder
fals Knyght / for and he aſpye you he is ſo wel horſed that he
wille eſcape awey / And thenne ſyre Gawayne rode betwix ſyr
Breuſe and the lady / and ſaid fals knyghte leue her / and ha-
ue adoo with me / whan ſyr Breuſe ſawe no moo but ſyre ga- 35
yne he feutryd his ſpere / and ſyr Gawayne ageynſt hym / and
there ſyr Breuſe ouerthrewe ſyr Gawayne / and thenne he rode
ouer hym / & ouerthwart hym twenty tymes to haue deſtroyed
[leaf 190]

hym / and whan ſire Triſtram ſawe hym doo ſoo vylaynous a dede / he hurled oute ageynſte hym / And whan ſyr Breuſe ſawe hym with the ſhelde of Cornewaile / he knewe hym well / that it was ſyre Triſtram / and thenne he fledde / and ſir Triſtram folowed after hym / and ſyr Breuſe ſaunce pyte was ſo horſed that he wente his waye quyte / and ſir Triſtram folowed hym longe / for he wold fayne haue ben auengyd vpon hym / And ſoo whanne he hadde longe chaced hym / he ſawe a fayre welle / and thyder he rode to repoſe hym / and teyed his hors til a tree /

¶ Capitulum xvij

AND thenne he pulled of his helme and waſſhed his vyſage / and his handes / and ſoo he felle on ſlepe /

¶ In the meane whyle came a damoyſel that had ſought ſir triſtram many wayes and dayes within this land / And whanne ſhe came to the welle ſhe loked vpon hym / & had forgeten hym as in remembraunce of ſire Triſtram / but by hys hors ſhe knewe hym / that hyghte paſſe Brewel / that had ben ſire Triſtrams hors many yeres / For whanne he was mad in the foreſt / ſyr Fergus kepte hym / Soo this lady dame Brangwayne abode ſtylle tyl he was awake / Soo whanne ſhe ſawe hym wake / ſhe ſalewed hym / and he her ageyn / for eyther knewe other of old acqueyntaunce / thenne ſhe told hym how ſhe had ſought hym longe and brode / and there ſhe told hym hou ſhe hadde letters from quene la beale Iſoud / Thenne anon ſire Triſtram redde them / and wete ye well / he was gladde / for theryn was many a pyteous complaynte / Thenne ſir Triſtram ſaid / lady Brangwayne ye ſhalle ryde with me tyl that turnement be done at the caſtel of maydens / And thenne ſhalle ye bere letters and tydynges with you / And thenne ſire triſtram took his hors and ſought lodgynge / and there he mette wyth a good auncyent knyght and prayd hym to lodge with hym Ryȝt ſo came Gouernaile vnto ſir Triſtram / that was glad of that lady / Soo this old knyghtes name was ſir Pellownus / and he told of the grete turnement that ſhold be att the Caſtel of maydens / And there ſir launcelot and xxxij knyȝtes

[leaf 190 verso]

of his blood had ordeyned ſheldes of Cornewaile / and ryȝte ſoo there came one vnto ſyr Pellounes / and told hym that ſir Perſydes de bloyſe was come home / thenne that knyght helde vp his handes and thanked god of his comynge home / and there ſir Pellounes told ſyr Triſtram that in two yeres he had not ſene his ſone ſyr Perſydes / Syr ſaid ſir Triſtram I knowe your ſone wel ynough for a good knyght / ſoo on a tyme ſyr Triſtram and ſyr Perſydes came to their lodgynge both at ones / and ſoo they vnarmed hem / and putte vpon hem their clothynge / And thenne theſe two knyghtes eche welcomed other / And whanne ſyr Perſydes vnderſtode that ſir Triſtram was of Cornewaile / he ſaid he was ones in Cornewaile / and there I Iuſted afore kynge Marke / And ſoo it happed me at that tyme / to ouerthrowe ten knyghtes / and thenne came to me ſyre Triſtram de lyones and ouerthrewe me / and took my lady awey from me / and that ſhalle I neuer forgete / but I ſhalle remembre me and euer I ſee my tyme / A ſaid ſir tryſtram now I vnderſtande that ye hate ſyr Triſtram / what deme ye / wene ye that ſir Triſtram is not able to withſtande your malyce / yes ſaid ſir Perſydes I knowe wel that ſir Triſtram is a noble knyght and a moche better knyght than I / yet ſhalle I not owe hym my good wille / ¶ Ryght as they ſtode thus talkynge at a bay wyndowe of that caſtel / they ſawe many knyghtes rydynge to and fro toward the turnement / And thenne was ſire Triſtram ware of a lykely knyght rydyng vpon a grete black hors / and a black couerd ſhelde / what knyȝte is that ſaid ſire Triſtram with the black hors & the blak ſheld he ſemes a good knyȝt / I knowe hym wel ſaid ſir Perſydes he is one of the beſt knyghtes of the world / thenne is it ſyre Launcelot ſaid ſir Triſtram / nay ſaid ſyre Perſydes / hit is ſyr Palomydes / that is yet vncryſtened /

¶ Capitulum xxviij

THenne they ſawe moche people of the countrey ſalewe ſire Palomydes / And within a whyle after / ther cam a ſquyer of the caſtel / that told ſyre Pellounes that was lord of that caſtel / that a knyght with a blak ſheld had

[leaf 191]

ſmyten doune thyrten knyȝtes / Fayr broder ſaid ſir Triſtram vnto ſyr Perſydes / lete vs caſte vpon vs clokes / and lete vs goo ſee the play / Not ſoo ſaid ſir Perſydes / we wille not goo lyke knaues thyder / but we wille ryde lyke men and good knyghtes to withſtande oure enemyes / Soo they armed them and took their horſes and grete ſperes / and thyder they went there as many knyȝtes aſſayed hem ſelf before the turnement And anone ſir Palomydes ſawe ſir Perſydes / and thenne he ſente a ſquyer vnto hym and ſaid / goo thou to the yonder knyght with the grene ſheld and therin a lyon of gooldis / and ſay hym I requyre hym to Iuſte with me / and telle hym that my name is ſire Palomydes / whanne ſir Perſydes vnderſtood that requeſt of ſyre Palomydes / he made hym redy / and there anone they mette to gyders / but ſyre Perſydes had a falle Thenne ſyre Triſtram dreſſid hym to be reuengyd vpon ſir palomydes / and that ſawe ſyre Palomydes that was redy / and ſoo was not ſire Triſtram and took hym at auauntage / and ſmote hym ouer his hors tayle whanne he had no ſpere in his reyſte / Thenne ſtarte vp ſyre Triſtram and took his hors lyȝtely / and was wrothe oute of meſure / and ſore aſhamed of that falle / Thenne ſire Triſtram ſente vnto ſyr Palomydes by Gouernaile and prayd hym to Iuſte with hym at his requeſt Nay ſaid ſire Palomydes as att this tyme I wille not Iuſte with that knyght / for I knowe hym better than he weneth / And yf he be wrothe / he may ryghte it to morne att the caſtel of maydens / where he maye ſee me and many other knyghtes with that came ſyr Dynadan / and whanne he ſawe ſire Triſtrā wrothe / he lyſt not to Iape / lo ſayd ſir Dynadan / here may a mā preue / Be a man neuer ſoo good yet maye he haue a falle / & he was neuer ſoo wyſe but he myght be ouerſene / and he rydeth wel that neuer ſylle / Soo ſyre Triſtram was paſſynge wrothe and ſayd to ſyre Perſydes and to ſyre Dynadan I wille reuenge me / Ryghte ſoo as they ſtood talkyng there / there came by ſir Triſtram a lykely knyght rydyng paſſynge ſoberly and heuyly with a blak ſhelde / what knyght is that ſaid ſir Triſtram vnto ſyr Perſydes / I knowe hym well ſaid ſir Perſydes / for his name is ſire Bryaunt of Northwalys / ſoo he paſte on amonge other knyghtes of Northwalys / And there came

[leaf 191 verso]

in ſyre launcelot du lake with a ſheld of the armes of Cornewaile / and he ſente a ſquyer vnto ſyr Bryaunt / and requyred hym to Iuſte with hym / wel ſaid ſyr Bryaunt / ſythen I am requyred to Iuſte / I wille doo what I may / and there ſyre launcelot ſmote doune ſyr Bryaunt from his hors a grete falle / And thenne ſyr Triſtram merueiled what knyght he was that bare the ſheld of Cornewaile / what ſo euer he be ſaid ſyr Dynadan I warante you he is of Kynge Bannys blood / the whiche ben knyghtes of the mooſt noble proweſſe / in the world for to accompte ſoo many for ſoo many / Thenne there came two knyȝtes of Northgales / that one hyghte Hewe de la montayne / and the other ſyr Madok de la montayne / & they chalengyd ſire launcelot foote hote / Syr Launcelot not refuſyng hem but made hym redy / with one ſpere he ſmote hem doune bothe ouer their hors croupes / and ſoo ſir launcelot rode his way / By the good lord ſaid ſire Triſtram he is a good knyght that bereth the ſhelde of Cornewaile / and me ſemeth he rydeth in the beſt maner that euer I ſawe knyghte ryde / Thenne the kynge of Northgalys rode vnto ſyre Palomydes / and praid hym hertely for his ſake to Iuſte with that knyght that hath done vs of Northgalys deſpyte / Syr ſaid ſir Palomydes I am ful lothe to haue adoo with that knyght / and cauſe why is / for as to morne the grete turnement ſhalle be / And therfor I wille kepe my ſelf freſſhe by my wille / Nay ſaid the kyng of Northgalys I pray you requyre hym of Iuſtes / ſyre ſayd ſyr palomydes I wille Iuſte at your requeſt / and requyre that knyght to Iuſte with me / and often I haue ſene a man haue a falle at his owne requeſt

¶ Capitulum xix

THenne ſir palomydes ſente vnto ſir launcelot a ſquyer and requyred hym of Iuſtes / Fair felawe ſeid ſir launcelot / telle me thy lordes name / Syre ſaid the ſquyer my lordes name is ſyr Palomydes the good knyght / In good houre ſaid ſir launcelot / for there is no knyght that I ſawe thys ſeuen yeres that I had leuer adoo with all than with hym /

[leaf 192]

And ſo eyther knyghtes made hem redy with two grete ſperes Nay ſaid ſyr Dynadan ye ſhalle ſee that ſir Palomydes will quyte hym ryght wel / hit may be ſoo ſaid ſir Triſtram / but I vndertake that knyght with the ſheld of Cornewayle ſhal gy-
5 ue hym a falle / I bileue hit not ſaid ſir Dynadan / Ryght ſo they ſpored their horſes / and feutryd their ſperes / and eyther hytte other / and ſyr palomydes brake a ſpere vpon ſire launcelot / and he ſat and meued not / but ſir Launcelot ſmote hym ſo lyghtly that he made his hors to auoyde the ſadel / and the ſtro-
10 ke brake his ſhelde and the hauberke / and had he not fallen / he had be ſlayne / how now ſaid ſir Triſtram / I wiſte wel by the maner of their rydyng bothe that ſire Palomydes ſhold haue a falle / Ryght ſo ſir launcelot rode his way and rode to a well to drynke and to repoſe hym / and they of Northgalys aſpyed
15 hym whyther he rode / and thenne there folowed hym twelue knyghtes for to haue meſchyeued hym / for this cauſe that vpon the morne at the turnement of the caſtel of maydens that he ſhold not wynne the vyctory / Soo they came vpon ſir launcelot ſodenly and vnnethe he myght putte vpon hym his helme /
20 and take his hors but they were in handes with hym / & thenne ſir launcelot gat his ſpere and rode thorou them / and there he ſlewe a knyght and brake his ſpere in his body / Thenne he drewe his ſwerd and ſmote vpon the ryght hand and vpon the lyfte hand ſoo that within a fewe ſtrokes he had ſlayne o-
25 ther thre knyghtes / and the remenaunt that abode he wounded hem ſore alle that dyd abyde / Thus ſyr launcelot eſcaped from his enemyes of Northwalys / and thenne ſir launcelot rode his way tyl a frende & lodged hym tyl on the morne / for he wold not the fyrſte daye haue adoo in the turnement by cauſe of his
30 grete labour / And on the fyrſt day he was with kyng Arthur there as he was ſet on hyhe vpon a ſchaffold to diſcerne who was beſt worthy of his dedes / So ſir launcelot was with kyng Arthur / and Iuſted not the fyrſt daye /

¶ Capitulum xxx

35 NOw torne we vnto ſir Triſtram de lyones that commaunded Gouernaile his ſeruaunt to ordeyne hym a blak ſheld with none other remembraunce therin /

[leaf 192 verso]

And ſoo ſyre Perſydes and ſyr Triſtram departed from their hooſte ſyr Pellounes / and they rode erly toward the turnement / and thenne they drewe hem to kynge Carados ſyde of Scotland / and anone knyȝtes beganne the felde what of kynge Northgalys party / and what of kynge Carados party / & there began grete party / Thenne there was hurlyng and raſſhynge / Ryght ſoo came in ſyr Perſydes and ſire Triſtram / and ſoo they dyd fare that they put the kyng of Northgalys abak Thenne came in ſyre Bleoberys de ganys and ſyre Gaherys with them of Northaglys / and thenne was ſir Perſydes ſmyten doune / and alle mooſt ſlayne / For moo than xl horſmen wente ouer hym / For ſyr Bleoberys dyd grete dedes of armes and ſyre Gaherys fayled hym not / whanne ſire Triſtram byheld them / and ſawe hem doo ſuche dedes of armes / he merueyled what they were / Alſo ſir Triſtram thought ſhame that ſir Perſydes was ſoo done to / and thenne he gat a grete ſpere in his hand / and thenne he rode to ſire Gaherys and ſmote hym doune from his hors / And thenne was ſire Bleoberys wroth and gate a ſpere and rode ageynſt ſir Triſtram in grete yre / & there ſyre Triſtram mette with hym / and ſmote ſir Bleoberys from his hors / Soo thenne the kynge with the honderd knyghtes was wrothe / and he horſed ſire Bleoberys and ſir gaherys ageyne / and there beganne a grete medle / and euer ſir triſtram held them paſſynge ſhorte / and euer ſir Bleoberys was paſſynge beſy vpon ſyre Triſtram / and there came ſire Dynadan ageynſt ſyre Triſtram / and ſire Triſtram gaf hym ſuche a buffet that he ſwouned in his ſadel / Thenne anone ſir Dynadan cam to ſire Triſtram / and ſaid ſyr I knowe the better than thow weneſt / But here I promyſe the my trouthe I wille neuer come ayenſt the more / for I promyſe the that ſwerd of thyn ſhal neuer come on myn helme / with that came ſir Bleoberys / and ſyr Triſtram gaf hym ſuche a buffet that doune he leyd his hede / and thenne he raught hym ſo ſore by the helme / that he pulled hym vnder his hors feet / And thenne kyng Arthur blewe to lodgynge / Thenne ſyre Triſtram departed to his pauelione / and ſire Dynadan rode with hym / and ſire Perſydes & kyng Arthur thenne and the kynges vpon bothe partyes merueylled what knyght that was with the blak ſhelde / Many ſaid their

aduyſe / and ſome knewe hym for ſyre Triſtram / and helde their pees and wold nought ſay / Soo that fyrſte day kyng Arthur and alle the kynges and lordes that were Iuges gaf ſir Triſtram the pryce / hou be hit they knewe hym not but named hym the knyght with the black ſheld

¶ Capitulum xxxj

THenne vpon the morne ſire Palomydes retorned from the kynge of Northgalys / and rode to kyng Arthurs ſyde where was kynge Carados and the kynge of Irland / & ſyr launcelots kynne and ſir Gawayns kynne / Soo ſire palomydes ſente the damoyſel vnto ſire Triſtram that he ſente to ſeke hym whanne he was oute of his mynde in the foreſt / and thys damoyſel aſked ſire Triſtram / what he was / and what was his name / As for that ſaid ſir Triſtram telle ſir Palomydes ye ſhalle not wete as at this tyme vnto the tyme I haue broken two ſperes vpon hym / But lete hym wete thus moche ſaid ſir Triſtram / that I am the ſame knyghte that he ſmote doune in ouer euenyng at the turnement & telle hym playnly / on what party that ſyre Palomydes be / I wille be of the contrary parte Syre ſaid the damoyſel ye ſhalle vnderſtande that ſir Palomydes wille be on kyng Arthurs ſyde / where the mooſt noble knyghtes of the world ben / In the name of god ſaid ſir Triſtram / thenne wille I be with the kynge of Northgalys by cauſe ſyr Palomydes wille be on kynge Arthurs ſyde / and els I wold not but for his ſake / ¶ Soo whanne kynge Arthur was come they blewe vnto the felde / and thenne there began a grete party / and ſoo kynge Carados Iuſted with the kynge of the honderd knyghtes / and there kynge Carados hadde a falle / thenne was there hurlynge and raſſhynge / and ryght ſo cam in knyghtes of kynge Arthurs / and they bare on bak the kynge of Northgalys knyghtes / Thenne ſir Triſtram came in and beganne ſo roughly and ſoo bygly that there was none myght withſtande hym / and thus ſire Triſtram dured longe / ¶ And at the laſt ſyr Tryſtram felle amonge the felauſhip of kynge Ban / and there felle vpon hym ſyr Bors de ganys / and ſyr Ector de marys / and ſire Blamor de ganys / & many

[leaf 193 verso]

other knyghtes / And thenne ſir Triſtram ſmote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand that alle lordes and ladyes ſpak of his noble dedes / But at the laſt ſyre Triſtram ſhold haue had the werſe / had not the kynge with the honderd knyghtes ben / And thenne he came with his felauſhip and reſcowed ſir Triſtram / and brought hym awey from tho knyghtes that bare the ſheldes of Cornewaile / and thenne ſir Triſtram ſawe another felauſhip by them ſelf / and there were a xl Knyghtes to gyder / and ſir Kay the Seneſchal was there gouernour / Thenne ſire Triſtram rode in amongeſt them / and there he ſmote doune ſyr Kay from his hors / and there he fared among tho Knyghtes lyke a grey hound among conyes / Thenne ſyre launcelot fond a Knyght that was ſore wounded vpon the hede / Sir ſaid ſir launcelot who wounded you ſo ſore / Sire he ſaid a Knyght that bereth a black ſhelde / and I maye curſe the tyme that euer I mette with hym for he is a deuyl and no man Soo ſire launcelot departed fro hym / & thought to mete with ſir Triſtram / and ſoo he rode with his ſwerd drawen in his hand to ſeke ſir Triſtram / and thenne he aſpyed hym how he hurled here and there / and at euery ſtroke ſyr Triſtram wel nygh ſmote doune a knyght / O mercy Iheſu ſaid the kynge ſyth the tyme I bare armes ſawe I neuer no knyght do ſo merueillous dedes of armes / And yf I ſhold ſette vpon this knyght ſaid ſir Launcelot to hym ſelf I dyd ſhame to my ſelf / & there with al ſir launcelot put vp his ſwerd / And theñe the Kyng with the C Knyȝtes / and an honderd more of Northwalys ſet vpon the twenty of ſir launcelots kyn / and they xx Knyȝtes held them euer to gyder / as wylde ſwyne and none wold faile other / & ſo whan ſir Triſtram beheld the nobleſſe of theſe xx Knyghtes / he merueiled of their good dedes / for he ſawe by their fare and by theil reule that they had leuer deye than auoyde the felde / ¶ Now Iheſu ſaide ſyre Triſtram wel maye he be valyaunte and ful of proweſſe that hath ſuche a ſorte of noble Knyghtes vnto his kynne / and ful lyke is he to be a noble man that is their leder and gouernour / he mente hit by ſir Launcelot du Lake / ¶ Soo whanne ſyre Triſtram had beholden them long / he thouȝt ſhame to ſee / ij / C knyȝtes batteryng

vpon twenty knyghtes / ¶ Thenne ſire Triſtram rode vnto the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and ſaid ſyre leue youre ſyghtynge with tho twenty knyghtes / for ye wynne no worſhip of them / ye be ſoo many / and they ſoo fewe / And wete ye well they wille not oute of the felde I ſee by their chere and countenaunce / and worſhip gete ye none and ye flee them / therfore leue your ſyghtynge with them / for I to encreace my worſhip / I wyll ryde to the twenty knyghtes and helpe them with all my myghte and power / ¶ Nay ſaid the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / ye ſhall not do ſo / Now I ſee youre courage and curtoſy / I wille withdrawe my knyȝtes for your pleaſyr / for euermore a good knyght wylle fauoure another / and lyke wille drawe to lyke /

¶ Capitulum xxxij

THenne the kyng with the honderd knyghtes withdrewe his knyghtes / And al this whyle and long tofore ſyr launcelot had watched vpon ſyr Triſtram with a very purpos to haue felauſhipped with hym / And thenne ſodenly ſyr Triſtram / ſyr Dynadan / and Gouernaile his man rode their waye in to the foreſt that no man perceyued where they wente / Soo thenne kynge Arthur blewe vnto lodgynge / and gaf the kynge of Northgalys the pryce by cauſe ſyr Triſtram was vpon his ſyde / Thenne ſyr launcelot rod here and there ſo wood as lyon that ſauted his ſylle by cauſe he had loſte ſyre Triſtram / and ſoo he retorned vnto kynge Arthur / and thenne in alle the felde was a noyſe that with the wynde hit myght be herd two myle thens / how the lordes and ladyes cryed the knyght with the blak ſhelde hath wonne the felde

¶ Allas ſaid kynge Arthur where is that knyght become / hit is ſhame to alle tho in the felde ſo to lete hym eſcape awey from you / but with gentylnes and curtoſy ye myght haue brought hym vnto me to the caſtel of maydens

¶ Thenne the noble kynge Arthur wente vnto his knyghtes and comforted them in the beſt wyſe that he coude / and ſayd / my fayre felawes be not dyſmayed / how be hit ye haue loſte

[leaf 194 verso]

the felde this daye and many were hurte and ſore wounded / and many were hole / ¶ My felawes ſaid kynge Arthur loke that ye be of good chere / for to morne I wille be in the feld with you and reuenge you of youre enemyes

¶ Soo that nyght Kynge Arthur and his knyghtes repoſed them ſelf / ¶ The damoyſel that came from la Beale Iſoud vnto ſyr Triſtram alle the whyle the turnement was adoynge ſhe was with Quene Gueneuer / and euer the Quene aſked her for what cauſe ſhe came in to that Countrey

¶ Madame ſhe anſuerd I come for none other cauſe but from my lady la Beale Iſoud to wete of your welfare / For in no wyſe ſhe wold telle the Quene that ſhe came for ſyr Triſtrams ſake / Soo this lady dame Brangwayne took her leue of Quene Gueneuer / and ſhe rode after ſyr Triſtram / And as ſhe rode thurgh the foreſt ſhe herd a grete crye / thenne ſhe commaunded her ſquyer to goo in to that foreſt to wete what was that noyſe / and ſoo he came to a welle and there he fond a Knyght bounden tyl a tree cryeng as he had ben wode and his hors and his harneis ſtandynge by hym / And whan he aſpyed the ſquyer / ther with he abraide / and brake hym ſelf loos and took his ſwerd in his hand / and ranne to haue ſlayne that ſquyer / Thenne he took his hors and fledde all that euer he myght vnto dame Brangwayne / and told her of his aduenture / Thenne ſhe rode vnto ſyr Triſtrams pauelione / and told ſire Triſtram what aduenture ſhe had fonde in the foreſt / Allas ſaid ſyr Triſtram vpon my heede there is ſomme good Knyghte at meſchyef / Thenne ſire Triſtram tooke his hors and his ſwerd / and rode thyder / there he herd how the Knyght complayned vnto hym ſelf and ſayd / I woful knyght ſyre palomydes what myſauenture befalleth me / that thus am deſoiled with falſhede and treaſon thorou ſyre Bors and ſyre Ector / Allas he ſayde why lyue I ſoo longe / And thenne he gat his ſwerd in his handes / and maade many ſtraunge ſygnes and tokens / and ſoo thorou his ragynge he threwe his ſwerd in to that fontayne ¶ Thenne ſir Palomydes wayled and wrange his handes / And at the laſte for pure ſorow he ranne in to that Fontayne ouer his bely / and ſoughte after

his ſwerd / Thenne ſir Triſtram ſawe that and ranne vpon ſyr Palomydes / and helde hym in his armes faſt / what arte thou ſaid Palomydes that holdeth me ſoo / I am a man of this foreſt that wold the none harme / Allas ſaid ſire Palomydes I maye neuer wynne worſhip where ſyr Triſtram is / For euer where he is / and I be there thenne gete I no worſhip / And yf he be awey / for the mooſt party I haue the gree / onles that ſir Launcelot be there or ſyr Lamorak / Thenne ſire Palomydes ſaid ones in Irland ſyr Triſtram putte me to the werſe / and another tyme in Cornewaile and in other places in this land What wold ye do ſaid ſyre Triſtram & ye had ſir Triſtram / I wold ſyghte with hym ſaid ſir Palomydes and eaſe my hert vpon hym / and yet to ſaye the ſothe ſyre Triſtram is the gentelyſt knyght in this world lyuynge / what wil ye doo ſayd ſir Triſtram wille ye goo with me to youre lodgynge / Nay ſayde he I wille goo to the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / for he reſcowed me from ſire Bors de ganys / and ſir Ector / & els had I ben ſlayne traitourly / Syre Triſtram ſaid hym ſuche kynde wordes that ſyre Palomydes wente with hym to his lodgynge / Thenne Gouernaile wente to fore / and charged dame Brangwayn to goo oute of the way to her lodgynge / and byd ye ſyre Perſydes that ye make hym no quarels / And ſo they rode to gyders tyl they came to ſire Triſtrams pauelione / and there ſyre Palomydes had alle the chere that myght be had all that nyghte / But in no wyſe ſire Palomydes myȝt not knowe what was ſyr Triſtram / and ſoo after ſouper they yede to reſte And ſyr Triſtram for grete trauaile ſlepte tylle it was daye / And ſyr Palomydes myghte not ſlepe for anguyſſhe / and in the daunynge of the daye he tooke his hors pryuely / and rode his waye vnto ſyr Gaherys and vnto ſyr Sagramour le deſyrus / where they were in their pauelions / for they thre were felawes at the begynnynge of the turnement / And thenne vpon the morne the kynge blewe vnto the turnement vpon the thyrdde daye /

¶ Capitulum xxxiij /

[leaf 195 verso]

SOo the kynge of Northgalys and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes they two encountred with kyng carados and with the kynge of Irland / and there the kynge with the honderd knyghtes ſmote doune kynge Carados / and the kynge of Northgalys ſmote doune the kynge of Irland / With that came in ſyr Palomydes / and whan he cam he made grete werke / for by his endented ſhelde he was well knowen / Soo came in kynge Arthur / and dyd grete dedes of armes to gyders / and putte the kynge of Northgalys and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes to the werſe / With this came in ſyr Triſtram with his black ſhelde / And anone he Iuſted with ſyre palomydes / and there by ſyne force ſyr Triſtram ſmote ſyre palomydes ouer his hors croupe / Thenne kynge Arthur cryed Knyght with the black ſhelde make the redy to me / and in the ſame wyſe ſir Triſtram ſmote kynge Arthur / And thenne by force of kyng Arthurs knyghtes the kynge and ſir palomydes were horſed ageyne / Thenne kyng Arthur with a grete egre herte he gate a ſpere in his hand / and therupon the one ſyde he ſmote ſyr Triſtram ouer his hors / Thenne foote hote ſyr Palomydes cam vpon ſir Triſtram as he was vpon foot to haue ouer ryden hym / Thenne ſir Triſtram was ware of hym / & there he ſtouped a ſyde / and with grete yre he gate hym by the arme / and pulled hym doune from his hors / Thenne ſyre palomydes lyghtely aroſe / and thenne they daſſhed to gyder myghtely with their ſwerdes / and many kynges / Quenes and lordes ſtode and beheld them / And at the laſte ſyre Triſtram ſmote ſyre palomydes vpon the helme thre myȝty ſtrokes / and at euery ſtroke that he gaf hym he ſaid this for ſyre Triſtrams ſake / With that ſyre Palomydes felle to the erthe grouelynge / Thenne came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / & broughte ſyre Triſtram an hors / and ſoo was he horſed ageyn By thenne was ſyr Palomydes horſed / and with grete yre he Iuſted vpon ſyr Triſtram with his ſpere as hit was in the reyſte and gaf hym a grete daſſhe with his ſwerd /

¶ Thenne ſir Triſtram auoyded his ſpere / and gate hym by the neck with his bothe handes / and pulled hym clene oute of his ſadel / and ſoo he bare hym afore hym the lengthe of ten ſperes / & thenne in the preſence of hem al he lete hym falle at his

aduenture / Thenne ſire Triſtram was ware of kynge Arthur / with a naked ſuerd in his hand / and with his ſpere ſir Triſtram ranne vpon kynge Arthur / and thenne kynge Arthur boldely abode hym and with his ſwerd he ſmote atwo his ſpere / and there with alle ſyre Triſtram ſtonyed / and ſoo kynge Arthur gaf hym thre or four grete ſtrokes or he myȝt gete out his ſwerd / and at the laſt ſir Triſtram drewe his ſwerd and aſſailed other paſſynge hard / with that the grete prees departed / thenne ſir Triſtram rode here and there and dyd his grete payne that xj of the good knyghtes of the blood of kynge Ban that was of ſire launcelots kyn / that daye ſyre Triſtram ſmote doune / that alle the eſtates merueilled of his grete dedes and alle cryed vpon the knyght with the black ſheld

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

THenne this crye was ſoo large / that ſir launcelot herd it / And thenne he gate a grete ſpere in his hand / and came towardes the crye / Thenne ſir launcelot cryed / the knyght with the blak ſhelde make the redy to Iuſte with me / Whanne ſire Triſtram herd hym ſay ſo he gate his ſpere in his hand / and eyther abeyſhed doun their hedes / and came to gyder as thonder / and ſire Triſtrams ſpere brake in pyeces / and ſyr launcelot by male fortune ſtroke ſir Triſtram on the ſyde a depe wound nyghe to the dethe / But yet ſyr Triſtram auoyded not his ſadel / and ſoo the ſpere brak / there with all ſir triſtram that was wounded gate oute his ſwerd / and he raſſhed to ſir launcelot / and gaf hym thre grete ſtrokes vpon the helme that the fyre ſprange there oute / and ſir launcelot abeyſhed his hede lowely toward his ſadel bowe / And there with alle ſir triſtram departed from the felde / for he felte hym ſoo woūded that he wende he ſhold haue dyed / and ſir Dynadan aſpyed hym and folowed hym in to the foreſt / Thenne ſir launcelot abode & dyd many merueyllous dedes / Soo whan ſire Triſtram was departed by the foreſts ſyde / he alyght & vnlaced his harneis and freſſhed his woūd / thēne wende ſir Dynodan that he ſhold

[leaf 196 verso]

haue dyed / Nay nay ſaide ſire Triſtram / Dynadan / neuer drede the / for I am herte hole / & of this wounde I ſhal ſoone be hole by the mercy of god / ¶ By that ſir Dynadan was ware where came palomydes rydynge ſtreyghte vpon them / And thenne ſyre Triſtram was ware that ſyre Palomydes came to haue deſtroyed hym / and ſo ſyre Dynadan gaf hym warnyng and ſaide ſire Triſtram my lord ye are ſoo ſore wounded that ye may not haue adoo with hym / therfore I wille ryde ageynſt hym and doo to hym what I maye / And yf I be ſlayne ye maye praye for my ſoule and in the meane whyle ye maye withdrawe you and goo in to the caſtel / or in the foreſte that he ſhalle not mete with you / ¶ Syre Triſtram ſmyled and ſaid I thanke you ſyre Dynadan of your good wylle / but ye ſhalle wete that I am able to handle hym / And thenne anone haſtely he armed hym and took his hors / and a grete ſpere in his hand and ſaid to ſyre Dynadan Adieu / & rode toward ſyre Palamydes a ſofte paas

¶ Thenne whanne ſire Palomydes ſawe that / he made countenaunce to amende his hors / but he dyd hit for this cauſe / For he abode ſire Gaherys that came after hym / ¶ And whanne he was come he rode toward ſyre Triſtram / ¶ Thenne ſyre Triſtram ſente vnto ſyr palomydes and requyred hym to Iuſte with hym / And yf he ſmote doune ſir Palomydes / he wold doo no more to hym / And yf it ſo happend that ſire Palomydes ſmote doune ſyr Triſtram he badde hym do his vtteraunce / So they were accorded / thenne they mette to gyders / and ſyre Triſtram ſmote doune ſir palomydes / that he had a greuous falle / ſoo that he laye ſtylle as he hadde ben dede / And thenne ſire Tryſtram ranne vpon ſyr Gaherys / and he wold not haue Iuſted But whether he wolde or not ſyre Triſtram ſmote hym ouer his hors croupe that he laye ſtylle as though he had ben dede / And thenne ſyr Triſtram rode his waye and lefte ſyre Perſydes ſquyer within the pauelions / and ſyre Triſtram and ſyre Dynadan rode to an old knyghtes place to lodge them / And that olde knyght had ſyue ſones at the turnement / for whome he prayed god hertely for their comyng home / ¶ And ſo as the frenſſhe book ſaith they cam home al / v / wel beten / And whan ſyr Triſtram departed in to the foreſt ſyr laūcelot held alwey

the ſtoure lyke hard as a man araged that took no heede to hym ſelf / and wete ye wel there was many a noble knyghte ageynſt hym / And whanne kyng Arthur ſawe ſir Launcelot doo ſoo merueyllous dedes of armes / he thenne armed hym / & took his hors and his armour / and rode in to the felde to helpe ſyr launcelot / and ſo many knyghtes came in with kyng Arthur / and to make ſhort tale in concluſion the kyng of Northgalys / and the kynge of the honderd knyghtes were putte to the wers / and by cauſe ſyre launcelot abode and was the laſt in the feld / the pryce was yeuen hym / But ſir Laūcelot wold neyther for kyng / Quene ne knyghte haue the pryce / but where the crye was cryed thorugh the felde / ſyr launcelot ſir launcelot hath wonne the felde this day / ſyre Launcelot lete make an other crye contrary ſyr Triſtram hath wonne the feld / for he beganne ſyrſt and laſt he hath endured / and ſoo hath he done the ſyrſt day / the ſecond and the thyrd day /

¶ Capitulum xxxv

THenne alle the eſtates and degrees hyhe and lowe ſayd of ſyr launcelot grete worſhip / for the honour that he dyd vnto ſyr Triſtram / and for that honour doyng to ſir Triſtram he was at that tyme more preyſed and renoumed than and he had ouerthrowen v C knyghtes / and all the peple holy for this gentylnes / ſyrſt the eſtates bothe hyhe and lowe / and after the comynalte cryed at ones ſyre Launcelot hath wonne the felde who ſoo euer ſaye nay / Thenne was ſyre Launcelot wroth and aſhamed / and ſoo there with alle he rode to kynge Arthur / Allas ſaid the kynge we are alle dyſmayed that ſyr Triſtram is thus departed from vs / By god ſaid kynge Arthur he is one of the nobleſt knyȝtes that euer I ſawe hold ſpere or ſwerd in hand / and the mooſt curteyſt knyght in his ſyghtyng / for ful hard I ſawe hym ſayd kyng Arthur whanne he ſmote ſyr Palomydes vpon the helme thryes / that he abaſſhed his helme with his ſtrokes / and alſo he ſaid / here is a ſtroke for ſyr Triſtram / and thus thryes he ſayd / Thenne kynge Arthur / ſyr launcelot / and ſire Dodynas le ſaueage took their horſes to ſeke ſir Triſtram / and by the menes

[leaf 197 verso]

of ſyr Perſydes / he had told kyng Arthur where ſyr Triſtram was in his pauelione / but whanne they came there / ſyr Triſtram and ſir Dynadan were gone / thenne kynge Arthur and ſyr launcelot were heuy / and retorned ageyne to the caſtel of maydens makyng grete dole for the hurte of ſyre Tryſtram / & his ſodeyne departynge / Soo god me helpe ſaid kyng Arthur I am more heuy that I can not mete with hym / thenne for al the hurtes that alle my knyghtes haue had at the turnement Ryght ſoo came ſir Gaherys and told kynge Arthur how ſyr Triſtram had ſmyten doune ſyr Palomydes / and it was atte ſyr Palomydes owne requeſt / Allas ſaid Kyng Arthur that was grete diſhonoure to ſyre Palomydes in as moche as ſyre Triſtram was ſore wounded / and now may we alle kynges and knyȝtes and men of worſhip ſaye that ſyre Triſtram may be called a noble knyght and one of the beſt Knyghtes that euer I ſawe the dayes of my lyf / For I wille that ye al kynges and Knyghtes knowe ſaid Kynge Arthur that I neuer ſawe Knyghte doo ſo merueylloufly as he hath done theſe thre dayes / for he was the firſt that began and that lengeſt held on ſauf this laſt day / And though he was hurte it was a manly aduenture of two noble Knyghtes / and whan two noble men encountre nedes muſt the one haue the werſe lyke as god wil ſuffre at that tyme / ¶ As for me ſaid ſir launcelot for alle the landes that euer my fader lefte me I wold not haue hurte ſir Triſtram and I had knowen hym at that tyme / that I hurt hym was for I ſawe not his ſheld / For and I had ſene his black ſheld / I wold not haue medled with hym for many cauſes / for late he dyd as moche for me as euer dyd Knyght and that is wel knowen that he had adoo with thyrtty Knyȝtes / and no helpe ſaue ſyr Dynadan / And one thynge ſhalle I promyſe ſaid ſyr launcelot / ſyr Palomydes ſhalle repente it as in his vnkyndely delynge for to folowe that noble knyght that I by myſhap hurted thus / Syr launcelot ſayd alle the worſhip that myght be ſaid by ſir Triſtram / Thenne kyng Arthur made a grete feeſt to alle that wold come / And thus we lete paſſe Kynge Arthur / and a lytyl we wille torne vnto ſir Palomydes that after he had a falle of ſire Triſtram / he was nyghe hand araged oute of his wyt for deſpyte of ſir Triſtram

[leaf 198]

And ſoo he folowed hym by aduenture / And as he came by a ryuer in his woodenes / he wold haue made his hors to haue lepte ouer / and the hors fayled footynge / and felle in the Ryuer / wherfore ſyre palomydes was adrad leſt he ſhold haue ben drouned / and thenne he auoyded his hors / and ſwamme to the land / and lete his hors goo doune by aduenture /

¶ Capitulum xxxvj /

ANd whanne he came to the land he took of his harneis / and ſatte rorynge and cryenge as a man oute of his mynde / Ryght ſo came a damoyſel euen by ſyr Palomydes that was ſente fro ſyr Gawayne and his broder vnto ſir mordred that lay ſeke in the ſame place with that old knyȝt where ſyr Triſtram was / For as the Frenſſhe book ſaith ſyr Perſydes hurte ſoo ſyr Mordred a ten dayes afore / and had not ben for the loue of ſir Gawayne and his broder / ſyr Perſydes had ſlayne ſir Mordred / and ſoo this damoyſel came by ſir palomydes / and ſhe and he had langage to gyder / the whiche pleaſyd neyther of them / and ſoo the damoyſel rode her wayes tyl ſhe came to the old knyghtes place / & there ſhe told that old knyght how ſhe mette with the woodeſt knyght by aduenture that euer ſhe mette with all / what bare he in his ſheld ſaid ſir Triſtram / hit was endented with whyte and black ſaide the damoyſel / A ſaid ſir Triſtram that was ſir palomydes / the good knyght / For wel I knowe hym ſaid ſir Triſtram for one of the beſt knyghtes lyuynge in this realme / Thenne that old knyght took a lytel hackney and rode for ſyre palomydes / and brought hym vnto his owne manoyr / and ful wel knewe ſire Triſtram ſyr Palomydes / but he ſaid but lytel / for at that tyme ſyr Triſtram was walkyng vpon his feet / and wel amended of his hurtes / and alweyes whan ſire Palomydes ſawe ſyr Triſtram / he wold behold hym ful merueilloufly / And euer hym ſemed that he hadde ſene hym / Thenne wold he ſaye vnto ſyre Dynadan and euer I may mete with ſyre Triſtram he ſhal not eſcape myn handes / I merueile ſaid ſir Dynadan þt

[leaf 198 verso]

ye boofte behynde ſyr Triſtram / for it is but late that he was in youre handes / and ye in his handes / why wold ye not holde hym whanne ye hadde hym / for I ſawe my ſelf twyes or thryes that ye gat but lytel worſhip of ſir Triſtram / thenne was ſyr Palomydes aſhamed / Soo leue we them a lytyl whyle in the old caſtel / with the old knyght ſir Darras / ¶ Now ſhall we ſpeke of Kynge Arthur / that ſaid to ſir Launcelot had not ye ben / we had not loſt ſyre Triſtram / for he was here dayly vnto the tyme ye mette with hym / and in an euylle tyme ſayd Arthur ye encountred with hym / My lord Arthur ſaid Launcelot ye putte vpon me that I ſhold ben cauſe of his departycyon / god knoweth hit was ageynſte my wille / But whan men ben hote in dedes of armes ofte they hurte their frendes as wel as their foes / And my lord ſaid ſir launcelot ye ſhal vnderſtande that ſir Triſtram is a man that I am loth to offende for he hath done for me more than euer I dyd for hym as yet / But thenne ſir Launcelot made brynge forth a book and thēne ſir launcelot ſaid / here we are ten Knyghtes that wil ſwere vpon a book neuer to reſte one nyght where we reſt another this twelue moneth vn tyl that we ſynde ſyr Triſtram / And as for me ſaid ſyre Launcelot I promyſe you vpon this book that and I may mete with hym / outher with fayrenes or foulneſſe I ſhalle brynge hym to this courte / or els I ſhalle dye therfore / And the names of theſe ten knyghtes that hadde vndertake this queſt were theſe folowynge / Fyrſt was ſir Launcelot / ſyr Ector de Marys / ſyr Bors de ganys and Bleoberis and ſyre Blamor de ganys / and Lucan the botteler / ſyr Vwayne / ſyr Galyhud / Lyonel and Galyodyn / Soo theſe x noble knyghtes departed from the courte of kynge Arthur / and ſoo they rode vpon their queſt to gyders vntyl they came to a croſſe where departed four wayes / and there departed the felauſhip in four to ſeke ſyr Triſtram / And as ſyr launcelot rode by aduenture he mette with dame Brangwayn that was ſent in to that countrey to ſeke ſir Triſtram / and ſhe fled as faſte as her palfrey myght goo / Soo ſire Launcelot mette with her and aſked her why ſhe fledde / ¶ A fayre knyghte ſaid dame Brangwayne I flee for drede of my lyf / for here foloweth me ſyr Breuſe ſaunce pyte to ſlee me / Hold you nyghe me ſayd

[leaf 199]

ſir launcelot / Thenne whanne ſire Launcelot ſawe ſir Breuſe ſaunce pyte / ſyr launcelot cryed vnto hym / and ſaid / fals knyght deſtroyer of ladyes and damoyſels / now thy laſt dayes be come / Whanne ſire Breuſe ſaunce pyte ſawe ſire launcelots
5 ſhelde he knewe hit wel / for at that tyme he bare not the armes of Cornewaile / but he bare his owne ſhelde / And thenne ſyre Breuſe fled / and ſyr Triſtram folowed after hym / But ſir Breuſe was ſoo wel horſed that whan hym lyſt to flee he myght wel flee / and alſo abyde whan hym lyſt /
10 And thenne ſire launcelot retorned vnto dame Brangwayne and ſhe thanked hym of his grete labour /

¶ Capitulum xxxvij

NOw wille we ſpeke of ſir Lucan the buttelere that by fortune he came rydyng to the ſame place there as was ſyr Triſtram / and in he came in none other entente /
15 but to aſke herberowe / thenne the porter aſked what was his name / Telle your lord that my name is ſyr Lucan the botteler a knyghte of the round table / Soo the porter wente vnto ſyre Darras lord of the place / and told hym who was there to aſke herborouȝ / Nay nay ſeid ſyr Daname that was neuewe to
20 ſyr Darras / ſaye hym that he ſhalle not be lodged here / But lete hym wete that I ſyr Daname wyll mete with hym anon and bydde hym make hym redy / So ſire Daname came forth on horſbak / and there they mette to gyders with ſperes / and ſir Lucan ſmote doune ſyr Daname ouer his hors croupe / and thē-
25 ne he fledde in to that place / and ſir Lucan rode after hym / & aſked after hym many tymes / Thenne ſyr dynadan ſaid to ſire Triſtram hit is ſhame to ſee the lordes coſyn of this place defoiled / Abyde ſaid ſir Triſtram and I ſhalle redreſſe it / and in the meane whyle ſyr Dynadan was on horſbak and he Iuſ-
30 tid with Lucan þe botteler / & ther ſir lucan ſmote doune dynadā thurȝ the thyck of the thyghe / and ſoo he rode his way / and ſire triſtram was wrothe that ſir Dynadan was hurte / & folowed after and thought to auenge hym / and within a whyle he ouertook ſir lucan / and badde hym torne / and ſoo they mette to gy-
35 ders ſoo that ſire Triſtram hurt ſir Lucan paſſynge ſore / and

[leaf 199 verso]

gaf hym a falle / With that came ſire Vwayne a gentyl knyȝt And whanne he ſawe ſire Lucan ſoo hurte / he called ſyre triſtram to Iuſte with hym / Faire knyght ſaid ſire Triſtram telle me your name I requyre you / Syre knyghte wete ye wel my name is ſyre Vwayne le fyſe de roy Vreyne / A ſaide ſire Triſtram by my wille I wold not haue adoo with you at no tyme / ye ſhalle not ſoo ſaid ſir Vwayne but ye ſhalle haue adoo with me / And thenne ſire Triſtram ſawe none other boote but rode ageynſt hym and ouerthrewe ſyr Vwayn and hurte hym in the ſyde / and ſoo he departed vnto his lodgynge ageyne / And whanne ſire Dynadan vnderſtood that ſyr Triſtram had hurte ſir Lucan / he wold haue ryden after ſyr Lucan for to haue ſlayne hym / but ſir Triſtram wold not ſuffre hym /

¶ Thenne ſyr Vwayne lete ordeyne an hors lytter / and brought ſir Lucan to the abbey of Ganys / and the caſtel there by hyght the caſtel of Ganys / of the whiche ſyr Bleoberys was lord / And at that Caſtel ſire launcelot promyſed alle his felawes to mete in the queſt of ſyr Triſtram / Soo whan ſir triſtram was come to his lodgyng / ther cam a damoiſel þt told ſir Darras that thre of his ſones were ſlayne at that turnement and two greuouſly woūded that they were neuer lyke to helpe them ſelf / And alle this was done by a noble knyghte that bare the black ſhelde / and that was he that bare the pryce /

¶ Thenne came there one and told ſyr Darras that the ſame knyght was within hym that bare the black ſheld / Thenne ſir Darras yede vnto ſir Triſtrams chamber / and there he fond his ſheld and ſhewed it to the damoyſel / A ſyr ſaid the damoyſel that ſame is he / that ſlewe your thre ſones / Thenne withoute ony taryenge ſir Darras putte ſyre Triſtram and ſyre Palomydes and ſyr Dynadan within a ſtrong pryſon / and there ſir Triſtram was lyke to haue dyed of grete ſekeneſſe / and euery day ſyr Palomydes wold repreue ſir Triſtram of old hate betwixe them / And euer ſir Triſtram ſpak fayre and ſaid lytel / But whan ſir Palomydes ſawe the fallynge of ſekeneſſe of ſir Triſtram thenne was he heuy for hym / and comforted hym in alle the beſt wyſe he coude / And as the Frenſſhe booke ſaith there came fourty knyghtes to ſire Darras / that were of his owne kyn / and they wold haue ſlayne ſire Triſtram and

[leaf 200]

his two felawes / but fire Darras wold not suffre that but kepte them in pryson / and mete and drynke they had / So fire Triftram endured there grete payne / for fekeneffe had vndertake hym / and that is the gretteft payne a pryfoner maye haue For alle the whyle a pryfoner may haue his helthe of body / he maye endure vnder the mercy of god and in hope of good delyueraunce / But whanne fekenes toucheth a pryfoners b*ody* / thenne may a pryfoner fay al welthe is hym berafte / and thenne he hath caufe to wayle and to wepe / Ryȝt fo dyd fyre Triftram whanne fekenes had vndertake hym / for thenne he tooke fuche forou that he had almoft flayne hym felf

¶ Capitulum xxxviij

NOw wille we fpeke and leue fir Triftram / fyre Palomydes / & fyr Dynadan in pryfon / and fpeke we of other knyghtes that foughte after fyre Triftram many dyuerfe partyes of this land / and fome yede in to Cornewaile / and by aduenture fyr Gaheryfe neuewe vnto kyng Arthur came vnto Kynge Mark / and there he was wel receyued / and fatte atte kynge Marks owne table & ete of his owne meffe / ¶ Thenne kynge Mark afked fir Gaheryfe what tydynges there were in the royalme of Logrys / Syre faid fyr Gaheryfe the Kyng regneth as a noble knyght / and now but late there was a grete Iuftes and turnement as euer I fawe ony in the realme of Logrys / and the mooft noble knyghtes were at that Iuftes / But there was one knyght that dyd merueylloufly thre dayes / and he bare a black fhelde / and of alle knyghtes that euer I fawe he preued the beft knyȝt / thrnne faid Kyng mark that was fyre launcelot or fyre palomydes the paynym / Not foo faid fyr Gaherys / for bothe fyre launcelot and fire Palomydes were on the contrary party ageynft the Knyght with the blak fhelde / thenne was it fir Triftram faid the kyng / ye faid fir Gaheryfe And there with all the Kyng fmote doun his hede / & in his herte he feryd fore that fyre Triftram fhold gete hym fuche worfhip in the Royame of Logrys / where thorou that he hym felf fhold not be able to withftande hym / Thus fyre Gaheryfe

[leaf 200 verso]

had grete chere with kynge Marke / and with quene la Beale Iſoud the whiche was gladde of ſyr Gaheryſe wordes / For wel ſhe wiſt by his dedes and maners / that it was ſyr Triſtram / And thenne the kynge made a feeſt Royal / and to that feeſt came ſir Vwayne le ſyſe de roy Vreyne / and ſomme callid hym Vwayne le blaunche maynys / And this ſyr Vwayn chalengyd alle the knyghtes of Cornewaile / Thenne was the kyng woode wroth that he had no knyghtes to anſuer hym /
Thenne ſire Andred neuewe vnto kynge Mark lepte vp and ſaid I wille encountre with ſyr Vwayne / Thenne he yede and armed hym and horſed hym in the beſt maner / And there ſyre Vwayne mette with ſyre Andred and ſmote hym doune that he ſwouned on the erthe / Thenne was kynge Marke ſory and wrothe oute of meſure that he had no knyghte to reuenge his neuewe ſir Andred / Soo the kynge called vnto hym ſyr Dynas the ſeneſchal / and praid hym for his ſake to take vpon hym to Iuſte with ſir Vwayne / Syr ſaid ſyr Dynas I am ful lothe to haue adoo with ony knyght of the round table / yet ſaid the kyng for my loue take vpon the to Iuſte / Soo ſyr Dynas made hym redy / and anone they encountred to gyders with grete ſperes / but ſire Dynas was ouerthrowen hors and man a grete falle / who was wrothe but kynge Marke / Allas he ſaid haue I no knyght that wille encountre with yonder knyghte Syr ſaid ſir Gaheryſe for your ſake I wille Iuſte / So ſir Gaherys made hym redy / and whanne he was armed he rode in to the felde / And whanne ſir Vwayne ſawe ſyr Gaheryſes ſheld he rode to hym and ſaid / ſir ye doo not youre parte / For ſire the fyrſt tyme ye were made Knyght of the round table ye ſware that ye ſhold not haue a do with your felauſhip wetyngly
And par dy ſir Gaheryſe ye knewe me wel ynouȝ by my ſhelde & ſo do I knowe you by your ſheld / and thouȝ ye wold breke your othe / I wold not breke myn / for there is not one here nor ye that ſhall thynke I am aferd of yow / but I durſt ryght wel haue adoo with you / and yet we be ſiſter ſones / Thenne was ſir Gaheryſe aſhamed / and ſoo there with alle euery knyght wente their way / and ſir Vwayne rode in to the countrey / Thenne kyng mark armed hym and tooke his hors and his ſpere with a ſquyer with hym / And thenne he rode afore ſir

Vwayne / and ſodenly at a gap he ranne vpon hym as he that was not ware of hym / and there he ſmote hym al moſt thurgh the body / and there lefte hym / So within a whyle there cam ſir Kay / and fonde ſir Vwayne / and aſked hym how he was hurte / I wote not ſaid ſir Vwayne why nor wherfore / but by treaſon I am ſure I gat this hurte / for here came a knyghte ſodenly vpon me or that I was ware / and ſodenly hurte me / ¶ Thenne there was come ſyre Andred to ſeke kynge Marke ¶ Thou traytour knyght ſaid ſir kay / and I wiſte it were thou that thus traitourly haſt hurte this noble knyghte / thow ſholdeſt neuer paſſe my handes / Syre ſaide ſir Andred I dyd neuer hurte hym / and that I wylle reporte me to hym ſelf / Fy on you fals knyghtes ſaid ſyr kay / for ye of Cornewaile ar nought worthe / Soo ſyr kay made cary ſyr Vwayne to the abbay of the black Croſſe / and there he was helyd / And thenne ſyr Gaherys took his leue of kynge Mark / But or he departed he ſayd / ſyre kynge ye dyd a foule ſhame vnto you & your Courte whan ye bannyſſhed ſir Triſtram out of this coūtrey / for ye neded not to haue doubted no knyght and he had ben here / and ſoo he departed

¶ Capitulum xxxix

THenne there came ſyre kay the Seneſchal vnto kynge Marke / and there he hadde good chere ſhewyng outeward / Now fayre lordes ſaid he wille ye preue ony aduenture in the foreſt of Morris in the whiche I knowe wel is as hard an aduenture as I knowe ony / Syr ſaid ſir kay/ I wille preue hit / And ſir Gaheryſe ſaid he wold be auyſed For kynge Mark was euer ful of treaſon / and there with al ſyr Gaheryſe departed and rode his waye / And by the ſame waye that ſyre Kay ſhold ryde / he leyd hym doune to reſte chargynge his ſquyer to wayte vpon ſir kay / and warne me whanne he cometh / Soo within a whyle ſir kay came rydynge that way / and thenne ſir Gaheryſe tooke his hors and met hym and ſayd ſire kay ye are not wyſe to ryde at the requeſt of kynge Mark for he deleth alle with treaſon / Thenne ſaid ſire kay I requyre you lete vs preue this aduenture / I ſhal not fayle

[leaf 201 verso]

you ſaid ſir Gaherys / and ſoo they rode that tyme tyl a lake / that was that tyme called the peryllous lake / And there they abode vnder the ſhawe of the wood / ¶ The meane whyle kyng Marke within the caſtel of Tyntagyl auoyded alle his barōs & alle other ſauf ſuche as were pryuy with hym / were auoyded 5 oute of his chamber / And thenne he lete calle his neuewe ſir Andred / and badde arme hym and horſe hym lyghtely / & by that tyme it was mydnyght / And ſoo kynge Marke was armed in blak hors and alle / and ſoo att a pryuy poſterne they two yſſued oute with their varlets with them / and rode tylle 10 they came to that lake / Thenne ſir Kay aſpyed them fyrſt and gat his ſpere / and profered to Iuſte / And kynge Mark rode ageynſt hym / and ſmote eche other ful hard / for the mone ſhone as the bryght day / And there at that Iuſtes ſir Kayes hors fylle doune / for his hors was not ſo bygge as the kynges hors 15 and ſir kayes hors bryſed hym ful ſore / Thenne ſire Gaherys was wrothe that ſir kay had a falle / Thenne he cryed knyght ſytte thou faſt in thy ſadel / for I wille reuenge my felawe / Thenne kynge Marke was aferd of ſyr Gaherys / and ſo with euyl wylle kynge Marke rode ageynſt hym / and ſir Gaherys 20 gaf hym ſuche a ſtroke that he felle doun / So thenne forth with all ſyr Gaheryſe ranne vnto ſyr Andred and ſmote hym from his hors quyte that his helme ſmote in the erthe / and nyhe had broken his neck / And there with al ſyr Gaherys alyghte and gate vp ſir Kay / And thenne they yode bothe on foote to them / 25 and badde them yelde them / and telle theire names other they ſhold dye / Thenne with grete payne ſire Andred ſpak fyrſt & ſaid hit is kynge Marke of Cornewaile / therfore be ye ware what ye do / and I am ſir Andred his coſyn / Fy on you bothe ſaid ſir Gaheryſe for a fals traitour / and fals treaſon haſt thou 30 wrouȝt / and he both vnder the fayned chere that ye made vs / it were pyte ſaid ſir Gaherys that thou ſholdeſt lyue ony lenger / Saue my lyf ſaid kynge Marke and I wil make amendys & conſyder that I am a kynge anoynted / it were the more ſhame ſaid ſir Gaherys to ſaue thy lyf / thou arte a kynge enoyn- 35 ted with creme / and therfore thou ſholdeſt holde with alle men of worſhip / And therfor thou arte worthy to dye /

With that he laſſhed at kyng Mark without ſayeng ony more &

couerd hym with his ſheld and defended hym as he myghte / and thenne ſir kay laſſhed at ſir Andred / and there with all kynge Marke yelded hym vnto ſyr Gaherys / And thenne he kneled adoune / and made his othe vpon the croſſe of the ſuerd
5 that neuer whyle he lyued he wold be ageynſt arraunt knyghtes / And alſo he ſware to be good Frende vnto ſir Triſtram / yf euer he came in to Cornewaile / By thenne ſir Andred was on the erthe / and ſir Kay wold haue ſlayne hym / lete be ſaid ſir Gaherys / ſlee hym not I pray you / It were pyte ſaid ſyre
10 kay that he ſhold lyue ony lenger / for this is nygh coſyn vnto ſyr Triſtram / and euer he hath ben a traytour vnto hym / & by hym he was exyled oute of Cornewaile / and therfor I will ſlee hym ſayd ſir Kay / ye ſhalle not ſaid Gaherys ſythen I haue gyuen the kynge his lyf / I pray you yeue hym his lyf /
15 and there with alle ſir Kay lete hym goo / And ſoo ſir Kay and ſyre Gaherys rode their way vnto Dynas the Seneſchal for by cauſe they herd ſay that he loued wel ſir Triſtram / Soo they repoſed them there / and ſoone after they rode vnto the royamme of Logrys / And ſoo within a lytel whyle they mette
20 with ſire Launcelot that alweyes had dame Bragwayn with hym / to that entente / he wende to haue mette the ſooner with ſir Triſtram / and ſyr launcelot aſked what tydynges in Cornewaile / and whether they herd of ſir Triſtram or not / Syr Kay and ſir Gaherys anſuerd and ſaid that they herd not of hym
25 Thenne they told ſir launcelot word by word of theire aduenture / Thenne ſyr launcelot ſmyled and ſaid / hard hit is to take oute of the fleſſhe that is bred in the bone / and ſoo maade hem mery to gyders

¶ Capitulum xl

30 NOw leue we of this tale / and ſpeke we of ſyr dynas that had within the caſtel a peramour / and ſhe loued another knyghte better than hym / And ſo whanne ſyr Dynas wente oute on huntynge / ſhe ſlypped doune by a tuell / And took with her two brachets / and ſoo ſhe yede to the knyght that ſhe loued / and he her ageyne / ¶ And whanne ſir

[leaf 202 verso]

Dynas come home / and myſt his peramour and his brachets thenne was he the more wrother for his Brachets than for the lady / Soo thenne he rode after the knyght that had his peramour and badde hym torne and Iuſte / So ſyr Dynas ſmote hym doune that with the falle he brake his legge and his arme / And thenne his lady and peramour cryed ſire Dynas mercy / and ſaid ſhe wold loue hym better than euer ſhe dyd / Nay ſaid ſir Dynas I ſhalle neuer truſte them that ones bytrayed me / and therfor as ye haue begonne ſo ende / for I wyll neuer medle with you / And ſo ſir Dynas departed and tooke his brachets with hym / and ſoo rode to his caſtel / Now wil we torne vnto ſir launcelot that was ryght heuy that he coude neuer here no tydynges of ſir Triſtram / for al this whyle he was in pryſon with ſir Darras / Palomydes / & Dynadan / Thenne dame Brangwayne took her leue to goo in to Cornewaile and ſyr launcelot / ſyr kay / & ſyr Gaherys rode to ſeke ſir Triſtram in the countrey of Surleuſe / Now ſpeketh this tale of ſir triſtram and of his two felawes / for euery daye ſyre Palomydes brauled and ſayd langage ageynſt ſyr Triſtram I merueyle ſaid ſir Dynadan of the ſyr Palomydes / and thou haddeſt ſyre Triſtram here / thou woldeſt do hym no harme / For and a wolf and a ſhepe were to gyders in a pryſon / the wolf wold ſuffre the ſheep to be in pees / and wete thou wel ſaid ſire Dynadan this ſame is ſire Triſtram at a word / and now maiſt thou doo thy beſt with hym / & lete ſee now yf ye can ſkyſte it with your handes / thenne was ſire Palomydes abaſſhed and ſaid lytyl/ ſyr Palomydes thenne ſaid ſyr Triſtram / I haue herd moche of your maugre ageynſt me / but I wille not medle with you as at this tyme by my wille / by cauſe I drede the lord of this place that hath vs in gouernaunce / for and I dredde hym not more than I doo the / ſoone hit ſhold be ſkyſte / ſoo they peaced them ſelf / Ryght ſoo came in a damoyſel and ſaid knyghtes be of good chere for ye are ſure of your lyues / and that I herd ſay my lord ſyre Darras / Thenne were they gladde alle thre / For dayly they wende they ſhold haue dyed / ¶ Thenne ſoone after this ſyr Triſtram ſylle ſeke that he wende to haue dyed / thenne ſyr Dynadan wepte / and ſoo dyd ſire Palomydes vnder them bothe makyng grete ſorou / ¶ Soo a damoyſel

came in to them and fonde them mornynge / Thenne ſhe wente vnto ſire Darras / and told hym how that myghty knyghte that bare the black ſhelde was lykely to dye / That ſhalle not be ſayd ſir Darras / for god defende whanne Knyghtes come
5 to me for ſocour that I ſhold ſuffre hem to dye within my pryſon / Therfor ſaid ſir Darras to the damoyſel / fetche that knyȝt and his felawes afore me / And thenne anone ſir Darras ſawe ſir Triſtram brought afore hym / he ſaid ſire Knyghte me repenteth of thy ſekeneſſe / for thou arte called a ful noble kn-
10 yght / and ſoo hit ſemeth by the / And wete ye wel it ſhall neuer be ſaid that ſyr Darras ſhalle deſtroye ſuche a noble knyght as thou arte in pryſon / how be hit / that thou haſt ſlayn / iij of my ſones / where by I was gretely agreued / But now ſhalt thou goo and thy felawes / and youre harneis & horſes haue
15 ben fayre and clene kepte / and ye ſhall goo where hit lyketh you vpon this couenaunt / that thou Knyght wilt promyſe me to be good frende to my ſones two that ben now on lyue / and alſo that thou telle me thy name / Syr ſaid he as for me my name is ſir Triſtram de Lyones / and in Cornewaile was I born
20 and neuewe I am vnto Kynge Marke / And as for the deth of your ſones I myght not doo with alle / For and they had ben the next kyn þt I haue / I myȝt haue done none other wyſe/ And yf I had ſlayne hem by treaſon or trechery I hadde ben worthy to haue dyed / Alle this I conſyder ſaid ſyr Darras/
25 that alle that ye dyd was by force of knyghthode / and that was the cauſe I wold not putte you to deth / But ſythe ye be ſyr Triſtram the good knyght I pray you hertely to be my good frend and to my ſones / Syr ſaid ſire Triſtram I promyſe yow by the feithe of my body euer whyle I lyue I wille do yow ſer-
30 uyſe / for ye haue done to vs but as a naturel Knyghte ought to doo / Thenne ſir Triſtram repoſed hym there tyl that he was amended of his ſekeneſſe / And whanne he was bygge and ſtronge / they took their leue / and euery knyght took their horſes and ſoo departed and rode to gyders tyl they came to a
35 croſſe way / Now felawes ſaid ſyr Triſtram here wylle we departe in ſondry wayes / and by cauſe ſire Dynadan hadde the fyrſt aduenture of hym I wille begynne

[leaf 203 verso]

¶ Capitulum xlj

SOo as ſir Dynadan rode by a welle / he fond a lady makyng grete dole / what eyleth you ſaid ſir Dynadan Syre knyght ſaid the lady I am the woſulleſt lady of the world / for within theſe ſyue dayes / here came a knyght called ſir Breuſe ſaunce pyte / and he ſlewe myn owne broder / And euer ſyns he hath kepte me at his owne will / and of al men in the world I hate hym mooſt / And therfor I requyre you of knyghthode to auenge me / for he wille not tary but be here anone / Lete hym come ſaid ſire Dynadan / And by cauſe of honour of alle wymmen I wylle doo my parte / With this cam ſyr Breuſe / And whan he ſawe a Knyght with his lady / he was wood wrothe / And thenne he ſaid ſir Knyght kepe the from me / ſoo they hurled to gyder as thonder / and eyther ſmote other paſſynge ſore / But ſyre Dynadan putte hym thurgh the ſholder a greuous wounde / and or euer ſir Dynadan myght torne hym ſyr Breuſe was gone and fledde / Thenne the lady prayd hym to brynge her to a Caſtel there beſyde but four myle thens / and ſoo ſir Dynadan brought her there / & ſhe was welcome / for the lord of that caſtel was her vnkel / and ſoo ſyre Dynadan rode his way vpon his aduenture / Now torne we this tale vnto ſyre Triſtram that by aduenture he cam to a caſtel to aſke lodgynge / wherin was quene Morgan le fay / & ſoo whan ſire Triſtram was lete into that caſtel / he had good chere alle that nyght / And vpon the morne whan he wold haue departed / the Quene ſaid / wete ye wel ye ſhall not departe lyghtely / for ye are here as a pryſoner / Iheſu defende ſaid ſyr Triſtram / for I was but late a pryſoner / Fayr knyght ſayd the quene ye ſhalle abyde with me tyl that I wete what ye ar and from whens ye come / And euer the Quene wold ſet ſyr Triſtram on her owne ſyde / and her peramour on the other ſyde / And euer Quene Morgan wold beholde ſyr Triſtram / & ther at the knyght was Ialous / and was in wille ſodenly to haue ronne vpon ſyr Triſtram with a ſwerd / but he lefte it for ſhame / theñe the quene ſaid to ſir Triſtram telle me thy name &

I ſhalle ſuffre you to departe whan ye will / vpon that couenaunt I telle you my name is ſyr Triſtram de lyones / A ſayd Morgan le fay / and I had wyſt that thou ſholdeſt not haue departed ſoo ſoone as thou ſhalt / But ſythen I haue maade a promyſe / I wille holde hyt / with that thou wilt promyſe me to bere vpon the a ſhelde that I ſhall delyuer the / vnto the caſtel of the hard roche where kynge Arthur had cryed a grete turnement / and there I pray you that ye wille be / and to doo for me as moche dedes of armes as ye maye doo / For att the Caſtel of maydens ſyr Triſtram ye dyd merueillous dedes of armes as euer I herd knyght doo / Madame ſaid ſyr Triſtram lete me ſee the ſhelde that I ſhalle bere / Thenne the ſhelde was brought forth / and the feld was guldyſſh with a kynge and a quene therin paynted / and a knyght ſtandynge aboue them vpon the kynges hede / and the other vpon the quenes /
Madame ſaid ſir Triſtram this is a fayre ſhelde and a myȝty But what ſygnefyeth this kynge and this quene / and that knyght ſtandynge vp bothe their hedes / I ſhalle telle you ſaid Morgan le fay hit ſygnefyeth kynge Arthur and quene gueneuer and a knyght that holdeth them both in bondage and in ſeruage / who is that knyght ſaid ſyre Triſtram / that ſhalle ye not wete as at this tyme / ſaid the quene / but as the Frenſſhe book ſaith Quene Morgan le fay loued ſir launcelot beſt / and euer ſhe deſyred hym / and he wold neuer loue her / nor doo no thyng at her requeſt / and therfore ſhe held many Knyghtes to gyder / for to haue taken hym by ſtrengthe / And by cauſe ſhe demed that ſyr Launcelot loued Quene Gueneuer peramour / and ſhe hym ageyne / therfore Quene Morgan le fay ordeyned that ſheld to put ſir launcelot to a rebuke to that entent that kyng Arthur myght vnderſtande the loue bitwene them / Thenne ſir Triſtram took that ſheld and promyſed her to bere hit atte turnement at the caſtel of the hard roche / But ſir Triſtram knewe not that that ſheld was ordeyned ageynſt ſyr launcelot / but afterward he knewe hit

¶ Capitulum xlij

[leaf 204 verso]

SOo thenne ſire Triſtram took his leue of the Quene / and took the ſheld with hym / Thenne came the knyȝte that helde Quene Morgan le fay / his name was ſyre Hymeſon / and he made hym redy to folowe ſyre Triſtram / fayr frende ſaid Morgan le fay ryde not after that knyght / for ye ſhalle not wynne no worſhip of hym / Fy on hym coward ſaide ſire Hemyſon / for I wyſt neuer good knyghte come oute of Cornewaile / but yf hit were ſyr Triſtram de Lyones / what & that be he ſaid ſhe / Nay nay ſaid he / he is with la beale Iſoud and this is but a daffyſſh knyght / Allas my fair frende ye ſhalle ſynde hym the beſt knyght that euer ye mette with alle / For I knowe hym better than ye doo / for your ſake ſaid ſir Hemyſon I ſhalle ſlee hym / A fayr frende ſaid the Quene me repenteth that ye wylle folowe that knyght / for I fere me ſore of youre ageyne comynge / with this / this knyghte rode his waye woode wrothe / and he rode after ſyr Triſtram as faſt as he hadde ben chaced with knyghtes / Whanne ſir Triſtram herd a knyghte come after hym ſoo faſt / he retorned aboute / and ſawe a knyȝt comynge ageynſt hym / And whanne he came nyghe to ſir Triſtram / he cryed on hyghe ſyr knyght kepe the from me / Thenne they raſſhed to gyders as hit had ben thonder / and ſir Hemyſon bryſed his ſpere vpon ſyr Triſtram / but his harneis was ſoo good that he myght not hurte hym / And ſyre Tryſtram ſmote hym harder and bare hym thorou the body / and ſylle ouer his hors croupe / Thenne ſire Triſtram torned to haue done more with his ſwerd / but he ſawe ſoo moche blood go from hym that hym ſemed he was lykely to deye / And ſo he departed from hym / and came to a ſayre manoyre to an old knyȝt and there ſyre Triſtram lodged

¶ Now leue to ſpeke of ſir Triſtram / and ſpeke we of the knyght that was wounded to the dethe / thenne his varlet alyght and took of his helme / and thēne he aſked his lord whether there were ony lyf in hym / there is in me lyf ſaide the knyghte but hit is but lytyl / and therfore lepe thou vp behynde me / whan thou haſt holpen me vp / and holde me faſt that I falle not / and brynge me to Quene Morgan le fay / for depe drauȝtes of dethe drawen to my herte that I may not lyue / for I wold fayne ſpeke with her or I dyed / For els my ſoule wyll

be in grete perylle and I dye / for with grete payne his varlet brought hym to the Caſtel / and there ſyr Hemyſon fylle doun dede / whanne Morgan le fay ſawe hym dede / ſhe made grete ſorou oute of reaſon / And thenne ſhe lete deſpoylle hym vnto his ſhyrte / and ſoo ſhe lete hym putte in to a tombe / And aboute the tombe ſhe lete wryte / Here lyeth ſyr Hemyſon ſlayne by the handes of ſire Triſtram de lyones / ¶ Now torne we vnto ſyre Triſtram that aſked the knyght his hooſt yf he ſawe late ony knyghtes aduenturous / Sir he ſaid the laſt nyght here lodged with me Ector de marys and a damoyſel with hym / and that damoyſel told me that he was one of the beſt knyghtes of the world / that is not ſoo ſaid ſir Triſtram / for I knowe four better knyghtes of his owne blood / and the fyrſt is ſyr launcelot du lake / calle hym the beſt knyght / and ſir Bors de ganys Syr Bleoberys / ſyr Blamor de ganys and ſyr Gaheris / nay ſaid his hooſt / ſir Gawayne is a better knyght than he / that is not ſoo ſaid ſyr Triſtram / for I haue mette with hem bothe / & I felte ſyr Gaherys for the better knyght and ſir Lamorak I calle hym as good as ony of them / excepte ſir launcelot / Why name ye not ſir Triſtram ſaid his hooſt / for I accompte hym as good as ony of them / I knowe not ſire Triſtram ſaid triſtram / thus they talked and bourded as longe as them lyſte / and thenne wente to reſte / And on the morne ſir Triſtram departed and took his leue of his hooſt / and rode toward the roche deure / and anone aduenture had ſire Triſtram but that / & ſoo he reſted not tyl he came to the caſtel where he ſawe fyue C tentys

¶ Capitulum xliiij

THenne the kynge of Scottes and the kyng of Irland helde ageynſt kynge Arthurs knyghtes / and there beganne a grete medle / So came in ſyr Triſtram and dyd merueillous dedes of armes / for there he ſmote doune many knyȝtes / And euer he was afore kynge Arthur with that ſhelde / And whanne kynge Arthur ſawe that ſhelde / he meruyylled gretely in what entente hit was made / but Quene Gueneuer demed as it was wherfor ſhe was heuy / Thēne was ther a da-

[leaf 205 verso]

moyſel of Quene Morgan in a chamber by kynge Arthur / And whan ſhe herd kynge Arthur ſpeke of that ſhelde / thēne ſhe ſpak openly vnto kynge Arthur / ſyre kynge wete ye well this ſheld was ordeyned for you to warne you of your ſhame and diſhonour / and that longeth to you and your Quene / And thenne anone that damoyſel pyked her awey pryuely / that no man wyſt where ſhe was become / Thenne was kynge Arthur ſadde and wrothe and aſked from whens came that damoyſel / there was not one that knewe her / nor wyſte where ſhe was become / Thenne Quene Gueneuer called to her ſir Ector de marys / and there ſhe made her complaynte to hym / and ſaid I wote wel this ſheld was made by Morgan le fay / in deſpyte of me and ſir Launcelot / wherfore I drede me ſore leſt I ſhold be deſtroyed / And euer the kynge bihelde ſyre Triſtram that dyd ſoo merueillous dedes of armes that he wōdred ſore what knyght he myght be / and wel he wyſt hit was not ſyr launcelot / And hit was told hym that ſyr Triſtram was in petyte Bretayne with Iſoud la blaunche maynys / for he demyd and he had ben in the realme of Logrys / ſyr launcelot or ſomme of his felawes that were in the queſt of ſyr Triſtram that they ſhold haue fond hym or that tyme / So kyng Arthur had merueylle what knyght he myghte be / And euer ſyr Arthurs eye was on that ſhelde / Alle that aſpyed the Quene / and that made her ſore aferd / Thenne euer ſyr Triſtram ſmote doune knyghtes wonderly to beholde what vpon the ryght hand and vpon the lyfte hand that vnnethe no knyȝt myght withſtande hym / And the kyng of Scottes and the kyng of Irland beganne to withdrawe hem / Whanne Arthur aſpyed that / he thought that that Knyght with the ſtraunge ſheld ſhold not eſcape hym / Thenne he called vnto hym ſyre Vwayn la blaunche maynys / and bad hym arme hym and make hym redy / Soo anone kynge Arthur and ſir Vwayne dreſſid them bifore ſir Triſtram and requyred hym to telle hem where he had that ſhelde / Syr he ſaid I had it of Quene Morgan le fay ſiſter vnto kynge Arthur

¶ Soo here endeth this hiſtory of this book / for it is the firſte book of ſire Triſtram de lyones / and the ſecond book of ſir triſtram foloweth

[leaf 206]

¶ Here begynneth the ſecond book of ſire Triſtram / how ſyre Triſtram ſmote doune kyng Arthur & ſir Vwayne / by cauſe he wold not telle hem wherfor that ſhelde was made / But to ſay the ſothe ſire Triſtram coude not telle the cauſe / for he knewe it not

¶ The tenth book

¶ Capitulum primum

And yf ſo be ye can deſcryue what ye bere / ye ar worthy to bere the armes / As for that ſaid ſyr Triſtram I wille anſuere you / this ſheld was yeuen me / not deſyred / of quene Morgan le fay And as for me I can not deſcryue theſe armes for it is no poynt of my charge / and yet I truſte to god to bere hem with worſhip / Truly ſayd kynge Arthur ye oughte not to bere none armes / but yf ye wiſt what ye bare / But I pray you telle me youre name / to what entente ſaid ſyre Triſtram / for I wold wete ſaid Arthur / Syre ye ſhalle not wete as at this tyme / thenne ſhalle ye and I doo bataille to gyders ſayd Kyng Arthur / why ſaid ſyre Triſtram wylle ye doo bataille with me but yf I telle you my name / and that lytyl nedeth you and ye were a man of worſhyp / for ye haue ſene me thys day haue had grete traueylle / And therfore ye are a vylaynous knyght to aſke bataille of me conſyderynge my grete traueylle / how be hit I wyl not fayle you / and haue ye no doubte that I feare not you / though ye thynke ye haue me atte a grete auauntage / yet ſhalle I ryght wel endure you / And there with all kynge Arthur dreſſid his ſhelde and his ſpere and ſyre Triſtram ageynſt hym / and they came ſoo egerly to gyders / And there kynge Arthur brake his ſpere all to pyeces vpon ſyr Triſtrams ſhelde / But ſir Triſtram hitte Arthur ageyne that hors and man felle to the erthe / And there was kynge Arthur wounded on the lyfte ſyde a grete wounde and a peryllous / Thenne whanne ſir Vwayne ſawe his lord Arthur lye on the ground ſore wounded he was paſſynge heuy / And thenne he dreſſid his ſhelde and his ſpere / and cryed a-

[leaf 206 verso]

lowde vnto ſyr Triſtram and ſaid knyght defende the / So they came to gyder as thonder / and ſyr Vwayne bryſed his ſpere / alle to pyeces vpon ſyre Triſtrams ſhelde / and ſyre Triſtram ſmote hym harder and ſorer with ſuche a myȝt that he bare hym clene oute of his ſadel to the erthe / with that ſyr Triſtram tor- 5 ned aboute and ſaid Fair knyghtes / I had no nede to Iuſte with you / for I haue had ynough to doo this daye / Thenne a- roſe Arthur / and wente to ſyr Vwayn and ſaid to ſire Triſ- tram we haue as we haue deſerued / For thurgh our orgulyte we demaunded bataille of you / and yet we knewe not youre 10 name / Neuertheles by ſeynt croſſe ſaid ſyre Vwayne he is a ſtronge knyght at myn aduyſe as ony is now lyuyng /

Thenne ſir Triſtram departed / and in euery place he aſked & demaunded after ſir Launcelot / but in no place he coude not he- re of hym whether he were dede or on lyue / wherfor ſir triſtram 15 made grete dole and ſorowe / Soo ſyr Triſtram rode by a foreſt and theñe was he ware of a fayre toure by a mareyſe on that one ſyde / and on that other ſyde a fayr medowe / And there he ſawe ten knyghtes ſyghtynge to gyder / And euer the nere he came / he ſawe how ther was but one knyght dyd bataille 20 ageynſt nyne knyghtes / and that one dyd ſoo merueylloufly that ſyre Triſtram had grete wonder that euer one knyȝt my- ght doo ſoo grete dedes of armes / and thenne within a lytell whyle he had ſlayne half their horſes / and vnhorſed them / and their horſes ranne in the feldes and foreſte / Thenne ſyre 25 Triſtram had ſoo grete pyte of that one knyght that endured ſoo grete payne / and euer he thought hit ſhold be ſyr palomy- des by his ſhelde / and ſoo he rode vnto the knyghtes and cry- ed vnto them / and bad them ſeace of their bataille / for they did them ſelf grete ſhame ſoo many knyghtes to ſyghte with one / 30 Thenne anſuerd the maiſter of tho knyghtes / his name was called Breuſe ſaunce pyte that was atte that tyme the mooſte meſchyeuouſt knyght lyuynge / and ſaid thus / ſyr knyȝt what haue ye ado with vs to medle / And therfor and ye be wyſe/ departe on your way as ye cam / for this knyghte ſhalle not eſ- 35 cape vs / that were pyte ſaid ſyr Triſtram that ſoo good a kn- yght as he is ſhold be ſlayne ſoo cowardly / And therfore I warne you I will ſocoure hym with all my puyſſaunce

[leaf 207]

¶ Capitulum ſecūdum

SO ſyre Triſtram alyghte of his hors by cauſe they were on foote that they ſhold not flee his hors / And thēne dreſſid his ſheld with his ſwerd in his hand / and he ſmote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand paſſyng ſore that wel nygh at euery ſtroke he ſtrake doun a knyght / And when they aſpyed his ſtrokes / they fled all with Breuſe ſaūce pyte vnto the toure / & ſir Triſtram folowed faſt after with his ſuerd in his hand / but they eſcaped in to the toure / and ſhytte ſire Triſtram withoute the gate / ¶ And whanne ſire Triſtram ſawe this / he retorned abak vnto ſyr Palomydes / and fond hym ſyttyng vnder a tree ſore wounded / A faire knyght ſaide ſyre Triſtram wel be ye fonde / Gramercy ſaid ſir palomydes of your grete goodenes / for ye haue reſcowed me of my lyf and ſaued me from my dethe / what is your name ſaid ſir Triſtram / he ſaid my name is ſyr Palomydes / O Iheſu ſaid ſyr Triſtrā thou haſt a fayre grace of me this daye / that I ſhold reſcowe the / and thou arte the man in the world that I mooſte hate / but now make the redy / for I will doo bataille with the / what is your name ſayd palomydes / my name is ſir Triſtram your mortal enemy / hit may be ſoo ſaid ſir palomydes / But ye haue done ouer moche for me this day that I ſhold fyghte with you / for in as moche as ye haue ſaued my lyf / hit wille be no worſhip for you to haue adoo with me / for ye are freſſh and I am wounded ſore / And therfor and ye wille nedes haue ado with me / Aſſigne me a day and thenne I ſhal mete with you withoute fayle / ye ſaye wel ſaid ſir Triſtram / Now I aſſigne you to mete me in the medowe by the ryuer of Camelot / where Merlyon ſette the peron / ſoo they were agreed / Thenne ſir Triſtram aſked ſyr Palomydes why the ten knyghtes dyd bataill with hym / for this cauſe ſaid ſir palomydes / as I rode vp myn aduentures in a foreſt here beſyde / I aſpyed where laye a dede Knyght / and a lady wepynge beſyde hym / And whanne I ſawe her makynge ſuche dole / I aſked her who ſlewe her lorde ¶ Syre ſhe ſaid the falſeſt knyght of the world now lyuyng and he is the mooſt vylayne that euer man herd ſpeke of /

[leaf 207 verso]

and his name is ſir Breuſe ſaunce pyte / thenne for pyte I made the damoyſel to lepe on her palfroy / and I promyſed her to be her waraunt / and to helpe her to entyere her lord / And ſoo ſodenly as I came rydynge by this toure / there came oute ſyr Breuſe ſaunce pyte / and ſodenly he ſtrake me from my hors / And thenne or I myghte recouer my hors / this ſir Breuſe ſlewe the damoyſel / and ſoo I took my hors ageyne / and I was ſore aſhamed / and ſo beganne the medle betwixe vs / and this is is the cauſe wherfore we dyd this bataille / Well ſaid ſir triſtram now I vnderſtande the maner of your bataiylle / but in ony wyſe haue remembraunce of your promyſe that ye haue made with me to doo bataille with me this day fourtenyght / I ſhal not fayle you ſaid ſir Palomydes / wel ſaid ſir Triſtram as at this tyme I wille not fayle you tyl that ye be oute of the daũger of your enemyes / So they mounted vpon theyr horſes / & rode to gyders vnto that foreſte / and there they fond a fayre welle / with clere water burbelynge / fayr ſir ſaid ſir Triſtram to drynke of that water haue I courage / and thenne they alyght of their horſes / And thenne were they ware by them where ſtood a grete hors teyed to a tree / and euer he neyhed

And thenne were they ware of a fayr knyght armed vnder a tree lackyng no pyece of harneis ſaue his helme lay vnder his heede / By the good lord ſaid ſir Triſtram yonder lyeth a wel farynge knyght / what is beſt to doo / Awake hym ſaid ſir palomydes / ſo ſir Triſtram awaked hym with the but of his ſpere / And ſoo the knyght aroſe vp haſtely and putte his helme vpon his hede / and gat a grete ſpere in his hand / and without ony moo wordes he hurled vnto ſir Triſtram / and ſmote hym clene from his ſadel to the erthe / and hurte hym on the lyfte ſyde that ſir Triſtram lay in grete perylle / Thenne he wallopped ferther / and fette his cours / and came hurlynge vpon ſir palomydes / and there he ſtrake hym a parte thorou the body that he fylle from his hors to the erthe / ¶ And thenne this ſtraunge knyght lefte them there / and took his way thurgh the foreſte / With this ſir Palomydes and ſire Triſtram were on foote and gat their horſes ageyn / and eyther aſked counceylle of other / what was beſt to done / By my hede ſaid ſir Triſtram I wyll folowe this ſtrong knyght that thus hath ſhamed vs / ¶ Well

[leaf 208]

ſaid ſir Palomydes / & I wylle repoſe me here by with a frend of myn / Beware ſaid ſire Triſtram vnto Palomydes that ye fayle not that day ye haue ſet with me to do bataill / for as I deme ye wille not hold your day / for I am moche bygger than ye / As for that ſaid ſir Palomydes / be hit as hit be maye for I feare you not / For and I be not ſeke nor pryſoner I wil not fayle you / But I haue cauſe to haue moche more doubte of you that ye wille not mete with me / for ye ryde after yonder ſtrong knyght / And yf ye mete with hym / hit is an hard aduenture and euer ye eſcape his handes / Ryght ſoo ſir Triſtram and ſir Palomydes departed / and eyther took their wayes dyuerſe

¶ Capitulum iij

And ſo ſyre Triſtram rode longe after this ſtronge knyght / And at the laſte he ſawe where lay a lady ouerthwarte a dede knyght / Faire lady ſaid ſir Triſtram who hath ſlayne your lord / Syr ſhe ſaid here came a knyght rydyng as my lord and I reſted vs here / and aſked hym of whens he was / and my lord ſaid of Arthurs courte / therfore ſaid the ſtronge knyght I wille Iuſte with the / for I hate alle theſe that ben of Arthurs Courte / And my lord that lyeth here dede amounted vpon his hors / and the ſtronge knyght and my lord encountred to gyder / and there he ſmote my lord thorugh oute with his ſpere / and thus he hath broughte me in grete woo and dammage / That me repenteth ſaid ſire Triſtram of your grete anger / and hit pleaſe you / telle me your huſbandes name / ſyr ſaid ſhe his name was Galardoun that wold haue preued a good knyghte / Soo departed ſir Triſtram from that dolorous lady and hadde moche euylle lodgyng / Thenne on the thyrdde day ſyr Triſtram mette with ſyr Gawayne and with ſir Bleoberys in a foreſt at a lodge and eyther were ſore wounded / Thenne ſyre Triſtram aſked ſyr Gawayne and ſyr Bleoberys yf they met with ſuche a Knyghte with ſuche a cognoyſſaunce with a keuerd ſhelde / Faire ſyr ſaid theſe knyghtes ſuche a knyght met with vs to oure grete dommage / & ſyrſt he ſmote doune my felawe ſyre Bleoberys & ſore woūded

[leaf 208 verso]

hym / by cauſe he badde me I ſhold not haue ado with hym
For why he was ouer ſtronge for me / That ſtrong knyght to-
ke his wordes at ſcorne and ſaid he ſaid it for mockery / And
thenne they rode to gyders / and ſoo he hurte my felawe / And
whan he had done ſo / I myght not for ſhame / but I muſt Iuſte 5
with hym / And at the fyrſt courſe he ſmote me doune / and my
hors to the erthe / And there he had al mooſt ſlayne me / and
from vs he took his hors / and departed / and in an euyll tyme
we mette with hym / Faire knyghtes ſaid ſir Triſtram ſoo he
mette with me / and with another knyght that hyght Palomy- 10
des / and he ſmote vs bothe doune with one ſpere / and hurt vs
ryght ſore / By my feythe ſaid ſir Gawayne by my counceil ye
ſhalle lete hym paſſe / and ſeke hym no ferther / for at the nexte
feeſt of the round table vpon payne of my hede ye ſhalle ſynde
hym there / By my feythe ſaid ſir Triſtram I ſhall neuer reſte 15
tyl that I ſynde hym / And thenne ſir Gawayne aſked hym
his name / thenne he ſaid my name is ſir Triſtram / and ſo ey-
ther told other their names / and thenne departed ſyr Triſtram /
and rode his way / And by fortune in a medowe ſire Triſtram
mette with ſir Kay the ſeneſchal and ſir Dynadan / What ty- 20
dynges with you ſaid ſir Triſtram with you Knyghtes / Not
good ſaid theſe knyghtes / why ſoo ſaid ſir Triſtram I praye
you telle me / for I ryde to ſeke a knyght / what cognoyſſaunce
bereth he ſaid ſir Kay / He bereth ſaid ſir Triſtram a couerd
ſheld cloſe with clothe / By my hede ſaid ſir Kay that is the 25
ſame Knyght that mette with vs / for this nyght we were lod-
ged within a wydowes hous / and there was that knyght lod-
ged / And whanne he wyſt we were of Arthurs court / he ſpak
grete vylonye by the kynge / and ſpecially by the Quene Gue-
neuer / ¶ And thenne on the morne was waged bataille 30
with hym for that cauſe / And at the fyrſt recoūtre ſaid ſir kay
he ſmote me doune from my hors / and hurte me paſſynge ſore /
And whanne my felawe ſyr Dynadan ſawe me ſmyten doune
and hurte / he wold not reuenge me / but fledde from me / And
thus is he departed / And thenne ſir Triſtram aſked them theyr 35
names / and ſoo eyther told other their names / And ſoo ſyre
Triſtram departed from ſyr kay / and from ſir Dynodan / and
ſo he paſt thurgh a grete foreſt in to a playne tyl he was ware

of a pryory / and there he repoſed hym with a good man ſyxe dayes

¶ Capitulum quartum

AND thenne he ſente his man that hyght Gouernaile / & commaunded hym to goo to a Cyte there by to fetche hym newe harneis / for hit was long tyme afore that / that ſyre Triſtram had ben refreſſhed / his harneis was bryſed & broken And whanne Gouernaile his ſeruaunt was come with his apparail / he toke his leue at the wydowe / and mounted vpon his hors / and rode his way erly on the morne / And by ſodeyn aduenture ſyr Triſtram mette with ſir Sagramore le deſyrus / & with ſyre Dodynas le ſaueage / And theſe two knyghtes mette with ſyre Triſtram and queſtyoned with hym / and aſked hym yf he wold Iuſte with hem / Faire knyghtes ſaid ſir Triſtram with a good wylle I wold Iuſte with you / But I haue promyſed at a day ſette nere hand to do bataille with a ſtrong knyght / And therfore I am lothe to haue adoo with you / for and hit myſſortuned me here to be hurte I ſhold not be able to doo my bataille / whiche I promyſed / As for that ſaid Sagramor maulgre your hede ye ſhalle Iuſte with vs / or ye paſſe from vs / well ſaid ſyr Triſtram / yf ye enforce me therto I muſt doo what I may / And thenne they dreſſid their ſheldes / and came rennynge to gyder with grete yre / But thurgh ſyr Triſtrams grete force he ſtrake ſyr Sagramor from his hors / Thenne he hurled his hors ferther / and ſaid to ſir Dodynas / knyȝte make the redy / and ſoo thorou ſyne force ſyre Triſtram ſtrake Dodynas from his hors / And whanne he ſawe hem lye on the erthe / he took his brydel / and rode forth on his way and his man Gouernaile with hym / Anone as ſir Triſtram was paſte ſyr Sagramore and ſir Dodynas gate ageyne their horſes / & mounted vp lyghtely and folowed after ſir Triſtram / And whan ſyre Triſtram ſawe them come ſoo faſt after hym / he retorned with his hors to them / and aſked them what they wold Hit is not longe ago ſythen I ſmote you to the erthe at your owne requeſt / and deſyre / I wold haue ryden by you / but ye wold not ſuffre me / and now me ſemeth ye wold doo more bataille with me / That is trouthe ſaid ſire Sagramore and ſyre

[leaf 209 verso]

Dodynas / for we wille be reuengyd of the defpyte ye haue done to vs / Faire knyghtes faid fir Triftram that fhall lytyl nede you / for all that I dyd to you / ye caufed hit / wherfore I requyre you of your knygthode leue me as at this tyme / for I am fure and I doo bataille with you I fhalle not efcape with oute grete hurtes / and as I fuppofe ye fhalle not efcape alle lotles / And this is the caufe why I am foo loth to haue ado with you / For I muft fyghte within thefe thre dayes with a good knyght and as valyaunt as ony is now lyuynge / and yf I be hurte I fhalle not be able to doo bataille with hym / What Knyght is that faid fir Sagramor that ye fhalle fyghte with alle / Syrs faid he it is a good knyght called fir Palomydes / By my hede faid fir Sagramor and fire Dodynas ye haue caufe to drede hym / for ye fhall fynde hym a paffyng good knyght / and a valyaunt / And by caufe ye fhalle haue ado with hym / we wille forbere you as at this tyme / and els ye fhold not efcape vs lyghtely / But fayr knyght faid fir Sagramour telle vs your name / Syr faid he my name is fir Triftram de lyones / A faid Sagramor and fir Dodynas well be ye fonde / for moche worfhip haue we herd of you / And thenne eyther took leue of other / and departed on their way /

¶ Capitulum v

THenne departed fire Triftram and rode ftreyghte vnto Camelot to the Peron that Merlyn had made to fore where fire Lancyor that was the Kynges fone of Irland was flayne by the handes of Balyn / and in that fame place was a fayr lady Columbe flayn that was loue vnto fir Lanceor for after he was dede fhe took his fuerd and threft hit thorou her body / And by the crafte of Merlyn he made to entiere this knyght Lanceor and his lady Columbe vnder one ftone / And at that tyme Merlyon profecyed / that in that fame place fhold fyghte two the beft knyghtes that euer were in Arthurs dayes / and the beft louers / ¶ Soo whanne fyre Triftram came to the tombe where lancyor and his lady were buryed / he

loked aboute hym after ſir Palomydes / Thenne was he ware of a ſemely knyght came rydyng ageynſt hym all in whyte / with a couerd ſhelde / Whanne he came nyghe ſir Triſtram he ſaid on hyghe ye be welcome ſyr Knyght / and wel and truly ha-
5 ue ye hold your promyſe / And thenne they dreſſid their ſheldes and ſperes / and came to gyders with alle theire myghtes of their horſes / and they met ſo ſyerſly that bothe their horſes and Knyghtes fylle to the erthe / And as faſt as they myȝte auoyded theyre horſes / and putte their ſheldes afore them / and
10 they ſtrake to gyders with bryght ſwerdes as men that were of myght / and eyther woūded other wonderly ſore that the blood ranne out vpon the graſſe / And thus they fought the ſpace of four houres / that neuer one wold ſpeke to other one word / & of their harneis they had hewen of many pecys / O lord Iheſu
15 ſaid Gouernaile I merueyle gretely of the ſtrokes my maiſter hath yeuen to your mayſter / By my hede ſaid ſir Laūcelots ſeruaunt your maiſter hath not yeuen ſo many but your maiſter hath receyued as many or more / O Iheſu ſaide Gouernaile it is to moche for ſir palomydes to ſuffre or ſir Launcelot / And
20 yet pyte it were that eyther of theſe good knyghtes ſhold deſtroye others blood / Soo they ſtode and wepte bothe / and made grete dole / whan they ſawe the bryghte ſwerdes ouer couerd with blood of their bodyes / Thenne at the laſt ſpake ſyr launcelot and ſaid knyght thou ſyghteſt wonderly wel / as euer I
25 ſawe knyght / therfor and hit pleaſe you telle me your name / Syr ſaide ſyre Triſtram that is me lothe to telle ony man my name / Truly ſaid ſir launcelot and I were requyred I was neuer loth to telle my name / Hit is wel ſaid ſaid ſir Triſtram thenne I requyre you to telle me your name / fayr knyghte he
30 ſaid my name is ſir launcelot du lake / Allas ſaid ſire Triſtram what haue I done / for ye are the man in the world that I loue beſt / Faire knyght ſaid ſir Launcelot telle me your name Truly ſaid he my name is ſir Triſtram de lyones / O Iheſu ſaid ſir launcelot what aduenture is befalle me / And there with
35 ſyr launcelot kneled doune and yelded hym vp his ſuerd

And there with alle ſir Triſtram kneled adoune / and yelded hym vp his ſuerd / And ſoo eyther gaf other the degree / And thenne they bothe forth with all went to the ſtone / and ſet them

[leaf 210 verso]

doune vpon hit / and toke of their helmes to kele them / and eyther kyſt other an honderd tymes / And thenne anone after they took of their helmes and rode to Camelot / and there they mette with ſir Gawayne and with ſir Gaherys that had made promyſe to Arthur neuer to come ageyne to the court tyl they had brought ſyr Triſtram with them

¶ Capitulum ſextum

REtorne ageyne ſaid ſir launcelot for your queſt is done / for I haue mette with ſir Triſtram / loo here is his owne perſone / Thenne was ſyr Gawayne gladde / and ſaid to ſire Triſtram ye are welcome / for now haue ye eaſyd me gretely of my labour / For what cauſe ſaid ſir Gawayne came ye in to this courte / Fair ſir ſaid ſir Triſtram I came in to thys countrey / by cauſe of ſyr Palomydes / for he and I had aſſygned at this day to haue done bataille to gyders at the Peroun And I merueyle I here not of hym / And thus by aduentur my lord ſyre Laūcelot and I mette to gyders / With this came Kynge Arthur / And whan he wyſt that there was ſir Triſtram / thenne he ranne vnto hym and toke hym by the hand / And ſaide ſire Triſtram ye are as welcome as ony Knyghte / that euer came to this Courte / And whanne the Kynge had herd how ſire Launcelot and he had foughten / and eyther had wounded other wonderly ſore / thenne the Kynge maade grete dole / Thenne ſir Triſtram told the Kynge how he came thydder for to haue had adoo with ſire Palomydes / And thenne he told the kynge how he had reſcowed hym from the nyne knyghtes and Breuſe ſaunce pyte / And how he fond a Knyght lyeng by a well / and that Knyght ſmote doune ſir Palomydes and me / but his ſheld was couerd with a clothe / Soo ſir Palomydes lefte me / and I folowed after that Knyghte / and in many places I fonde where he had ſlayne Knyghtes / and foriuſted many / By my hede ſaid ſir Gawayne that ſame Knyghte ſmote me doun and ſire Bleoberys and hurte vs ſore both / he with the couerd ſhelde / A ſayd ſir Kay that Knyght ſmote me adoune & hurte me paſſynge ſore / & fayne wolde I haue knowen hym but I myȝt not / Iheſu mercy ſaid Arthur what

knyghte was that with the couerd ſhelde / I knowe not ſaide ſir Triſtram / and ſo ſaid they all / now ſaid kyng Arthur thenne wote I for it is ſir laūcelot / thēne they al loked vpon ſir laūcelot & ſaid ye haue begyled vs with your couerd ſhelde / Hit is
5 not the fyrſt tyme ſaid Arthur he hath done ſoo / My lord ſayd ſir Launcelot truly wete ye wel I was the ſame knyght that bare the couerd ſhelde / And by cauſe I wold not be knowen that I was of your Courte I ſaid no worſhip of your hows That is trouthe ſaid ſir Gawayne / ſir kay / and ſir Bleoberys
10 Thenne kynge Arthur took ſir Triſtram by the hand / & wente to the table round / Thenne came Quene Gueneuer and many ladyes with her / and alle tho ladyes ſayden at one voyce / welcome ſir Triſtram / welcome ſaid the damoyſels / welcome ſayd knyghtes / welcome ſaid Arthur for one of the beſt knyghtes /
15 and the gentylſt of the world / and the man of mooſte worſhip / for of alle maner of huntynge thou bereſt the pryce / and of alle meſures of blowynge thou arte the begynnynge / and of alle the termes of huntyng and haukyng ye are the begynner / of all Inſtrumentes of muſyke ye ar the beſt / therfor gen-
20 tyl knyght ſaid Arthur ye are welcome to this courte / And alſo I pray you ſaid Arthur graunte me a bone / it ſhall be at your commaundement ſaid Triſtram / wel ſaid Arthur I will deſyre of you that ye wille abyde in my courte / Syr ſaide ſyre Triſtram therto is me lothe / for I haue adoo in many countre-
25 yes / Not ſoo ſaid Arthur / ye haue promyſed hit me / ye maye not ſay nay / Syr ſaid ſir Triſtram I wille as ye wille / Thenne wente Arthur vnto the ſeges about the round table / and loked in euery ſyege / the whiche were voyde that lacked knyghtes / And thenne the kynge ſawe in the ſiege of Marhaus let-
30 ters that ſaiden / this is the ſyege of the noble knyght ſir Triſtram / And thenne Arthur made ſir Triſtram knyght of the table round with grete nobley and grete feeſt as myghte be thought / for ſir marhaus was ſlayne by the handes of ſire Triſtram in an yland / and that was wel knowen at that ty-
35 me in the courte of Arthur / for this marhaus was a worthy knyght / And for euylle dedes that he dyd vnto the countrey of Cornewaile / ſire Triſtram and he foughte / And they foughte ſoo longe tracynge and trauercynge tylle they fylle bledynge

[leaf 211 verso]

to the erthe / for they were ſo ſore wounded that they myght not ſtande for bledynge / and ſir Triſtram by fortune recouerd and ſyre Marhaus dyed thurgh the ſtroke on the hede / Soo leue we of ſir Triſtram and ſpeke we of Kyng Marke /

¶ Capitulum vij

THenne Kynge Marke had grete deſpyte of the renoume of ſir Triſtram / and Thanne he chaced hym oute of Cornewaile / yet was he neuewe vnto Kynge Marke / but he had grete ſuſpecyon vnto ſire Triſtram by cauſe of his Quene la Beale Iſoud / for hym ſemed that there was to moche loue bitwene them bothe / Soo whan ſir Triſtram departed oute of Cornewaile in to Englond / kynge marke herd of the grete proweſſe that ſir Triſtram dyd there / the whiche greued hym ſore / Soo he ſente on his party men to aſpye what dedes he dyd / And the Quene ſente pryuely on her party ſpyes to knowe what dedes he had done / for grete loue was bitwene them tweyn Soo whan the meſſagers were come home / they told the trouth as they had herd that he paſſed alle other knyghtes / but yf it were ſir launcelot / Thenne kynge Marke was ryght heuy of theſe tydynges / and as glad was la Beale Iſoud / Thenne in grete deſpyte he took with hym two good Knyȝtes / and two ſquyers / and deſguyſed hym ſelf / and took his way in to Englond to the entente for to ſlee ſir Triſtram / and one of theſe ij Knyghtes hyght Berſules / and the other Knyȝt was called Amant / Soo as they rode Kynge marke aſked a knyght that he met where he ſhold ſynde Kynge Arthur / he ſaid at Camelot / Alſo he aſked that Knyghte after ſire Triſtram whether he herd of hym in the courte of Kynge Arthur / wete you wel ſaid that Knyȝt ye ſhall ſynde ſir Triſtram ther for a man of as grete worſhip as is now lyuyng for thurȝ his proweſſe he wā the turnement of the caſtel of maydens / that ſtandeth by the hard roche / And ſythen he hath wonne with his owne handes thyrtty Knyghtes that were men of grete honour /

¶ And the laſte batail that euer he dyde / he foughte with ſyre

Launcelot / and that was a merueilous bataille / And not by force syr launcelot brought sir Tristram to the Courte / and of hym kynge Arthur made passynge grete ioye / and soo maade hym knyght of the table round / and his seate was where the good Knyghtes sir Marhaus seate was / Thenne was Kyng Marke passynge sory whanne he herd of the honour of sir Tristram / and soo they departed / Thenne said Kyng Marke vnto his two Knyghtes / Now wille I telle you my counceylle ye are the men that I trust moost to on lyue / and I wille that ye wete my comynge hyder is to this entente / for to destroye sir Tristram by wyles or by treason / and hit shalle be hard yf euer he escape our handes / Allas said sir Bersules what mene you / for ye be sette in suche a waye / ye are disposed shamefully For sir Tristram is the Knyȝt of moost worship that we knowe lyuynge / And therfor I warne you playnly I wyll neuer consente to doo hym to the dethe / and therfor I wyll yelde my seruyse / and forsake you whan kynge Mark herd hym say so / Sodenly he drewe his swerd and said A traitour / & smote syr Bersules on the hede that the suerd wente to his teeth / Whanne Amant the knyghte sawe hym doo that vylaynous dede / and his squyers / they said hit was foul done / and meschyeuously / wherfore we wille doo the no more seruyse / and wete ye wel / we wil appeche the of treason afore Arthur / Thenne was Kynge Marke wonderly wrothe / and wold haue slayne Amant / but he and the two squyers held them to gyders / and sette nought by his malyce / whanne Kynge marke sawe he myght not be reuenged on them / he said thus vnto the Knyght Amant / wete thou wel / and thou apoeche me of treason / I shalle therof defende me afore Kynge Arthur / but I requyre the that thou telle not my name that I am Kyng mark what someuer come of me / As for that said sir Amant I wil not discouer your name / and soo they departed / and Amant and his felawes took the body of Bersules and buryed hit

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In order to avoid misunderstandings I beg to state in anticipation of the second volume:

1. The present edition follows the original in every respect, word for word, line for line, and page for page, and, with a few exceptions which are accounted for and registered, letter for letter.

2. Caxton's volume commences with a blank leaf, which, as shown by the signatures, is counted. This leaf is also in the present edition, but it is not counted here, for the simple reason that the coincidence of the signatures in Caxton with the marks of the binders in the present edition should be avoided. Thus, on page 65 the fourth sheet begins, and is marked at the bottom by "E," whereas Caxton's fourth sheet only commences on page 67 (c j).

3. There occur in the impression of Caxton three kinds of "w." (Compare the photographic facsimile: firstly, line 20, in the word "was;" secondly, line 21, in the word "afterward;" and, thirdly, in the same line in the word "toward.") The first kind of "w," according to Mr. Blades, denotes in type No. 4* the capital "W." Caxton's compositors did not distinguish, as they ought, these "w" from one another, so that the one denoting "W" frequently occurs in the middle of words and in other places, where it is evidently out of place. I have, therefore, in the present edition, as Roman type does not admit of marking the three kinds, rendered it by "W" in all cases where capital "W" was to be expected, as in the beginning of a sentence and in proper names, otherwise it is rendered by "w."

4. There are, further, two styles of "I" used in Caxton's edition. (Compare the photographic facsimile, firstly, line 1, and secondly, line 5.) At first it appeared that a difference was made between "i" and "j," but such is not the case; both kinds are used indiscriminately. I have, therefore, after some consideration, always rendered it by "I." Moreover, the first kind of "I" occurs more frequently.

5. The character "ȝ" is used in Caxton to express both "z" and "gh." In words where "z" was to be expected I have rendered "ȝ" by "z," otherwise I have preserved "ȝ," *e.g.*, "Cezar" and "knyȝt."

6. Caxton has no fixed rules for dividing words at the end of a line. A word is divided as the space in each special case permits, and as a rule there is no conjunctive hyphen put—*e.g.*, "horſes" is not broken "hor- ſes" but "ho rſes." As I found that in many cases mistakes arose from this deficiency, I have for the convenience of the modern reader always added the hyphen where it was to be expected.

7. In some cases where Caxton's compositors evidently confounded "n" with "u," or the reverse, *e.g.*, in "but," I have not reproduced the error. I have done the same in a few cases where "f" and "ſ" were confounded, *e.g.*, in "for."

8. In a few cases where letters or parts of words were either effaced or did not come out in printing, the missing matter is supplied in italics.

H. Oskar Sommer.